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THE WORKS

OF

JOHN MARSTON.

REPRINTED FROM THE ORIGINAL EDITIONS.

WITH NOTES, AND SOME ACCOUNT OF HIS LIFE AND WRITINGS.

BY

J. O. HALLIWELL, F.R.S., F.S.A.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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PARASITASTER;

OR,

THE FAWNE.

AS

IT HATH BEEN DIVERS TIMES PRESENTED at the Blacke Friars, by the Children of the *Queenes Maiesties Revels, and since at Powles.*

Written

BY IOHN MARSTON,

And now corrected of many faults, which, by reason of the Authors absence, were let slip in the first edition.

At London: Printed by T. P. for W. C. 1606

TO MY EQUALL READER.

I HAVE *ever more endevoured to know my selfe, than to be knowne of others; and rather to be unpartially beloved of all, than factiously to bee admired of a few; yet so powerfully have I been enticed with the delights of poetry, and (I must ingeniously confesse) above better desert so fortunate in these stage-pleasings, that (let my resolutions be never so fixed to call mine eyes into my selfe) I much feare that most lamentable death of him,*

> "Qui nimis notus omnibus,
> Ignotus moritur sibi."—*Seneca.*

But since the over-vehement pursute of these delights hath bin the sicknesse of my youth, and

now is growne to be the vice of my firmer age—since, to satisfie others, I neglect my selfe—let it be the curtesie of my peruser rather to pitie my selfe-hindring labours, than to malice me; and let him be pleased to be my reader, and not my interpreter, since I would faine reserve that office in my owne hands, it being my dayly prayer:—

"Absit à jocorum nostrorum simplicitate malignus interpres."
Martial.

If any shall wonder why I print a Comedie, whose life rests much in the actors voice, let such know that it cannot avoide publishing; let it therefore stand with good excuse that I have been my owne setter out.

If any desire to understand the scope of my comedie, know it hath the same limits which Juvenal *gives to his Satyres:—*

"Quicquid agunt homines, votum, timor, ira, voluptas,
Gaudia, discursus, nostri farrago libelli est."—*Juvenal.*

READER, *know I have perused this coppy, to make some satisfaction for the first faulty impression; yet so urgent hath been my busines that some errors have styll passed, which thy discretion may amend. Comedies are writ to be spoken, not read; remember the life of these things consists in action; and for such courteous survay of my pen, I will present a Tragedy to you, which shall boldly abide the most curious perusall.*

PROLOGUS.

LET those once know that here with malice lurke,
Tis base to be too wise in others worke;
The rest sit thus saluted :—
Spectators, know you may, with freest faces,
Behold this scene; for here no rude disgraces
Shall taint a publique or a privat name;
This pen at viler rate doth value fame,
Than at the price of others infamy
To purchase it. Let others dare the rope,
Your modest pleasure is our authors scope.
The hurdle and the racke to them he leaves
That have naught left to be accompted any,
But by not being; nor doth he hope to wyn
Your lowder hand with that most common sinne
Of vulgar pennes, ranke baudrie, that smels
Even thorow your maskes, *usque ad nauseam.*
The venus of this sceane doth loath to weare
So vile, so common, so immodest cloathings;

But if the nymble forme of commody,
Meere spectacle of life and publique manners,
May gracefully arrive to your pleased eares,
We boldly dare the utmost death of feares;
For we do know that this most faire fil'd roome
Is loaden with most atick judgements, ablest spirits,
Then whome there are none more exact, full, strong,
Yet none more soft, benigne in censuring:
I know ther 's not one asse in all this presence—
Not one callumnious rascall, or base villaine
Of emptiest merit—that would taxe and slaunder,
If Innocencie her selfe should write, not one we know 't.
O you are all the very breath of Phebus;
In your pleas'd gracings all the true life bloud
Of our poore author lives,—you are his very graces.
Now if that any wonder why he 's drawn
To such base soothings, know his play 's—THE FAWNE.

¶ *INTERLOCUTORES.*

HERCULES *disguised* FAUNUS, *Duke of Ferrara.*

GONZAGO, *Duke of Urbin, a weake Lord of a selfe-admiring wisedome.*

TIBERIO, *Sonne to* HERCULES.

DULCIMEL, *Daughter to* GONZAGO.

PHILOCALIA, *an honorable learned Ladie, companion to the Princesse* DULCIMEL.

GRANUFFO, *a silent Lord.*

DON ZUCCONE, *a causlesly jealous Lord.*

DONNA ZOYA, *a vertuous, faire, wittie Lady, his Wife.*

S. AMOROSO DEBILE-DOSSO, *a sickly Knight.*

DONNA GARBETZA, *his Lady.*

HEROD FRAPPATORE, *Brother to Sir Amoroso, and a vitious bragart.*

NIMPHADORO, *a yong Courtier, and a common Lover.*

DONDOLO, *a bald Foole.*

RENALDO, *Brother to* HERCULES.

POUCIA, DONNETTA, } *Two Ladies, Attendants on* DULCIMEL.

PUTTOTTA, *a poore Laundresse of the Court that washeth and diets Footemen.*

THE FAWNE.

ACTUS PRIMUS.

SCENA PRIMA.

Enter HERCULES *and* RENALDO.

Her. SEE, yonder's Urbin! Those farre appearing spires rise from the citie. You shall conduct mee no further: returne to Ferrara: my dukedome, by your care in my absence, shall rest constantly united, and most religiously loyall.

Ren. My prince and brother, let my blood and love challenge the freedome of one question.

Her. You hav't.

Ren. Why, in your stedier age, in strength of life
And firmest wit of time, will you breake forth
Those stricter limits of regardfull state
(Which with severe distinction you still kept),

And now to unknowne dangers you 'l give up
Your selfe, Ferraras duke, and in your selfe
The state and us? Oh, my lov'd brother!
"*Honour avoyds not only just defame,*
But flies all meanes that may ill voice his name."

Her. Busie your selfe with no feares, for I shall rest most warie of our safetie, only some glimses I will give you for your satisfaction why I leave Ferrara. I have vowed to visit the court of Urbin in some disguise, as thus: my sonne, as you can well witnesse with me, could I never perswade to marriage, although my selfe was then an ever resolved widdower, and tho I proposed to him this verie ladie, to whome hee is gone in my right to negotiat; now, how cooler bloud wil behave it selfe in this busines, would I have an only testimony, other contents shal I give my selfe, as not to take love by attorney, or make my election out of tongues; other suffisings there are which my regard would faine make sound to me: something of much you know; that, and what els you must not knowe, bids you excuse this kind of my departure.

Ren. I commend all to your wisedome, and yours to the wisest.

Her. Thinke not but I shall approve that more than folly which even now appeares in a most ridiculous expectation: be in this assured,—"*The bottome of gravitie is nothing like the toppe.*" Once more, fare you well.

[*Exit* Renaldo.

And now, thou ceremonious soverainty—
Ye proud, severer, statefull complements,
The secret artes of rule—I put you off;
Nor ever shall those manacles of forme

Once more lock up the appetite of bloud.
Tis now an age of man, whilst we are all strickt
Have liv'd in awe of cariage reguler,
Apted unto my place; nor hath my life
Once tasted of exorbitant affects,
Wilde longings, or the least of disranct shapes.
But we must once be wild; tis auncient truth,
O fortunate, whose madnes falles in youth!
Well, this is text, who ever keepes his place
In servile station, is all low and base.
Shall I, because some few may cry, Light! vaine!
Beat down affection from desired rule?
He that doth strive to please the world 's a foole.
To have that fellowe crie, *O marke him, grave,*
See how austeerely he doth give example
Of repressed heate and steddy life,
Whilest my forc'd life against the streame of bloud
Is tugg'd along, and all to keepe the god
Of fooles and women,—nice opinion,
Whose strict preserving makes oft great men fooles,
And fooles oft great men. No, thou world, know thus,
"*Ther 's nothing free but it is generous.*" [*Exit.*

SCENA SECUNDA.

Enter NIMPHADORO *and* HEROD.

Hero. How now, my little more then nothing, what newes is stirring?

Pag. All the citi 's a fire!

Nym. On fire?

Pag. With joy of the Prince Dulcimels birth-day: there 's show upon show; sport upon sport.

Hero. What sport? what sport?

Pag. Marry, sir, to solemnize the princes birth-day. There 's first, crackers, which runne into the ayre, and when they are at the top, like some ambitious strange hereticke, keepe a cracking and a cracking, and then breake, and downe they come.

Hero. A pretty crabbe; he would yeeld tart juyce and he were squeez'd.

Nym. What sport else?

Pag. Other fire-workes.

Hero. Spirit of wine, I cannot tell how these fire-works should be good at the solemnizing the birth of men or women. I am sure they are dangerous at their begetting. What, more fire-works, sir?

Pag. There be squibs, sir; which squibs, running upon lines, like some of our gawdie gallants, sir, keepe a smother, sir, with flishing and flashing, and, in the end, sir, they do, sir ——

Nym. What, sir?

Pag. Stink, sir.

Hero. Fore Heaven, a most sweet youth!

Enter DONDOLO.

Don. Newes! newes! newes! newes!

Hero. What, in the name of prophesie?

Nym. Art thou growne wise?

Hero. Doth the duke want no mony?

Nym. Is there a mayd found at twenty-four?

Hero. Speake, thou three-legd tripos, is thy shippe of fooles a flote yet?

Don. I ha many things in my head to tell you.

Hero. I, thy head is alwaies working; it roles, and it roles, Dondolo, but it gathers no mosse, Dondolo.

Don. Tiberio, the Duke of Ferraraes sonne, excellently horsed, all upon Flaunders mares, is arrived at the court this very day, somewhat late in the night-time.

Hero. An excellent nuntius.

Don. Why, my gallants, I have had a good wit.

Hero. Yes, troth, but now tis growne like an almanake for the last yere—past date; the mark 's out of my mouth, Dondolo.

Nym. And whats the princes ambassage? Thou art private with the duke; thou belongest to his close-stoole.

Don. Why, every foole knowes that; I know it my selfe, man, as well as the best man: hee is come to solicite a marriage betwixt his father, the Duke of Feraraes, and our Duke of Urbins daughter, Dulcimel.

Nym. Pitie of my passions! Nymphadora shall loose one of his mistresses.

Hero. Nay, if thou hast more than one, the losse can nere bee greevous, since tis certaine he that loves many formally, never loves any violently.

Nym. Most trusted Frappatore, is my hand the weaker because it is divided into many fingers? No, tis the more strongly nimble. I doe now love threescore and nine ladies, al of them most extreamly well, but I doe love the princes most extreamly best; but, in verie sighing sadnesse, I ha lost all hope, and with that hope a ladie that is most rare, most faire, most wise, most sweet, most ——

Hero. Any thing; true, but remember, still this faire, this wise, this sweete, this all-of-excellencie, has in the tayle of all—a woman.

Nym. Peace! the presence fils against the prince approacheth. Marke who enters.

Her. My brother, Sir Amoroso-Debile-Dosso.)

Nym. Not he.

Her. No, not he?

Nym. How is he chang'd?

Her. Why, growne the very dregs of the drabs cup.

Nym. O Babylon, thy walles are fallen! Is he married?

Her. Yes; yet still the ladies common, or the common ladies servant.

Nym. How do's his owne ladie beare with him?

Her. Faith, like the Romaine Milo bore with him when hee was a calfe, and now caries him when he 's growne an oxe.

Nym. Peace! the duk 's at hand.

Cornets. Enter GRANUFFO, GONZAGO, DULCIMELL, PHILOCALIA, ZOIA.

Gon. Daughter, for that our last speech leaves the firmest print, be thus advis'd. When young Tiberio negotiates his fathers love, hold heedie guard over thy passions, and still keepe this full thought firme in thy reason: tis his old fathers love the yong man mooves (is 't not well thought, my lord, we must beare braine), and when thou shalt behold Tiberios life-full eyes and well-fild vaines, complexion firme, and hayres that curles with strength of lustie moysture (I thinke wee yet can speake, wee ha beene eloquent), thou must shape thy thoughts to apprehend his father well in yeeres—

A grave wise prince, whose beautie is his honour,
And well-past life; and do not give thy thoughts

Least libertie to shape a divers scope
(My Lord Granuffo, pray ye note my phrase).
So shalt thou not abuse thy younger hope,
Nor afflict us, who onely joy in life,
To see thee his.

Dul. Gracious, my father, fear not; I rest most dutious to your dispose. [*Consort of Musique.*

Gon. Set on, then; for the musicke gives us notice the prince is hard at hand.

TIBERIO *with his traine, with* HERCULES *disguised.*

Dul. You are most welcome to our long-desiring father. To us you are come——

Tib. From our long-desiring father.

Dul. Is this your fathers true proportion?
[*Shewes a picture.*

Tib. No, ladie; but the perfect counterfeit.

Dul. And the best grac't——

Tib. The painters art could yeeld.

Dul. I wonder he would send a counterfeit to moove our love!

Gon. Heare, thats my wit, when I was eighteen old—such a prettie toying wit had I; but age hath made us wise. Hast not, my lord?

Tib. Why, fairest princes, if your eye dislike that deader peece, behold me his true forme and livelier image. Such my father hath beene.

Dul. My lord, please you to scent this flower.

Tib. Tis withered, ladie—the flowers scent is gone.

Dul. This hath beene such as you are—hath beene, sir. They say, in England, that a farre-fam'd frier had guirt the island round with a brasse wall, if that they could

have catched Time is; but Time is past, left it still clipt with aged Neptune's arme.

Tib. Aurora yet keepes chast old Tithons bed.

Dul. Yet blushes at it when she rises.

Gon. Prettie, prettie—just like my yonger wit—you know it, my lord.

Dul. But is your fathers age thus fresh—hath yet his head so many haires?

Tib. More, more, by many a one.

Dul. More, say you?

Tib. More.

Dul. Right, sir, for this hath none. Is his eye so quicke as this same peece makes him shew?

Tib. The curtesie of art hath given more life to that part than the sad cares of state would graunt my father.

Dul. This model speakes about fortie.

Tib. Then doth it somewhat flatter, for our father hath seene more yeares, and is a little shrunke from the full strength of time.

Gon. Somewhat coldly prays'd.

Dul. Your father hath a faire solicitor,
And be it spoke with virgin modestie,
I would he were no elder; not that I doe flie
His side for yeares, or other hopes of youth,
But in regard the malice of lewd tonges,
Quicke to deprave on possibilities
(Almost impossibilities), will spread
Rumours to honour dangerous.

[Dulcimel *and* Tiberio *conferre privatly.*

Gon. What? whisper? I, my Lord Granuffo, twere fit
To part their lippes. Men of discerning wit
That have read Plinie can discourse or so;

But give me practise: well experienc't age
Is the true Delphos. I am no oracle,
But yet Ile prophesie. Well, my Lord Granuffo,
Tis fit to interrupt their privacie,
Is't not, my lord? Now, sure, thou art a man
Of a most learned scilence, and one whose words
Have bin most pretious to me. Right, I know thy heart;
Tis true, thy legges discourse with right and grace,
And thy tonge is constant. Faire, my lord,
Forbeare all, all privat closer conference;
What from your father comes, comes openly,
And so must speake: for you must know my age
Hath seene the beings and the quide of things:
I know dimensions and the termini
Of all existens. Sir, I know what shapes
Appetite formes; but pollice and states
Have more elected ends: your fathers sute
Is with all publique grace received, and privat love
Imbraced. As for our daughters bent of mind,
She must seeme somewhat nice; tis virgins kind
To hold long out; if yet she chance denie,
Ascribe it to her decent modestie.
Wee have beene a philosopher and spoke
With much applause; but now age makes us wise,
And drawes our eyes to search the heart of thinges,
And leave vaine seemings; therefore you must know
I would be loath the gaudie shape of youth
Should one provoke, and not allowd of heate
Or hinder, or ———for, sir, I know; and so,
Therefore, before us time and place affords
Free speech, else not. Wise neads use but few words
In short breath. Know the Court of Urbin holds

Your presence and your embassage so deere,
That wee want meanes once to oppresse our heart
But with our heart. Plaine meaning shunneth art;
You are most welcome (Lord Granuff a tricke,
A figure, note); we use no Rethorick.

[*Exit* Gonzago.

Remanent HERCULES, NYMPHADORO, *and* HEROD.

Hero. Did not Tiberio call his father foole?

Nym. No; he said yeares had weakned his youthfull quicknes.

Hero. He swore he was bald?

Nym. No; but not thicke-hayr'd.

Her. By this light, Ile sweare he said his father had the hipgout, the strangury, the fistula *in ano*, and a most unabydable breath, no teeth, lesse eyes, great fingers, little legges, an eternall fluxe, and an everlasting cough of the longues.

Nym. Fie, fie! by this light he did not.

Hero. By this light he should ha done then. Horne on him, threescore and five, to have and to hold a ladie of fifteene. O Misenzius! a tirannie equall if not above thy torturing; thou didst bind the living and the dead bodies togeather, and forced them so to pine and rott; but this crueltie binds brest to brest not onely different bodies, but, if it were possible, most unequall minds togeather, with an inforcement even scandalous to Nature. Now the Iayle deliver me, an intelligencer—be good to mee, ye cloysters of bondage! Of whence art thou?

Her. Of Ferrara.

Hero. A Ferrares, what to mee. Camest thou in with the Prince Tiberio?

Her. With the Prince Tiberio. What to that? You will not rayle at me, will you?

Hero. Who, I? I rayle at one of Ferrara—a Ferazes? Noe. Didst thou ride?

Her. No.

Hero. Hast thou worne socks?

Her. No.

Hero. Then blessed be the most happy gravel betwixt thy toes! I doe prophesie thy tirannising ytch shall be honorable, and thy right worshipfull louse shall appeare in full presence. Art thou an officer to the prince?

Her. I am; what a that?

Hero. My cap! what officer?

Her. Yeoman of his bottles. What to that?

Hero. My lippe! thy name, good yeoman of the bottles?

Her. Fawnus.

Nym. Fawnus? an old courtier? I wonder thou art in no better clothes and place, Fawnus!

Her. I may be in better place, sir, and with you of more regard, if this match of our dukes intermarriage with the heire of Urbin proceed, the Duke of Urbin dying, and our lorde comming in his ladies right of title to your dukedome.

Hero. Why then shalt thou, oh yeoman of the bottels, become a maker of *magnificoes.* Thou shalt begge some od suit, and change thy old shert, pare thy beard, clense thy teeth, and eate apricocks, marrie a rich widdow, or a crackt ladie, whose case thou shalt make good. Then, my Pythagoras, shall thou and I make a transmigration of soules: thou shalt marry my daughter, or my wife shall be thy gratious mistris. Seventeene puncks shall be thy

proporcion. Thou shalt begge to thy comfort of cleane lynnen, eate no more fresh beefe at supper, or save the broth for next daies porredge; but the flesh pots of Egypt shall fatten thee, and the grasehopper shall flourish in thy sommer.

Nym. And what dost thou thinke of the dukes overture of marriage?

Hero. What doe you thinke?

Her. May I speake boldly as at Alleppo?

Nym. Speake till thy lungs ake, talke out thy teeth; here are none of those cankers, these mischiefes of societie, intelligencers, or informers, that wil cast rumor into the teeth of some Lælius Baldus, a man cruelly eloquent and bluddily learned. No; what sayest thou, Fawnus?

Her. With an undoubted brest thus, I may speake boldly.

Hero. By this night, ile speake broadly first, and thou wilt, man. Our Duke of Urbin is a man very happily madd, for he thinkes himself right perfectly wise, and most demonstratively learned—nay, more——

Her. No more—Ile on. Me thinkes the younge lord our Prince of Ferrara so bounteously adorned with all of grace, feature, and best shaped proportion, faire use of speech, full opportunitie, and that which makes the sympothie of all equalitie, of heate, of yeares, of bloud. Mee thinkes these loadstones should attract the mettall of the young princes rather to the sonne than to the noysome, cold, and most weake side of his halfe-rotten father.

Hero. Tha'rt ours—tha'rt ours. Now dare we speake as boldly as if Adam had not fallen, and made us all slaves. Hark ye, the duke is an arrant doting asse—an asse—and in the knowledge of my verie sence, will turne a foolish

animall; for his sonne will prove like one of Balles priests, have all the flesh presented to the idoll his father, but he in the night will feede on't—will devoure it. He will, yeoman of the bottels, he will.

Her. Now, gentlemen, I am sure the lust of speech hath equally drenched us all; know I am no servant to this Prince Tiberio.

Hero. Not?

Her. Not, but one to him out of some private urging most vowed—one that pursues him but for opportunity of safe satisfaction. Now, if ye can preferre my service to him, I shall rest yours wholy.

Hero. Lust in the divels mouth! thou shalt have place! Fawne, thou shalt! Behold this generous Nymphadora, a gallant of cleane boote, straight back, and beard of a most hopefull expectation. He is a servant of faire Dulcimels, her very creature, borne to the princes sole adoration; a man so spent in time to her, that pittie (if no more of grace) must follow him when we have gayned the roome. Seconde his suite, Hercules. Ile be your intelligencer.

Her. Our very heart, and, if neede be, worke to most desperate ends.

Hero. Well urged.

Her. Wordes fit acquaintance, but ful actions friends.

Nym. Thou shalt not want, Fawnus.

Her. You promise well.

Hero. Be thou but firme, that old doting iniquitie of age—that only eyed lecherous duke, thy lord—shall be baffeld to extreamest derision. His sonne prove his foole fathers owne issue.

Nym. And wee, and thou with us, blessed and inriched past all miserie of possible contempt, and above the hopes of greatest conjectures.

Her. Nay, as for wealth, *vilia miretur vulgus.* I know by his physiognomy, for wealth he is of my addiction, and bid's a fico for't.

Nym. Why, thou art but a yonger brother: but poor Baldazozo.

Hero. Faith, to speake truth, my means are written in the booke of fate, as yet unknowne; and yet I am at my foole, and my hunting gelding. Come, *Viah*, to this feastfull entertainment.

[*Exeunt. Remanent* Hercules.

Her. I never knew till now how old I was.
By him by whom we are, I thinke a prince,
Whose tender sufferance never felt a gust
Of boulder breathings, but still liv'd gently fann'd
With the soft gales of his owne flatterers lippes,
Shall never know his own complexion.
Deere sleepe and lust, I thanke you; but for you,
Mortall till now I scarse had knowne my selfe.
Thou gratefull poyson, sleeke mischiefe, Flatterie,
Thou dreamefull slumber (that doth fall on kings
As soft and soone as their first holy oyle),
Be thou for ever dam'd; I now repent
Severe indictions to some sharpe stiles;
Freenes, so 't grow not to licentiousnes,
Is gretfull to just states. Most spotlesse kingdome,
And men, O happie borne under good starrs,
Where what is honest you may freely thinke,
Speake what you thinke, and write what you doe speake,
Not bound to servile soothings. But since our rancke
Hath ever been afflicted with these flyes
(That blow corruption on the sweetest vertues),
I will revenge us all upon you all
With the same stratagem we still are caught,

Flatterie it selfe; and sure all knowe the sharpenesse
Of reprehensive language is even blunted
To full contempt; since vice is now term'd fashion,
And most are growne to ill even with defence,
I vow to wast this most prodigious heat,
That fals into my age like scorching flames
In depth of numb'd December, in flattering all
In all of their extreamest vitiousnesse,
Till in their own lov'd race they fall mast lame,
And meet full butte the close of Vices shame. *Exit.*

ACTUS SECUNDUS.

SCENA PRIMA.

HEROD *and* NYMPHADORO *with napkins in their hands, followed by Pages with stooles and meat.*

Hero. COME, sir, a stoole boy, these court feasts are to us servitors court fasts—such scambling, such shift for to eate, and whete to eate. Here a squire of lowe degree hath got the carkasse of a plover, there pages of the chamber divide the spoiles of a tatterd phesant; here the sewer has friended a countrey gentleman with a sweet green goose, and there a yong fellow that late has bought his office, has caught a woodcocke by the nose, with cups full overflowing.

Nym. But is not Fawnus prefer'd with a right hand?

Hero. Did you ever see a fellow so spurted up in a moment? He has got the right eare of the duke, the prince, princesse, most of the lords, but all the ladies; why, hee is become their onely minion, usher, and supporter.

Nym. He hath gotten more lov'd reputation of vertue, of learning, of all graces, in one houre, than all your snarling reformers have in ——

Hero. Nay, thats unquestionable; and, indeed, what a fruitles labor, what a filling of Danaes tubbe, is it become to inveigh against follie! Communitie takes away the

sence, and example the shame. No, prayse me these fellowes, hang on their chariot wheele,
And mount with them whom fortune heaves, nay, drives;
A stoycall sower, vertue seldom thrives.
Oppose such fortune, and then burst with those are pitied.
The hill of Chaunce is pav'd with poore mens bones,
And bulkes of luckless soules, over whose eyes
Their chariot wheeles must ruthles grate that rise.

Enter HERCULES, *freshly suted.*

Nym. Behold that thing of most fortunate, most prosperous impudence, Don Fanus himselfe.

Hero. Blessed and long-lasting bee thy carnation ribban, O man of more than wit, much more than vertue—of fortune! Fawnus, wilt eate any of a young spring sallet?

Her. Where did the hearbs grow, my gallant, where did they grow?

Hero. Hard by in the citie here.

Her. No, Ile none—Ile eate no citie hearbes, no citie roots; for here in the cittie a man shall have his excrements in his teeth againe within foure and twentie houres. I love no citie sallets. Has't any canarie?

Nym. How the poore snake wriggles with his suddain warmth. [Herod *drinkes.*

Hero. Here, Fawnus, a health as deepe as a female.

Her. Fore Jove! we must be more indeer'd.

Nym. How doost thou feele thy selfe now, Fawne?

Her. Verie womanly with my fingers. I protest I thinke I shall love you. Are you married? I am truely taken with your vertues. Are you married?

Hero. Yes.

Her. Why, I like you well for it.

Hero. No, troth, Fawne, I am not married.

Her. Why, I like you better for it; fore Heaven! I must love you!

Hero. Why, Fawne, why?

Her. Fore Heaven! you are blest with three rare graces —fine linnen, cleane linings, a sanguine complexion, and I am sure, an excellent wit, for you are a gentleman borne.

Hero. Thanke thee, sweet Fawne; but why is cleane linnen such a grace, I prethee?

Her. Oh, my excellent and inward deerely-approoved friend! What 's your name, sir? Cleanne linnen is the first our life craves, and the last our death enjoyes.

Hero. But what hope rests for Nymphadoro? Thou art now within the buttons of the prince. Shall the duke his father marry the ladie?

Her. Tis to be hoped not.

Nym. That 's some releefe as long as ther 's hope.

Her. But sure, sir, tis almost undoubted the ladie will carrie him.

Nym. O pestilent ayre! is there no plot so cunning, no surmise so false, no way of avoidance?

Her. Hast thou any pittie either of his passion or the ladies yeares—a gentleman in the summer and hunting season of his youth, the ladie met in the same warmth. Wer 't not to bee wept that such a saplesse chafing-dish-using old dotard as the Duke of Ferrara, with his withered hand, shoulde plucke such a bud, such a—Oh, the life of sence!

Nym. Thou art now a perfect courtier of just fashion; good grace, canst releeve us?

Her. Ha ye any money?

Nym. Pish, Fawne, we are young gallants!

Her. The liker to have no mony. But, my young gallants, to speake like my selfe, I must hugge your humor. Why, looke you, there is fate, destiny, constellations, and planets (which, though they are under nature, yet they are above women). Who hath read the booke of chaunce? No, cherish your hope, sweeten your imaginations with thoughts of—Ah! why, women are the most giddie, uncertaine motions under heaven. Tis neither proportion of body, vertue of minde, amplitude of fortune, greatnesse of blood, but onely meere chance full appetite swayes them; which makes some one like a man, be it but for the paring of his nales. *Viah*, as for inequalitie, art not a gentleman?

Nym. That *I* am; and my benificence shall shew it.

Her. I know you are, by the onely word benificence, which onely speakes of the future tence (shall know it); but may I breath in your bosoms? *I* onely feare Tiberio will abuse his fathers trust, and so make your hopes desperate.

Nym. How?—the prince? Would hee onely stood crosse to my wishes, he should find me an Italian.

Her. How an Italian?

Hero. By thy ayd an Italian; deere Fawnus, thou art now wriggled into the princes bosome, and thy sweet hand should minister that nectar to him should make him immortall. Nymphadoro, in direct phrase, thou shouldst murther the prince, so revenge thine owne wronges, and be rewarded for that revenge.

Her. Afore the light of my eyes, I thinke I shall admire, wonder at you. What! ha ye plots, projects, correspondences, and stratagems? Why are not you in better place?

Enter Sir AMOROSO.

Who's this?

Hero. My eldest brother, Sir Amoroso Debili-Doso!

Her. Oh, I know him! God bless thine eyes, sweet Sir Amoroso! *A rous—a vin de monte* to the health of thy chyne, my deere sweet signiour!

Sir A. Pardon, me, sir; I drinke no wine this spring.

Hero. Oh, no, sir; hee takes the diet this spring alwaies. Boy, my brothers bottell.

Sir A. Faith, Fawne, an odde unwholsome cold makes mee still hoarse and rhumatique.

Hero. Yes, in troth, a paltrie murre. Last morning, hee blew nine bones out of his nose with an odde unwholesome murre. How do's my sister, your ladie? What do's she breed?

Her. I perceive, knight, you have children. Oh! tis a blessed assurance of Heavens favour, and long-lasting name, to have many children.

Sir A. But I ha none, Fawne, now.

Her. O that's most excellent—a right speciall happinesse. Hee shall not bee a drudge to his cradle, a slave to his childe; hee shall be sure not to cherish anothers blood, nor toyle to advance, paradventure, some rascals lust. Without children, a man is unclog'd, his wife almost a maide. Messalina, thou cryedst out, O blessed barrennesse! Why, once with child, the verie Venus of a ladies entertainment hath lost all pleasure.

Sir A. By this ring, Fawnus, I doe hugge thee with most passionate affection, and shall make my wife thanke thee.

Hero. Nay, my brother grudgeth not at my probable inheritance. He meanes once to give a younger brother hope to see fortune.

Nym. And yet I heare, Sir Amorosus, you cherish your

loynes with high art, the onely ingrosser of eringoes, prepar'd cantharides, cullesses made of dissolved pearle and brus'd amber, the pith of parkets, and canded lamstones are his perpetuall meats. Beds made of the downe under pigeons winges and goose-necks, fomentations, bathes, electuaries, frictions, and all the nurses of most forcible excited concupiscence, hee useth with most nice and tender industrie.

Her. Pish, Zuccoli! No, Nymphadoro, if Sir Amorous would ha children, let him lie on a mattres, plow or thresh, eate onyons, garlick, and leeke porredge. Pharaoh and his councell were mistaken; and their devise to hinder the encrease of procreation in the Israelites with inforcing them to much laboure of bodie, and to feed hard, with beetes, garlike, and onions (meat that make the orriginall of man most sharpe and taking), was absurd. No, hee should have given barlie bread, lettice, mellones, cucumers, huge store of veale, and fresh beefe, blowne uppe their flesh, held them from exercise, rould them in feathers, and most suerely seene them drunke once a day, then would they at their best have begotten but wenches, and in short their generation infeebled to nothing.

Sir A. Oh, devine Fawnus, where might a man take up fortie pound in a commodity of garlike and onions? Nymphadoro, thine eare.

Her. Come, what are you fleering at? Ther's some weakenes in your brother you wrinkle at thus; come, prethee, imparte, what we are mutually incorporated, turnd one into another, brued togeather. Come, I beleeve you are familiar with your sister, and it were knowne.

Hero. Witch, Fawnus, witch! Why, how dost dreame I live? Ist fower score a yeare, thinkst thou, maintaines my

geldings, my pages, foote-clothes, my best feeding, high play, and excellent company? No, tis from hence, from hence, I mynt some foure hundred pound a yeere.

Her. Dost thou live like a porter, by the backe, boy?

Hero. As for my weake-raind brother, hang him! Hee has sore shinnes. Dam him, Hetoroclite, his braine's perished! His youth spent his foder so fast on others cattle, that hee now wants for his owne winter. I am faine to supplie, Fawne, for which I am supplyed.

Her. Dost thou braunch him, boy?

Hero. What else, Fawne?

Her. What else? Nay, tis enough. Why, many men corrupt other mens wives, some their maides, others their neighbours daughters; but to lie with ones brothers wedlocke, O, my dear Herod, tis vile and uncommon lust.

Hero. Fore Heaven, I love thee to the hearte! Well, I may prayse God for my brothers weakenes, for I assure thee the land shal discend to me, my little Fawne.

Her. To thee, my little Herod? Oh, my rare rascall, I do find more and more in thee to wonder at, for thou art, indeed—if I prosper, thou shalt know what. Whose this? [*Enter* Don. Zucc.

Hero. What! know you not Don Zuccone, the onely desparatly rayling lord at's lady that ever was confidently melancholy—that egregious ideot, that husband of the most wittie, faire (and be it spoken with many mens true greefe), most chast Lady Zoya! But we have entered into a confederacie of afflicting him.

Her. Plots ha you laid? Inductions, daungerous?

Nym. A quiet bosome to my sweete Don. Are you going to visit your ladie?

Zuc. What a clock ist? Is it past three?

Hero. Past foure, I assure you, sweet don.

Zuc. Oh, then, I may be admitted. Her afternoons privat nap is taken. I shall take her napping. I heare ther 's one jealous that I lie with my owne wife, and begins to withdraw his hand. I protest, I vowe, and you will, on my knees—Ile take my sacrament on it, I lay not with her this foure yeare—this foure yeare; let her not be turn'd upon me, I beseech you.

Her. My deere don?

Zuc. Oh, Faunus, do'st know our ladie?

Her. Your ladie?

Zuc. No, our lady. For the love of charitie, incorporate with her; I would have all nations and degrees, all ages, know our lady; for I covet only to be undoubtedly notorious.

Her. For in deede, sir, a repressed fame mountes like camomyll—the more trod down, the more it growes. Things knowne common and undoubted, lose rumour.

Nym. Sir, I hope yet your conjectures may erre. Your lady keeps full face, unbated roundnes, cherefull aspect. Were she so infamously prostitute, her cheeke would fall, her colour fade, the spirit of her eye would die.

Zuc. Oh, young man, such women are like Danaus tubbe; and, in deede, all women are like Achillous, with whom Hercules wrastling, he was no sooner hurl'd to the earth, but hee rose uppe with double vigor. Their fall strengtheneth them.

Enter DONDOLO.

Don. Newes, newes, newes, newes! Oh, my deare don, be rays'd—be joviald—be triumphant! Ah, my deere don!

Nym. To me first, in private, thy newes, I pree thee.

Don. Will you be secret?

Nym. A my life.

Don. As you are generous?

Nym. As I am generous.

Don. Don Zuccones ladie 's with child.

Her. Nymph. Nymph., what is't?—what 's the newes ?

Nym. You will be secret?

Hero. Scilence it selfe.

Nym. Don Zuccones ladie 's with child apparantly.

Her. Herod, Herod, what 's the matter, pree thee? The newes?

Hero. You must tell no bodie?

Her. As I am generous——

Hero. Don Zuccones ladie 's with child apparantly.

Zuc. Fawne, whats the whisper?—whats the fooles secret newes?

Her. Truth, my lord, a thing that—that—well, I faith, it is not fit you know it!

Zuc. Not fit I know it? As thou art baptis'd, tell me —tell me.

Her. Will you plight your patience to it?

Zuc. Speake, I am a very block. I will not be mov'd —I am a very blocke.

Her. But if you should grow disquiet (as, I protest, it would make a saint blaspheame), I should be unwilling to procure your impatience.

Zuc. Yes, doe! Burst me! burst me! burst me with longing!

Her. Nay, faith, tis no great matter! Harke ye, youle tell no body?

Zuc. Not.

Her. As you are noble?

Zuc. As I am honest.

Her. Your ladie wife apparantly with child.

Zuc. With child?

Her. With child.

Zuc. Foole!

Her. My don.

Zuc. With child!—by the pleasure of generation, I proclaime I lay not with her this —— Give us patience! —give us patience!

Her. Why? my lord, tis nothing to weare a forker.

Zuc. Heaven and earth!

Her. All thinges under the moone are subject to their mistris grace. Horns! Lend me your ring, my don—Ile put it on my finger. Now tis on yours againe. Why, is the gold now ere the worse in lustre or fitness?

Zuc. Am I us'd thus?

Her. I, my lord, true. Nay, to be—(looke ye, marke ye)—to bee us'd like a deade oxe—to have your owne hide pluckt on—to bee drawne on, with your owne horne, —to have the lordshippe of your father, the honour of your auncestors, maugre your beard, to discend to the base lust of soome groome of your stable, or the page of your chamber.

Zuc. Oh, Phalaris! thy bull!

Sir A. Good don, ha patience! you are not the only cuckold! I would now be separated.

Zuc. 'Las! that's but the least drop of the storme of my revenge! I will unlegittimate the issue! What I will doe shall be horrible but to thinke.

Her. But, sir ——

Zuc. But, sir, I will doe what a man of my forme may do; and laugh on, laugh on, doe Sir Amorous—you have a ladie, too.

Hero. But, my sweet lord ——

Zuc. Doe not anger me, least I most dreadfully curse thee, and wish thee married! Oh, Zuccone, spitte white, spitte thy gall out. The only boone I crave of Heaven is —— But to have my honors inherited by a bastard I will be most tirannous—blooddily tirannous in my revenge, and most terrible in my curses! Live to grow blind with lust, sencelesse with use, loathed after, flattered before, hated alwaies, trusted never, abhorred ever; and last, may she live to weare a most foule smocke seven weekes togeather, Heaven, I beseech thee! [*Exit.*

Zoy. Is he gone?—is he blowne of? Now, out upon him, unsufferably jealous foole.

Enter ZOYA *and* POVEA.

Don. Lady!

Zoy. Didst thou give him the fam'd report? Do's he beleeve I am with child? Do's he give faith?

Don. In most sinceritie, most sincerely.

Her. Nay, tis a pure foole! I can tell yee he was bred up in Germany.

Nym. But the laughter rises, that hee vowes he lay not in your bed this foure yeare, with such exquisite protestations.

Zoy. That's most full truth. He hath most unjustly severed his sheetes ever since the old Duke Pietro (Heaven rest his soule!) ——

Don. Fie! You may not pray for the dead; tis indifferent to them what you say.

Nym. Well sayd, foole.

Zoy. Ever since the old Duke Pietro, the great devill of hell torture his soule ——

Don. O, ladie! yet charitie.

Zoy. Why? tis indifferent to them what you say, foole; but do's my lord ravell out? do's he fret? For pitie of an aflicted ladie, load him soundly; let him not goe cleere from vexation: hee has the most dishonourably, with the most sinfull, most vitious obstinacie, persevered to wronge mee, that, were I not of a male constitution, twere impossible for mee to survive it; but in madnesse name, let him on. I ha not the weake fence of some of your soft-eyed whimpering ladies, who, if they were us'd like me, would gall their fingers with wringing their handes, looke like bleeding Lucresses, and shed salt water ynough to powder all the beefe in the dukes larder. No, I am resolute Donna Zoya. Ha! that wives were of my mettall! I would make these ridiculously jealous fooles howle like a starved dogge before he got a bit. I was created to be the affliction of such an unsanctified member, and will boyle him in his owne sirupe.

Enter ZUCCONE, *listening.*

Her. Peace! the woolfes eare takes the winde of us.

Hero. The enemie is in ambush.

Zoy. If any man ha the wit, now let him talke wantonly but not baudily. Come, gallants, who 'le be my servants? I am now verie open-harted and full of entertainment.

Her. Grace mee too call you mistres.

Nym. Or me?

Hero. Or me?

Sir Am. Or me?

Zoy. Or all! I am taken with you all—with you all!

Her. As, indeed, why should any woman onely love any one man, *since it is* reasonable women should affect al

perfection, but al perfection never rests in one man. Many men have many vertues, but ladies should love many vertues, therfore ladies should love many men; for as in women, so in men; some woman hath only a good eye,—one can discourse beautifully, if she doe not laugh,—one 's well favoured to her nose,—another hath onely a good brow,—tother a plumpe lippe,—a third onely holdes beautie to the teeth, and there the soyle alters. Some, peradventure, hold good to the breast, and then downewarde turne like the drempt-of image, whose head was gold, breast silver, thighes yron, and all beneath clay and earth: one onely winkes eloquently,—another onely kisses well,—tother onely talkes well,—a fourth onely lyes well. So, in men, one gallant has onely a good face,—another has onely a grave methodicall beard, and is a notable wise fellow untill he speakes,—a third onely makes water well, and thats a good provoking qualitie,—one onely sweares well,—another onely speakes well,—a third onley do's well. All in their kinde good: goodnesse is to bee affected; therefore they, it is a base thing, and indeed an impossible, for a worthy minde to bee contented with the whole world, but most vile and abject to be satisfied with one point of the world.

Zoy. Excellent Faunus! I kisse thee for this, by this hand.

Sir Am. I thought aswell: kisse me to, deere mistresse.

Zoy. No, good Sir Amorous; your teeth hath taken rust, your breath wants ayring, and indeed I love sound kissing. Come, gallants, who 'le run a caranto, or leape a levalto?

Her. Take heed, ladie, from offending or brusing the hope of your womb.

Zoy. No matter; now I ha the sleight, or rather the fashion of it, I feare no barrennesse.

Her. O, but you know not your husbands aptnesse.

Zoy. Husband! husband! as if women could have no children without husbands.

Nym. I, but then they will not be so like your husband.

Zoy. No matter, thei 'le be like their father; tis honour ynough to my husband that they vouchsafe to call him father, and that his land shall discend to them (do's hee not gnash his very teeth in anguish?) Like our husband? I had rather they were ungroand for. Like our husband?—proove such a melancholy jealous asse as he is? Do's he not stampe?

Nym. But troth, your husband has a good face.

Zoy. Faith, good ynough face for a husband. Come, gallants, Ile daunce to mine owne whistle: I am as light now as ——. Ah! [*she sings and daunces*]. A kisse to you, to my sweet free servants. Dreame on me, and adue. [*Exit* Zoya.

ZUCCONE *discovers himselfe.*

Zuc. I shall loose my wits.

Her. Be comforted, deere don, you ha none to leeze.

Zuc. My wife is growne like a Dutch crest, alwaies rampant, rampant: fore I will endure this affliction, I will live by raking cockles out of kennels; nay, I will run my countrey,—forsake my religion,—goe weave fustians,—or rowle the wheele-barrow at Rotterdam.

Her. I would be divorced, dispite her friends, or the oath of her chamber-maide.

Zuc. Nay, I will be divorced, in dispite of em all; Ile goe to law with her.

Her. Thats excellent; nay, I would goe to lawe.

Zuc. Nay, I will goe to law.

Her. Why, thats sport alone, what though it be most exacting; wherefore is money?

Zuc. True, wherefore is money?

Her. What, though you shall pay for everie quill, each droppe of inke, each minnam, letter, tittle, comma, pricke, each breath, nay, not onely for thine owne orators prating, but for some other orators scilence,—though thou must buy scilence with a full hand,—tis well knowne Demosthenes tooke above two thousand pound once only to hold his peace,—though thou a man of noble gentrie, yet you must waight, and besiege his studie dore, which will proove more hard to be entred than old Troy, for that was gotten into by a wooden horse; but the entrance of this may chaunce cost thee a whole stocke of cattell, *oves et boves, et cætera pecora campi;*—though then thou must sit there, thrust and contemned, bare-headed to a grograine scribe, readie to start up at the dore creaking, prest to get in, with your leave, sir, to some surly groome, the third sonne of a rope-maker:—what of all this?

Zuc. To a resolute minde these torments are not felt.

Her. A verie arrant asse, when hee is hungrie, will feed on, though hee bee whipt to the bones, and shall a verie arrant asse, Zuccone, be more vertuously patient than a noble ——

Don. No, Fawne, the world shal know I have more vertue than so ——

Her. Doe so, and be wise.

Zuc. I will, I warrant thee: so I may be revenged, what care I what I doe?

Her. Call a dogge worshipfull?

Zuc. Nay, I will embrace,—nay, I will embrace a Jakes-

farmer, after eleven a clocke at night,—I will stand bare, and give wall to a bellowes-mender,—pawne my lordship, —sell my foot-cloth,—but I will be reveng'd. Do's she thinke she has married an asse?

Her. A foole?

Zuc. A coxecombe?

Her. A ninny-hammer?

Zuc. A woodcocke?

Her. A calfe?

Zuc. No, she shall finde that I ha eyes.

Her. And braine.

Zuc. And nose.

Her. And fore-head.

Zuc. She shall, yfaith, Fawne; she shall, she shall, sweet Fawne; she shall, yfaith, old boy; it joyes my blood to thinke on 't; she shall, yfaith. Farewell, lov'd Fawne; sweet Fawne, farewell: she shall, yfaith, boy.

[*Exit* Zuccone.

Enter GONZAGO *and* GRANUFFO, *with* DULCIMELL.

Gon. We would be private, onely Faunus stay; [*Exeunt.* He is a wise fellow, daughter, a verie wise fellow, for he is still just of my opinion. My Lord Granuffo, you may likewise stay, for I know you 'l say nothing. Say on, daughter.

Dul. And as I told you, sir, Tiberio being sent,
Grac't in high trust, as to negotiate
His royall fathers love, if he neglect
The honour of this faith, just care of state,
And everie fortune that gives likelyhood
To his best hopes, to drawe our weaker heart
To his *owne love (as I* protest he do's) ;——

Gon. Ile rate the prince with such a heat of breath,
His eares shall glow; nay, I discover'd him;
I read his eyes, as I can read an eye,
Tho it speake in darkest caracters, I can;
Can we not, Fawne?—can we not, my lord?
Why, I conceive you now; I understand you both.
You both admire; yes, say is 't not hit?
Though we are old, or so, yet we ha wit.

Dul. And you may say (if so your wisedome please,
As you are truely wise), how weake a creature
Soft woman is to beare the seidge and strength
Of so prevailing feature and faire language,
As that of his is ever: you may adde
(If so your wisedome please, as you are wise)——

Gon. As mortall man may be.

Dul. I am of yeares apt for his love; and if he should
In private urgent sute, how easie twere [proceed
To win my love: for you may say (if so
Your wisedome please) you find in me
A very forward passion to injoy him,
And therefore you beseech him seriously
Straight to forbeare, with such close cunning arte
To urge his too well-graced suite: for you
(If so your lordship please) may say I told you all.

Gon. Goe to, goe to; what I will say, or so,
Untill I say none but my selfe shall know.
But I will say, Goe to; do's not my colour rise?
It shall rise; for I can force my bloud
To come and goe, as men of wit and state
Must sometimes faine their love, sometimes their hate.
That 's pollicie now; but come with this free heate,
Or this same *Estro* or *Enthusiasme*

(For these are phrases both poeticall);
Will we goe rate the prince, and make him see
Himselfe in us; that is, our grace and wits
Shall shew his shapeles follie,—vice kneels whiles vertue sitts.

Enter TIBERIO.

But see, we are prevented, daughter, in
It is not fit thy selfe should heare what I
Must speake of thy most modest, wise, wise mind;
For tha 'rt carefull, sober, in all most wise. [*Exit* Dulcimell.
And in deed our daughter. My Lord Tiberio,
A horse but yet a colt may leave his trot,
A man but yet a boy may well be broke
From vaine addictions; the head of rivers stopt,
The channell dries; he that doth dread a fire,
Must put out sparkes; and he who feares a bull,
Must cut his hornes off when he is a calfe.
Principiis obsta, saith a learned man,
Who, though he was no duke, yet he was wise,
And had some sence or so.

Tib. What meanes my lord?

Gon. Lah, sir! thus men of braine can speake in cloudes,
Which weake eyes cannot pearce; but, my faire lord,
In direct phrase thus, my daughter tels me plaine,
You goe about with most direct intreates
To gaine her love, and to abuse her father.
O, my faire lord, will you, a youth so blest
With rarest gifts of fortune and sweete graces,
Offer to love a young and tender ladie;
Will you, I say, abuse your most wise father,
Who, tho he freeze in August, and his calves
Are sunck *into his toes*, yet may wel wed our daughter,

As old as he is in wit? Will you, I say?
(For by my troth, my lord, I must be plaine.)
My daughter is but young, and apt to love
So fit a person as your proper selfe,
And so she prayd me tell you. Will you now
Intice her easie brest to abuse your trust,
Her proper honour, and your fathers hopes?
I speake no figures, but I charge you, check
Your appetite and passions to our daughter,
Before it head, nor offer conference,
Or seeke accesse, but by and before us.
What, judge you us as weake or as unwise?
No, you shal find that Venice duke has eyes; and so thinke on 't. [*Exeunt* Gonzago *and* Granuffo.

Tib. Astonishment and wonder! what means this?
Is the duke sober?

Her. Why, ha not you endevour'd
Courses that only seconded appetite,
And not your honour, or your trust of place?
Doe you not court the ladie for your selfe?

Tib. Faune, thou dost love me. If I ha done so,
Tis past my knowledge; and I preethe, Faune,
If thou observ'st I doe I know not what,
Make me to know it; for by the deare light,
I ha not found a thought that way. I apt for love?
Let lazy idlenes, fild full of wine,
Heated with meates, high fedde with lustfull ease,
Goe dote on culler. As for me, why, death a sence,
I court the ladie? I was not borne in Cyprus.
I love! when?—how?—whome? Thinke, let us yet keepe
Our reason sound. Ile thinke, and thinke, and sleepe.
[*Exit.*

Her. Amazd! even lost in wondring! I rest full
Of covetous expectation. I am left
As on a rock, from whence I may discerne
The giddie sea of humour flowe beneath,
Upon whose backe the vayner bubles floate,
And forthwith breake. O mightie flatterie!
Thou easiest, commonst, and most gratefull venome,
That poysons courts and all societies,
How gratefull dost thou make me? Should one rayle,
And come to feare a vice, beware legge-ringes
And the turnd key on thee, when, if softer hand,
Suppling a sore that itches (which should smart),
Free speech gaines foes, base fawnings steale the heart.
Swell, you impostumbd members, till you burst,
Since tis in vaine to hinder, on Ile thrust;
And when in shame you fall, Ile laugh from hence,
And crie, so end all desperate impudence.
An others court shall shew me where and how
Vice may be cur'de, for now beside my selfe,
Possest with almost phrenzie, from strong fervor
I know I shall produce things meere devine,
Without immoderate heate, no vertues shine;
For I speake strong, tho strange,—the dewes that steepe
Our soules in deepest thoughts are furie and sleepe.

[*Exit.*

ACTUS TERTIUS.

Enter FAUNUS *and* NYMPHADOR.

Nym. FAITH, Faune, tis my humor, the naturall sinne of my sanguine complection. I am most inforcedly in love with all women, almost affeicting them all with an equall flame.

Her. An excellent justice of an upright vertue: you love all Gods creatures with an unpartiall affection.

Nym. Right; neither am I iuconstant to any one in particuler.

Her. Tho you love all in generall, true; for when you vowe a most devoted love to one, you sweare not to tender a most devoted love to another; and indeede why shoulde any man over-love any thing? Tis judgement for a man to love every thing proportionably to his vertue: I love a dogge with a hunting pleasure, as he is pleasurable in hunting; my horse, after a journeing easines, as he is esaie in journying; my hawke, to the goodnesse of his winge; and my wench ——

Nym. How, sweete Fawne, how?

Her. Why, according to her creation. Nature made them prettie, toying, idle, phantastique, imperfect creatures; even so I would in justice affect them, with a

pretty, toying, idle, phantastique, imperfect affection; and as in deed they are onely created for shew and pleasure, so would I onely love them for shew and pleasure.

Nym. Why, that 's my humor to the very thread; thou dost speak my proper thoughts.

Her. But, sir, with what possibilitie can your constitution be so boundlesly amarous as to affect all women, of what degree, forme, or complection soever?

Nym. Ile tell thee: for mine owne parte I am a perfect Ovidian, and can with him affect all. If shee bee a virgin, of a modest eye, shamefac't, temperate aspect, her very modestie inflames mee, her sober blushes fires me; if I behold a wanton, prettie, courtly, petulant ape, I am extreamely in love with her, because she is not clownishly rude, and that she assures her lover of no ignorant, dull, unmoving Venus; be she sowerly severe, I think she wittily counterfeits, and I love her for her wit; if she be learned, and sensures poets, I love her soule, and for her soule her bodie; bee she a ladie of profest ignorance, oh, I am infinitly taken with her simplicitie, as one assured to find no sophistication about her; bee she slender and leane, shee 's the Greekes delight; bee she thick and plumpe, she 's the Italians pleasure; if she bee tall, shee 's of a goodly forme, and will printe a faire proportion in a large bedde; if she bee short and low, shee 's nimbly delightfull, and ordinarily quicke witted; bee she young, shee 's for mine eye; bee she old, shee 's for my discourse, as one well knowing ther 's much amiablenes in a grave matron; but bee she young or old, leane, fat, short, tall, white, red, browne, nay, even blacke, my discourse shall find reason to love her, if my meanes may procure opportunities to enjoy her.

Her. Excellent, sir: nay, if a man were of competent meanes, wert not a notable delight for a man to have for every moneth in the yeare?

Nym. Nay, for every weeke of the moneth?

Her. Nay, for every day of the weeke?

Nym. Nay, for every hower of that day?

Herc. Nay, for everie humor of a man in that howre, to have a severall mistresse to entertaine him, as if he were saturnine, or melancholie, to have a blacke-hayred, pall-fac'de, sallowe, thinking mistresse to clippe him; if joviall and merrie, a sanguine, light-tripping, singing,—indeede a mistresse that would daunce a caranto as shee goes to embrace him; if cholericke, impatient, or irefull, to have a mistresse with red haire, little ferret eyes, a leane cheeke, and a sharpe nose, to entertaine him. And so of the rest.

Enter DONETTA.

Nym. O, sir, this were too great ambition! Well, I love and am beloved of a great many; for I court all in the way of honour, in the trade of marriage, Fawn; but above all, I affect the princes,—shees my utmost end. O, I love a ladie whose beautie is joined with fortune, beyond all! yet one of beautie without fortune, for some uses; nay, one of fortune without beautie, for some endes; but never any that has neither fortune nor beautie, but for necessitie; such a one as this is Dona Donetta: heres one has loved all the court just once over.

Her. O, this is the faire ladie with the fowle teeth! Natures hand shooke when she was in making, for the redde that should have spread her cheekes, Nature let fall upon her nose; the white of hir chinne slipt into her

eies; and the gray of her eies leapt, before his time, into her hayer; and the yeallownes of her haier fell without providence into her teeth.

Nym. By the vow of my hart, you are my most onelie elected; and I speake by way of protestation, I shall no longer wish to be then that your onelie affection shall rest in me, and mine onele in you.

Don. But if you shall love any other?

Nym. Anie other? Can any man love any other that knowes you,—the onely perfection of your sexe, and astonishment of mankinde?

Don. Fie! ye flatter me. Go, weare and understand my favour: this snail's slow, but sure.

Nym. This kisse!

Don. Farewell! [*Exit.*

Nym. The integrity and only vow of my faith to you; ever urge your well-deserved requitall to me.

[*Exit* Donetta.

Her. Excellent!

Nym. See, heres an other of —— [*Enter* Garbetza.

Her. Of your most onely elected.

Nym. Right, Donna Garbetza.

Her. O, I wil acknowledge this is the lady made of cutwork, and all her body like a sand-boxe, full of holes, and containes nothing but dust. She chuseth her servantes as men chuse dogs, by the mouth; if they open well and full, their crie is pleasing. She may be chaste, for shee haz a badde face; and yet, questionles, shee may bee made a strumpet, for shee is covetous.

Nym. By the vow of my hart, you are my most onely elected (and I speake it by way of protestation), I shall

no longer wish to be then all your affections shall onely rest in me, and all mine onely in you.

Her. Excellent! this peece of stuffe is good on both sides; he is so constant, he will not change his phrase.

Gar. But shall I give faith? may you not love another?

Nym. An other? Can any man love another that knowes you,—the onely perfection of your sexe, and admiration of mankind?

Gar. Your speech flies too high for your meaning to follow, yet my mistrust shall not preceede my experience: I wrought this favour for you.

Nym. The integrity and onely vow of my faith to you; ever urge your well-deservde requitall to me.

[*Exit* Garbetza.

Her. Why, this is pure wit, nay, judgement.

Nym. Why, looke, the Fawne observe me.

Her. I doe, sir.

Nym. I doe love at this instant some nineteene ladies, all in the trade of marriage. Now, sir, whose father dies first, or whose portion appeareth most, or whose fortunes betters soonest, her with quiet libertie at my leysure will I elect; for that 's my humor.

Enter DULCIMEL *and* PHILOCALIA.

Her. You professe a most excellent misterie, sir.

Nym. Fore Heaven! see the princes—she that is ——

Her. Your most onely elected, too.

Nym. Oh, I—oh! I; but my hopes faint yet. By the vow of my heart, you are my most onely elected and——

Dul. Ther 's a shippe of fooles going out! Shall I prefer thee, Nymphodoro? Thou maist be maisters mate.

My father hath made Dondilo captain, els thou should'st have his place.

Nym. By Jove, Fawne, she speakes as sharply, and lookes as sowerly, as if she had beene new squeased out of a crab orenge.

Her. How tearme you that ladie with whom shee houldes discourse?

Nym. O, Fawne, 'tis a ladie even above ambition; and like the verticall sunne, that neither forceth others to cast shadowes, nor can others force or shade her. Her stile is Dona Philocalia.

Her. Philocalia! What! that renowned ladie, whose ample report hath stroke wonder into remotest strangers? and yet her worth above that wonder? She, whose noble industries hath made her breast rich in true glories and undying habilities?—she, that whil'st other ladies spend the life of earth, Time, in reading their glasse, their jewels, and (the shame of poesie) lustfull sonnets, gives her soule meditations—those meditations winges that cleave the aier, fan bright celestiall fiers, whose true reflections makes her see her selfe and them!—shee, whose pittie is ever above her envie, loving nothing lesse then insolent prosperity, and pitittying nothing more than vertue destitute of fortune.

Nym. There were a ladie for Ferraraes duke!—one of greate bloud, firme age, undoubted honour, above her sexe, most modestly artfull, tho naturally modest; too excellent to be left unmatcht, tho few worthy to match with her.

Her. I cannot tell—my thoughts grow busie.

Phi. The princes would be private. Void the presence. [Exeunt.

Dul. May I rest sure thou wilt conceal a secret?

Phi. Yes, madam.

Dul. How may I rest assur'de?

Phi. Truely thus—doe not tell it me.

Dul. Why, canst thou not conceale a secret?

Phi. Yes, as long as it is a secret. But when tow know it, how can it be a secret? and, indeede, with what justice can you expect secresie in me that cannot be private to your selfe?

Dul. Faith, Philocalia, I must of force trust thy silence; for my breast breakes if I conferre not my thoughts upon thee.

Phi. You may trust my silence; I can commaund that; but if I chance to be questioned I must speake truth: I can conceale, but not denie my knowledge. That must commaund me.

Dul. Fie on these philosophicall discoursing women! Prethee conferre with me like a creature made of flesh and blood, and tell me if it be not a scandall to the soule of all being proportion, that I, a female of fifteen, of a lightsome and civill discretion—healthie, lustie, vigorus, full, and idle—should for ever be shackled to the crampie shinnes of a waywarde, dull, sower, austere, rough, rhewmy, threescore and foure?

Phi. Nay, threescore and ten at the least.

Dul. Now, Heaven blesse me! as it is pittie that everie knave is not a foole, so it is shame that everie old man is not, and resteth not, a widdower. They say in China, when women are past child-bearing, they are all burnt to make gun-powder. I wonder what men should bee done withall when they are past child-getting. Yet, upon my love, Philocalia (which with ladies is often above their honour), I do even dote upon the best part of the duke.

Phi. Whats that?

Dul. His sonne; yes, sooth, and so love him, that I must marrie him.

Phi. And wherefore love him so, to marrie him?

Dul. Because I love him; and because he is vertuous I love to marrie.

Phi. His vertues!

Dul. I, with him, his vertues.

Phi. I, with him, alas! sweete princes, love or vertue are not of the essence of marriage!

Dul. A jest upon your understanding! Ile maintaine that wisdome in a woman is most foolish qualitie. A ladie of a good complection, naturally well witted, perfectlie bred, and well exercised in discourse of the best men, shall make fooles of a thousand of these booke-thinking creatures. I speake it by way of justification, I tell thee (looke that no body eaves-droppe us),—I tell thee, I am truelie learned; for I prote ignorance and wise; for I love my selfe, and vertuous enough for a lady of fifteene.

Phi. How vertuous?

Dul. Shall I speake like a creatur of a good healthful blood, and not like one of these weake, greene sicknesse, leane, tisicke starvelinges? First, for the vertue of magnanimity, I am very valiant, for there is no heroicke action so particularly noble and glorious to our sexe, as not to fall to action; the greatest deede wee can do is not to doe (looke that nobody listen). Then am I full of patience, and can beare more then a sumpter-horse; for (to speake sensibly), what burthen is there so heavy to a porters backe as virginity to a well-complectioned young ladies thoughts? (Looke no body hearken.) By this hand the

noblest vow is that of virginity, because the hardest. I will have the prince.

Phi. But by what meanes, sweete madam?

Dul. Oh, Philocalia, in heavy sadnes and unwanton phrase, there lies all the braine worke, by what meanes I coulde fall into a miserable blanke verse presently!

Phi. But, deare madam, your reason of loving him?

Dul. Faith, onley a womans reason, because I was expresly forbidden to love him. At the first view I likte him; and no sooner had my fathers wisdom mistrusted my liking, but I grew loth his judgement should erre; I pittied hee shoulde prove a foole in his old age, and without cause mistrust me.

Phi. But, when you saw no meanes of manifesting your affection to him, why did not your hopes perish?

Dul. O, Philocalia! that difficultie onely inflames me: when the enterprise is easy, the victory is inglorious. No, let my wise, aged, learned, intelligent father,—that can interpret eies, understand the language of birds, interpret the grumbling of dogs and the conference of cats, —that can read even silence,—let him forbid all enterviewes, all speeches, all tokens, all messages, all (as he thinkes) humaine meanes,—I will speake to the prince, court the prince, that he shall understand mee;—nay, I will so stalke on the blind side of my all-knowing fathers wit, that, do what his wisedome can, he shall be my onely mediatour, my onely messenger, my onely honourable spokesman;—hee shall carrie my favours, he shall amplifie my affection;—nay, hee shall direct the prince the meanes, the very way, to my bed;—hee, and he onely he, when hee onely can doe this, and onely would not doe this, hee onely shall doe this.

Phi. Onely you shal then deserve such a husband. O love, how violent are thy passages!

Dul. Pish, Philocalia! tis against the nature of love not to bee violent.

Phi. And against the condition of violence to be constant.

Dul. Constancy?—constancy and patience are vertues in no living creatures but centinels and anglers. Heres our father!

Enter GONZAGO, HERCULES, *and* GRANUFFO.

Gon. What, did he thinke to walke invisibly before our eyes? And he had Giges ring I would find him.

Her. Fore Jove, you rated him with emphasis.

Gon. Did wee not shake the prince with enargie?

Her. With Ciceronian elocution?

Gon. And most pathetique, piercing oratorie?

Her. If hee have any witte in him, hee will make sweet use of it.

Gon. Nay, he shal make sweete use of it ere I have done. Lord, what overweening fooles these young men be, that thinke us olde men sottes!

Her. Arrant asses.

Gon. Doting idiots, when wee, God wot—ha, ha! las! sillie soules.

Her. Poore weake creatures, to men af approved reach.

Gon. Full yeares.

Her. Of wise experience.

Gon. And approved wit.

Her. Nay, as for your wit ——

Gon. Count Granuffo, as I live, this Faunus is a rare understander of men—is a not, Faunus? This Granuffo is

a right wise good lord, a man of excellent discourse, and never speakes his signes to me, and men of profound reach instruct aboundantly; hee begges suites with signes, gives thankes with signes, puts off his hat leysurely, maintaines his beard learnedly, keeps his lust privately, makes a nodding legge courtly, and lives happily.

Her. Silence is an excellent modest grace, but especially before so instructing a wisedome as that of your excellencies. As for his advancement, you gave it most royally, because hee deserves it least duely, since to give to vertuous desert is rather a due requitall then a princely magnificence, when to undeservingnesse it is meerely all bountie and free grace.

Gon. Well spoke, 'tis enough. Don Granuffo, this Fawnus is a very worthy fellow, and an excellent courtier, and belov'd of most of the princes of Christendome, I can tell you; for howsoever some severer dissembler grace him not when he affronts him in the full face, yet, if he comes behind or on the one side, heele leere and put backe his head upon him. Be sure, be you two pretious to each other.

Her. Sir, my selfe, my family, my fortunes, are all devoted, I protest, most religiously to your service. I vow my whole selfe onely prowde in being acknowledged by you, but as your creature; and my onely utmost ambition is by my sword or soule to testifie how sincerelie I am consecrated to your adoration.

Gon. Tis enough; art a gentleman, Fawne?

Her. Not one eminently discended; for were the pedegrees of some fortunately mounted, searched, they would be secretlie found to be of the bloud of the poore Fawne.

Gon. Tis enough; you two I love hartelie; for thy

silence never displeaseth me, nor thy speech ever offend me. See, our daughter attendes us—my faire, my wise, my chast, my dutieous, and indeed, in all, my daughter (for such a pretie soule for all the worlde have I beene); what I thinke, wee have made the prince to feele his error. What! did hee thinke hee had weake fooles in hand? No, hee shall finde, as wisely saide Lucullus, young men are fooles that goe aboute to gull us.

Dul. But sooth, my wisest father, the young prince is yet forgetfull, and resteth resolute in his much-unadvised love.

Gon. Ist possible?

Dul. Nay, I protest, what ere he faine to you (as he can faine most deepely) ——

Gon. Right, we know it; for if you markt, he would not once take sense of any such intent from him. O impudence, what mercie can'st thou looke for!

Dul. And as I saide, royally wise and wisely royall father ——

Gon. I thinke that eloquence is hereditary.

Dul. Tho he can faine, yet I presume your sense is quicke enough to find him.

Gon. Quicke, ist not?

Gra. Ist not, Fawne? Why, I did know you fained, nay, I doe know (by the just sequence of such impudence) that hee hath laide some second siedge unto thy bosome, with most miraculous conveyances of some rich present on thee.

Dul. O bounteous Heaven, how liberall are your graces to my Nestor-like father!

Gon. Ist not so, say?

Dul. Tis so oraculous, father; he hath now more then courted with bare *phrases*.

See, father, see, the very bane of honour,
Corruption of justice and virginity—
Giftes hath he left with me. O view this scarffe;
This, as he calde it, most envied silke,
That should embrace an arme, or wast, or side,
Which he much fearde should never—this hee left,
Despight my much resistance.

Gon. Did he so? Giv 't me. Ile giv 't him. Ile regive his token with so sharpe advantage.

Dul. Nay, my worthy father, read but these cunning letters.

Gon. Letters—where? Prove you but justly loving, and conceiv me,
Til justice leave the gods, Ile never leave thee.
For tho the duke seeme wise, heele find this straine,
Where two heartes yeeld consent, all thwartings vaine.
And darst thou then averre this wicked write?
O world of wenching wiles, where is thy wit?

Enter TIBERIO.

Dul. But other talke for us were farre more fit,
For, see, heere comes the Prince Tiberio.

Gon. Daughter, upon thy obedience, instantly take thy chamber.

Dul. Deare father, in all dutie, let me beseech your leave, that I may but ——

Gon. Go to, go to! you are a simple foole, a very simple animal.

Dul. Yet let me (the loiall servant of simplicitie) ——

Gon. What would you do? What! are you wiser then your father?—will you direct me?

Dul. Heavens forbid such insolence! Yet let me denounce my hearty hatred.

Gon. To what end?

Dul. Tho 't be but in the princes eare (since fit 's not maidens blush to raile aloude).

Gon. Go to, go to!

Dul. Let mee but check his heate.

Gon. Well, well.

Dul. And take him downe, deare father, from his full pride of hopes.

Gon. So, so, I say once more, go in.

[*Exeunt* Dulcimel *and* Philocalia.

I will not loose the glory of reproofe.
Is this th' office of embassadors, my Lord Tyberio?
Nay, duty of a sonne; nay, pittie of a man?—
(A figure cal'd in art Gradatio,
With some learned climax) to court a royall lady
For 's maister, father, or perchance his friend,
And yet intend the purchase of his beuty
To his own use?

Tib. Your grace doth much amaze mee.

Gon. I faine dissemble; las! we are now growne old, weake-sighted; alas! any one fooles us.

Tib. I deepely vow, my lord ——

Gon. Peace, bee not damnde, have pity on your soule.
I confesse, sweet prince, for you to love my daughter,
Young and wittie, of equall mixture both of minde and body,
Is neither wondrous nor unnaturall;
Yet to forsweare and vow against one's heart,
Is full of base, ignoble cowardise,
Since tis most plaine, such speeches do contemne
Heaven and feare men (that 's sentious now).

Tib. My gratious lord, if I unknowingly have er'de.
Gon. Unknowingly? can you blush, my lord?
Unknowingly? why, can you write these lines,
Present this scarffe, unknowingly, my lord,
To my deare daughter? Um, unknowingly?
Can you urge your suite, preferre your gentlest love,
In your owne right, to her too easy breast,
That, God knowes, takes too much compassion on yee?
(And so shee praide me say). Unknowingly? My lord,
If you can act these thinges unknowingly,
Know wee can know pour actions so unknowen;
For wee are old, I will not say in witte
(For even just worth must not approve it selfe);
But take your skarfe, for she vowes sheele not weare it.
Tib. Nay, but my lord ——
Gon. Nay, but my lord, my lord,
You must take it, weare it, keepe it,
For by the honour of our house and bloud,
I will deale wisely, and be provident;
Your father shall not say I pandarizde,
Or fondly winkt at your affection;
No, weele be wise. This night our daughter yeeldes
Your fathers answere; this night we invite
Your presence therefore to a feastfull waking;
To-morrow to Ferrara you returne,
With wished answere to your royall father;
Meane time, as you respect our best relation
Of youre faire bearing (Granuffo, ist not good?)—
Of your faire bearing, rest more anxious
(No, anxious is not a good word), rest more vigilant
Over your passion, both forbeare and beare,
Anechou è ampechou (thats Greeke to you now),
Else your youth shall finde

Our nose not stuft, but we can take the winde
And smell you out—I say no more but thus—
And smell you out. What! ha not wee our eies,
Our nose and eares? What! are these haires unwise?
Looke too 't, *quos ego*, a figure called *Aposiopesis* or
Increpatio. [*Exeunt* Gonzago *and* Granuffo.

Tib. Prove you but justlie, loving and conceive me,
Justice shall leave the gods before I leave thee:
Imagination prove as true as thou art sweete,
And tho the duke seeme wise, heele finde this straine,
When two harts yeelde consent, all thwartinges vaine.
O quick, devicefull, strong-braind Dulcimel!
Thou art too full of witte to be a wife.
Why dost thou love? or what strong heat gave life
To such faint hopes? O woman! thou art made
Most onelie of, and for deceit, thy forme
Is nothing but delusion of our eyes,
Our eares, our heartes, and sometimes of our hands.
Hipocrisie and vanitie brought forth,
Without male heat, thy most, most monstrous being.
Shall I abuse my royall father's trust,
And make my selfe a scorne—the very foode
Of rumor infamous? Shall I, that ever loathede
A thought of woman, now begin to love
My worthy father's right?—breake faith to him that got me,
To get a faithlesse woman?

Her. True, my worthy lord, your grace is *verè pius.*

Tib. To take from my good father the pleasure of his eyes,
And of his hands, imaginary solace of his fading life?

Her. His life, that onely lives to your sole good?

Tib. And my selfe good—his lifes most onely end.

Her. Which, O! may never end!

Tib. Yes, Fawne, in time. We must not prescribe to nature everything. Ther 's some end in every thing.

Her. But in a woman. Yet, as she is a wife, she is
Oftentimes the end of her husband.

Tib. Shal I, I say ——

Her. Shall you, I say, confound your owne faire hopes,
Crosse all your course of life, make your selfe vaine
To your once steady gravenes, and all to second
The ambitious quicknes of a monstrous love,
Thats onely out of difficultie borne,
And followed onelie for the miracle
In the obtaining? I would ha ye now
Tell her father all.

Tib. Uncompassionate vilde man! shall I not pittie if
I cannot love?
Or rather, shall I not for pittie love
So wondrous wit in so most wondrous beautie,
That with such rarest arte and cunning meanes
Entreates? What! (I thing valules) am not
Worthie but to graunt my admiration!
Are fathers to be thought on in our loves?

Her. True, right, sir; fathers or friends, a crowne
And love hath none, but are allied to themselves alone.
Your father, I may boldlie say, hee 's an asse
To hope that youle forbeare to swallow
What he cannot chew; nay, 'tis injustice, truelie,
For him to judge it fit that you should starve
For that which onelie hee can feast his eye withall,
And not disgest.

Tib. O! Fawne, what man of so colde earth

But must love such a wit in such a body,
Thou last and onelie rarenes of Heavens workes,
From best of man made modell of the gods!
Divinest woman, thou perfection
Of all proportions beutie, made when Jove was blith—
Well filde with nectar, and full friendes with man—
Thou deare as aire, necessarie as sleepe
To carefull man! Woman! O who can sin so deepely
As to be curst from knowing of the pleasures
Thy soft society, modest amorousnes,
Yeeldes to our tedious life! Fawne, the duke shal not know this.

Her. Unlesse you tell him. But what hope can live in you,
When your short stay and your most shortned conference,
Not onely actions, but even lookes observde,
Cut off all possibilities of obtaining?

Tib. Tush, Fawne, to violence of women, love, and wit,
Nothing but not obtayning is impossible!
Notumque furens quid fœmina possit.

Her. But, then, how rest you to your father true?

Tib. To him that onely can give dues, she rests most due. [*Exit.*

Her. Even so. He that with safety would wel lurke in courts
To best-elected ends, of force is wrunge
To keepe broade eyes, soft feet, long ears, and most short tongue;
For 'tis of knowing creatures the maine art
To use quicke hammes, wide armes, and most close heart.

ACTUS QUARTUS.

Enter HERCULES *and* GARBETZA.

Her. WHY, 'tis a most wel in fashion affection, Dona Garbetza. Your knight, Sir Amaros, is a man of a most unfortunate back, spits white, has an ill breath; at three, after dinner, goes to the bath, takes the diet, nay, which is more, takes tobacco; therefore, with great authority, you may cuckolde him.

Gar. I hope so; but would that friend my brother discover me—would he wrong himselfe to prejudice me?

Her. No prejudice, deare Garbetza, his brother your husband right. He cuckold his eldest brother; true, hee gets her with child, just.

Gar. Sure thers no wrong in right, true, and just?

Her. And, indeede, since the vertue of procreation growed hopeles in your husband, to whome should you rather commit your love and honour to, then him that is most like and neere your husband, his brother. But are you assured your friend and brother rests intirelie constant solely to you?

Gar. To me? O, Fawne, let me sigh it with joy into thy bosome, my brother has been woed by this and that and tother lady, to entertaine them (for I ha seen their letters); but his vow to me, O Fawne! is most immutable, unfaining, peculiar, and indeed deserved.

Enter PUTTOTTA *and a* PAGE. PUTTOTTA *with a letter in her hand.*

Put. Never intreat me—never beseech me to have pittie, forsooth, on your master, M. Herod. Let him never be so daringly ambitious as to hope, with all his vowes and protestations, to gaine my affection! Gods, my discretion! Has my sutlery, tapstry, laundrie, made mee be tane upp at the court—preferde mee to a husband; and have I advanc't my husband, with the labour of mine owne bodie, from the blacke guarde to bee one of the dukes drummers, to make him one of the court forkers? Shal I, that purefy many lords and some ladies, can tel who weares perfumes, who plaisters, and for why know whose a gallant of a chast shirt and who not? Shall I become —or dares your master thinke I will become—or if I would becom, presumes your master to hope I would become one of his common feminines? No, let M. Herod bragge of his brothers wife. I skorne his letters and her leavings at my heele—ifaith, and so tell him.

Pag. Nay, costlie, deare Puttotta—Mistres Puttotta—Madam Puttotta! O be mercifull to my languishing master! Hee may in time growe great and wel grac't courtier, for hee weares yellow already! Mix, therefore, your loves. As for Madam Garbetza, his brothers wife, you see what he writes there.

Put. I must confesse he saies shee is a spinie, greene creature, of an unwholesome barren bloud and cold imbrace—a bony thing, of most unequall hyppes, uneven eyes, ill rankt teeth, and indeede one, but that shee hires him, he endures not; yet, for al this does hee hope to dishonest me? I am for his betters, I would he should well

know it; for more by many then my husband know I am a woman of a knowne sound and upright carriage; and so he shall finde if hee deale with me; and so tel him, I pray you. What! does he hope to make me one of his gils, his puncks, polecats, flirts, and feminines?

[*Exit. As* Puttotta *goes out, she flinges away the letter. The Page puts it up, and, as he is talking,* Hercules *steales it out of his pocket.*

Pag. Alas! my miserable maister, what suds art thou washt into! Thou art borne to be scornde of every carted community, and yet heele out-cracke a Germaine when hee is drunke, or a Spaniard after he hath eaten a fumatho, that he haz lyen with that and that and tother lady; that hee lay last night in such a madonnas chamber, tother night he lay in such a countesses couch, to-night he lies in such a ladies closet; when poore I know all this while he only lied in his throat. [*Exit.*

Her. Madam, let me sigh it in your bosome, how immutable and unfainting, and, indeede ——

Gar. Fawne, I will undo that raskall! He shall sterve for any further maintenance.

Her. You may make him come to the covering and recovering of his old dublets.

Gar. He was in faire hope of proving heire to his elder brother, but he has gotten me with child.

Her. So, you withdrawing your favour, his present meanes faile him; and by getting you with child, his future meanes for ever rest despairefull to him.

Gar. O Heaven! that I could curse him beneath damnation! Impudent varlet! By my reputation, Fawne, I onely lov'de him because I thought I onely did

not love him. He vowed infinite beauties doted on him! Alas! I was a simple country ladie, wore gold buttons, trunck sleeves, and flaggon bracelets. In this state of innocency was I brought up to the court.

Her. And now, in stead of country innocency, have you got court honesty? Well, madam, leave your brother to my placing; he shall have a speciall cabin in the ship of fooles.

Gar. Right. Remember hee got his elder brothers wife with child, and so deprivde himselfe of th' inheritance.

Her. That will stow him under hatches, I warrant you.

Gar. And so deprivde himselfe of inheritance. Deare Fawne, be my champion!

Her. The very scourge of your most basely offending brother.

Gar. Ignoble villaine! that I might but see thee wretched without pitty and recoverie! Wel!

Enter HEROD *and* NYMPHADORO.

Her. Stand, Herod; you are full met, sir.

Hero. But not met ful, sir. I am as gaunt as a hunting gelding after three traind sents! Fore Venus, Faune, I have beene shaling of peascods. Upon foure great madonnas have I, this after noone, grafted the forked tree!

Her. Is 't possible?

Hero. Possible! Fie on this satiety!—tis a dul, blunt, weary, and drowsie passion. Who would be a proper fellow to be thus greedily devoured and swallowed among ladies? Faith, tis my torment—my very rack!

Her. Right, Herod, true; for imagine all a man possest were a perpetuall pleasure, like that of generation, even in

the highest lushiousnes, he straight sinkes as unable to beare so continuall, so pure, so universall a sensuality.

Hero. By even truth, 'tis very right; and, for my part, woulde I were eunuch't rather then thus suckt away with kisses, infeebling daliance; and O the falling sicknes on them all! why did reasonable nature give so strange, so rebellious, so tirannous, so insatiate parts of appetite to so weake a governes—a woman?

Her. Or why, O custome! didst thou oblige them to modesty, such cold temperance, that they must bee wooed by men—courted by men? Why, all know they are more full of strong desires—those desires most impatient of delay or hinderance, they have more unrulier passions then men, and weaker reason to temper those passions then men.

Nym. Why, then, hath not the discretion of Nature thought it just that customary coines, old fashions, terms of honor and of modesty, forsooth, all laide aside, they court not us, beseech not us rather, for sweetes of love then we them? Why, by Janus! women are but men turnde the wrong side outward.

Her. O, sir, Nature is a wise workeman! She knowes right well that if women should wooe us to the act of love, wee should all be utterly shamd. How often shold they take us unprovided, when they are alwaies ready!

Hero. I, sir; right, sir, to some few such unfortunate handsome fellowes as my selfe am; to my griefe, I know it.

Her. Why, here are two perfect creatures—the one, Nymphadoro, loves all, and my Herod here enjoyes all.

Hero. Faith, some score or two of ladies or so ravish mee among them, devide my presents, and wold indeed

ingrosse me, were I indeed such an asse as to be made a monopoly of. Looke, sirrah, what a vilde hande one of them writes. Who would ever take this for a d. deerest, or reade this for onely, onely deerest?

Her. Heres a lye indeede.

Hero. True, but heres another much more legible—a good secretary, my most affected Herod, the utmost ambition of my hopes and onely.

Her. There is one lye better shapte by ods!

Hero. Right; but heres a ladies Roman hand to mee is beyond all. Look yee, To her most elected servant and worthy friend, Herod Baldonzozo, Esquier. I beleeve thou knowest what countesses hand this is. Ile shew thee another.

Her. No, good Herod; Ile show thee one now. To his most elected mistresse and worthy laundresse, divine Mistresse Puttotta, at her tent in the wood-yeard, or else where. Give these ——

Hero. Preethee, ha silence! Whats that?

Her. If my teares or vowes, my faithfulst protestations on my knees ——

Hero. Good hold!

Her. Faire and onely-loved laundresse!

Hero. Forbeare, I beseech thee!

Her. Might move thy stony heart to take pitty on my sighs.

Hero. Do not shame me to the day of judgement!

Her. Alas! I write it in passion!—alas! thou knowest besides, my loathed sister, thou art ——

Hero. For the Lords sake!

Her. The onely hope of my pleasure, the onely pleasure of my hopes! Be pleasde, therefore, to ——

Hero. Cease, I beseech thee!

Her. Pish! neere blush, man; tis an uncourtly quality! As for thy lying, as long as theres policie int, it is very passable! Wherefore haz Heaven given man tong but to speake to a mans owne glory? Hee that cannot swell bigger then his naturall skinne, nor seeme to be in more grace then hee is, has not learn'd the very rudiments or A B C of courtshippe.

Hero. Upon my heart, Fawne, thou pleasest me to the soule; why, looke you, for mine owne part, I must confesse ——

Enter DONDOLO.

See, heeres the dukes foole!

Don. A bord! a bord! a bord! al manner of fooles, of court, cytie, or country, of what degree, sex, or nature!

Hero. Foole!

Don. Herod.

Her. What, are yee ful fraughted? Is your shippe wel foold?

Don. O, 'twas excellently thronged full: a justice of peace, tho he had beene one of the most illiterat asses in a country, could hardly ha got a hanging cabin. O, we had first some long fortunate greate politicians, that were so sottishlie paradized as to thinke, when popular hate seconded princes displeasure to them, any unmerited violence could seeme to the world injustice; some purple fellowes, whome chaunce reared, and their owne deficiences of spirit hurled downe. Wee had some courtiers that ore-bought their offices, and yet durst fall in love; priests that forsooke their functions to avoid a thawart stroake with a wet finger. But nowe, alas, Fawne! now thers space and place.

Her. Why, how gat al these forth? Was not the warrant strong?

Don. Yes, yes; but they got a supersedeas: al of them proved them selves eyther knaves or madd men, and so were all let go; thers none left nowe in our shippe, but a few cittizens, that let their wives keepe their shoppe books, some philosophers, and a few critiques; one of which critiques has lost his flesh with fishing at the measure of Plautus verses; another has vowde to get the consumption of the lungues, or to leve to posteritie the true orthography and pronunciation of laughing; a third hath melted a great deale a suet, worne out his thumbs with turning, read out his eyes, and studied his face out of a sanguine into a meagre, spawling, fleamy lothsomenes,—and al to finde but why *mentula* should be the feminine gender, since the rule is *Propria quæ maribus tribuuntur mascula dicas.* These philosophers, critiques, and all the maides we could find at sixteen, are all our fraught nowe.

Her. O, then, your ship of fooles is full.

Nym. True, the maides at seventeen fill it.

Don. Fill it, quoth you; alas! we have very fewe, and these wee were faine to take up in the country too.

Her. But what philosophers ha ye?

Don. O, very strange fellows: one knowes nothing; dares not aver he lives, goes, sees, feeles.

Nym. A most insensible philosopher.

Don. An other, that there is no present time, and that one man to-day and to-morrowe is not the same man; so that he that yesterday owed money, to-day owes none, because he is not the same man.

Hero. Would that philosopher would hold good in law!

Her. But why has the duke thus labord to have all the fools shipt out of his dominions?

Don. Marry, because he would play the foole himselfe alone, without any rivall.

Her. Ware your breech, foole.

Don. I warrant thee, old lad, tis the priviledge of poore fooles to talke before an intelligencer; mary, if I could foole my selfe into a lordship, as I knowe some ha foole them selves out of a lordeship,—were I grown some huge fellow, and got the leer of the people upon me, if the fates had so decreed it,—I should talke treason, tho I neere opend my lips.

Her. Indeed! *fatis agimur, cedite fatis!* But how runs rumor?—what breath 's strongest in the pallace? Nowe, I thinke, you knowe all.

Don. Yes, wee fooles thinke wee knowe all. The prince hath audience to-night,—is feasted, and after supper is intertainde with no comedie, maske, or barriers; but with ——

Nym. What, I prethe?

Hero. What, I prethe?

Don. With a most new and speciall shape of delight.

Nym. What, for Joves sake?

Don. Marie, gallants, a session, a generall councell of love, summond in the name of Don Cupid, to which, upon paine of their mistres displeasure, shall appeare,—all favour-wearers, sonnet-mongers, health-drinkers, and neat inrichers of barbers and perfumers; and to conclude, al that can wyhee or wag the taile, are, upon grievous paines of their backe, summond to be assistant in that session of love.

Her. Hold! hold! Do not paule the delight before it come to our pallat; and what other rumor keeps aire in mens lungs?

Don. O, the egregiousnes of folly! Ha you not heard of Don Zucone?

Nym. What of him, good foole?

Don. Hee is separated.

Nym. Divorcd?

Don. That salt,—that criticisme,—that very all epigram of a woman,—that analysis,—that compendium of wittines!

Nym. Now, Jesu, what wordes the foole has!

Don. We ha stil such words, but I wil not unshale the jest before it be ripe, and therefore, kissing your worships fingers, in most sweet tearmes, without any sense, and with most fair looks, without any good meaning, I most courtlike take my leave, *basilus manus de vostro signioria.*

Hero. Stay, foole, weele follow thee; for, fore Heaven, we must prepare our selves for this session. [*Exeunt.*

Enter ZUCCONE, *pursued by* ZOYA, *on her knees, attended by Ladies.*

Zuc. I wil have no mercy, I will not relent;—Justice beard is shaven, and it shal give thee no hold. I am separated, and I will be separated.

Zoy. Deare, my lorde husband!

Zuc. Hence, creature! I am none of thy husband, or father of thy bastard. No, I wil be tyranous, and a most deepe revenger: the order shall stand. Ha, thou queane, I ha no wife now!

Zoy. Sweet, my lord.

Zuc. Hence! avant! I will marie a woman with no wombe,—a creature with two noses,—a wench with no haire,—rather then remarie thee! Nay, I wil first marrie, —mark me, I wil first marry,—observe me, I wil rather

marie a woman that with thirst drinkes the blood of man! Nay, heed me, a woman that wil thrust in crouds,—a lady, that, being with child, ventures the hope of her wombe,—nay, gives two crownes for a roume to behold a goodlie man three partes a live quartered, his privities hacled off, his belly launcht up! Nay, Ile rather marrie a woman to whom this smoking, hideous, bloudful, horred, tho most just spectacles, are very lust, rather then reaccept thee. Was I not a handsome fellow, from my foote to my feather? Had I not wit?—nay, which is more, was I not a don, and didst thou Acteon me? Did I not make thee a lady?

Her. And did she not make you a more worshipfull thing,—a cuckold!

Zuc. I married thee in hope of children.

Her. And has not she shewed herselfe fruitfull that was got with child without helpe of her husband?

Zuc. Ha, thou ungratful, immodest, unwise, and one that, Gods my witnes, I ha lov'd! But, goe thy waies; twist with whom thou wilt: for my part, tha 'st spun a faire thread;—whole kisse the now,—whole court the now,—whole ha the now?

Zoy. Pittie the frailtie of my sexe, sweete lord.

Zuc. No; pittie is a foole, and I wil not weare his coxcombe. I have vowde to loth thee. The Irish man shall hate aquavity,—the Welsh man cheese,—the Dutch man shall loth salt butter,—before I relove thee. Do's the babe pule? Thou should'st ha cride beefore, t'is to late nowe. No, the trees in autumne shal sooner call backe the spring with sheding of their leeves, then thou reverse my just, irrevocable hatred with thy teares. Away! goe! vaunt! [*Exeunt* Zoya *and the Ladie.*

Her. Nay, but most of this is your fault, that for many yeres, onely upon meere mistrust, sever'd your body from your lady, and in that time gave opportunity, turn'de a jealous asse, and hired some to trie and tempt your ladies honour, whilest she, with all posible industrie of apparant merit, diverting your unfortunate suspition ——

Zuc. I know 't, I confesse, all this I did, and I doe glorie in 't. Why? cannot a young lady for many monthes keepe honest? No, I misthought it. My wife had wit, beautie, health, good birth, faire clothes, and a passing bodie; a ladie of rare discourse, quicke eye, sweete language, alluring behaviour, and exquisit entertainement. I misthought it, I feard, I doubted, and at the last I found it out. I prayse my witte: I knewe I was a cuckold.

Her. An excellent wit.

Zuc. True, Fawne; you shall read of some lords that have had such a wit, I can tell you; and I found it out that I was a cuckold!

Her. Which now you have found, you will not be such an asse as Cesar, great Pompey, Lucullus, Anthony, or Cato, and diverse other Romans,—cuckolds, who all knewe it, and yet were nere divorc'd upon 't:—or, like that smith-god, Vulcan, who, having taken his wife taking, yet was presently appeased, and entreated to make an armour for a bastard of hers, Eneas.

Zuc. No, the Romans were asses, and thought that a woman might mixe her thigh with a stranger wantonly, and yet stil love her husband matrimonially.

Her. As indeede they say many maried men lye sometime with strange women, whom, but for the instant use, they abhor.

Zuc. And as for Vulcan, t'was humanitye more then humane; such excesse of goodnesse, for my part, only belong to the gods.

Her. Asse for you!

Zuc. As for me, my Fawne, I am a batcheller now.

Her. But you are a cuckold still, and one that knowes himselfe to be a cuckold.

Zuc. Right, thats it; and I knew it not, t'were nothing; and if I had not pursude it too, it had lyen in oblivion, and shaddowed in doubt, but now I ha blaz'de it.

Her. The world shall knowe what you are.

Zuc. True; Ile pockit up no hornes; but my revenge shall speake in thunder.

Her. Indeede I must confesse I know twenty are cuckoldes, honestly and decently enough: a worthy gallant spirit (whose vertue suppresseth his mishap) is lamented but not disesteem'd by it; yet the world shall know ——

Zuc. I am none of those silen coxcombs—it shall out.

Her. And although it be no great part of injustice for him to be struck with the scabbard that haz struck with the blade (for there is few of us but hath made some one cuckold or other) ——

Zuc. True, I ha don 't my selfe.

Her. Yet ——

Zuc. Yet I hope a man of wit may prevent his owne mishap, or if he can prevent it ——

Her. Yet ——

Zuc. Yet make it knowne yet, and so knowne that the world may tremble with onely thinking of it. Well, Fawne, whome shall I marie now? O, Heaven! that God made for a man no other meanes of procreation and maintaining the world peopled but by weomen! O! that we

could encrease like roses, by being slipt one from another, —or like flies, procreat with blowing, or any other way then by a woman,—by women, who have no reason in their love or mercy in their hate, no rule in their pitty, no pitty in their revenge, no judgement to speak, and yet no patience to hold their tongues; mans opposit, the more held doun, they swel; above them naught but will, beneath them naught but hel.

Her. Or, that since Heaven hath given us no other meanes to allay our furious appetite, no other way of increasing our progenie,—since we must intreat and beg for asswagement of our passions, and entertainment of our affections,—why did not Heaven make us a nobler creature then weomen, to shew unto?—some admirable deitie, of an uncorruptible beauty, that might be worth our knees, the expence of our heat, and the crinkling of our hams.

Zuc. But that we must court, sonnet, flatter, bribe, kneele, sue to, so feeble and imperfect, inconstant, idle, vaine, hollow bubble, as woman is! O, my Fawne!

Her. O, my lord, looke, who here comes!

Enter ZOYA, *supported by a Gentleman Ussher, followed by* HEROD *and* NYMPHADORA, *with much state; soft Musik playing.*

Zuc. Death a man! is she delivered?

Her. Deliverd! Yes, O my don, delivered! Yes, Dona Zoya,—the grace of society,—the musik of sweetly agreeing perfection,—more clearely chast then ice or frozen raine,—that glory of her sexe,—that wonder of witte,—that beauty more freshd then any coole and trembling

wind,—that now only wish of a man,—is delivered!—is delivered!

Zuc. How?

Her. From don.

Zuc. That dry skalines,—that sarpego,—that barren drouth, and shame of all humanity!

Zoy. What fellowes that?

Nym. Don.

Zuc. Your sometime husband.

Enter PHILOCALIA.

Zoy. Alas! poore creature.

Phil. The princes prayes your company.

[*All but* Hercules, Zuccone, Herod, *and* Nymphadora, *depart.*

Zoy. I waite upon her pleasure.

Zuc. Gentlemen, why hazard you your reputation in shamefull company with such a branded creature?

Hero. Miserable man! whose fortune were beyond teares to be pittied, but that thou art the ridiculous author of thine owne laught-at mischiefe.

Zuc. Without paraphrase, your meaning?

Nym. Why, thou womans foole?

Zuc. Good gentlemen, let one die but once.

Hero. Was not thou most curstfully madd to sever thy selfe from such an unequalde rarity?

Zuc. Is shee not a strumpet? Is shee not with childe?

Nym. Yes, with feathers.

Her. Why, weakenes of reason, couldst not perceive all was faind to be rid of thee?

Zuc. Of me?

Nym. She with child? Untrodden snow is not so spotles!

Hero. Chast as the first voice of a new-borne infant!

Her. Knowe, shee grewe lothing of thy jelousie!

Nym. Thy most pernicious curiosity.

Her. Whose suspitions made her unimitable graces motive of thy base jelousy.

Hero. Why, beast of man!

Nym. Wretched above expression! that snoredst over a beautie which thousands desired!—neglecst her bed, for whose enjoying a very saint would have sued!

Her. Defam'd her!

Hero. Suggested privily against her!

Nym. Gave foul language publickly of her!

Her. And now, lastly, don that for her which she onely praide for, and wisht as wholesome aire for, namely, to be ridde from such an unworthy —

Hero. Senseles —

Nym. Injurious —

Her. Malitious —

Hero. Suspitious —

Nym. Mishaped —

Her. Ill-languidg'd —

Hero. Unworthy —

Nym. Ridiculous —

Her. Jealous —

Hero. Arch coxcombe as thou art!

[*Exeunt* Nym. *and* Herod.

Zuc. O I am sicke!—my bloud ha 's the crampe! my stomacke o'erturnes!—O! I am very sicke!

Her. Why, my sweete don, you are no cuckold!

Zuc. That 's the griefe on 't.

Her. Thats ——

Zuc. That I ha wrongd so sweete (and now, in my

knowledg), so delicate a creature! O me thinkes I embrace her yet!

Her. Alas! my lord, you have done her no wrong—no wrong in the world; you have done her a pleasure—a great pleasure! A thousand gentlemen—nay, dukes—will be proude to accept your leavings—your leavings! Now is she courted! This heire sendes her jewels, that lord proffers her joynters, tother knight proclaimes challenges, to maintain her, the only not beautifull, but very beautie of woemen.

Zuc. But I shall never embrace her more!

Her. Nay, that 's true—that 's most true. I would not afflict you, onely think how unrelentles you were to her but supposed fault.

Zuc. O! tis true—too true!

Her. Think how you scornd her teares!

Zuc. Most right!

Her. Teares that were only shed (I would not vex you) in very griefe to see you covet your owne shame!

Zuc. Too true—too true!

Her. For, indeede, she is the sweetest modest soule, the fullest of pittie!

Zuc. O, yes! O, yes!

Her. The softnesse and very courrtesie of her sexe, as one that never lov'd any ——

Zuc. But mee!

Her. So much that he might hope to dishonour her, nor anie so little that he might fear she disdaind him. O! the graces made her a soule as soft as spotles down upon the swans faire breast that drue bright Cythereas chariot. Yet thinke (I would not vexe you), yet thinke how cruell you were to her.

Zuc. As a tiger—as a very tiger!

Her. And never hope to be reconcild, never dreame to bee reconcild—never!

Zuc. Never! Alas! good Fawne, what woldst wish me to do now?

Her. Faith! go hange yourselfe, my don; thats best, sure.

Zuc. Nay, thats too good; for Ile doe worse then that—Ile marie againe. Where canst pick out a morsell for me, Fawne?

Her. There is a modest, matron-like creature——

Zuc. What yeeres, Fawne?

Her. Some fower score, wanting one.

Zuc. A good sober age! Is she wealthy?

Her. Very wealthy.

Zuc. Excellent!

Her. Shee has three haires on her scalpe and fower teeth in her head; a browe wrinckled and puckred like old parchment halfe burnt. She haz had eies. No womans jawbones are more apparant; her sometimes envious lips now shrink in, and give her nose and her chin leave to kisse each other verie moistlye. As for her reverend mouth, it seldome opens, but the very breath that flies out of it infects the fowls of the aire, and makes them drop down dead. Her brests hang like cobwebs; her flesh will never make you cuckold; her bones may.

Zuc. But is she welthy?

Her. Very wealthie.

Zuc. And will she ha mee, art sure?

Her. No, sure, she will not have you. Why, do you thinke that a waiting-woman of three bastards, a strumpet nine times carted, or a hag whose eies shoot poison—that

has beene an ould witch, and is now turning into a gib-cat, will ha you? Mary Don Zucone, the contempt of women and the shame of men, that has afflicted, contemnd so choice a perfection as Dona Zoyas!

Zuc. Alas! Fawne, I confesse. What wouldst ha me do?

Her. Hang your selfe! You shal not marrie—you cannot. Ile tell yee what you shal do: there is a ship of fooles setting foorth; if you make good meanes, and intreat hard, you may obtaine a passage, man—be maisters mate, I warrant yow.

Zuc. Fawne, thou art a scurvie bitter knave, and dost flout dons to their faces; twas thou flatteredst me to this, and now thou laugh'st at me, dost? though indeede I had a certaine proclivity, but thou madest me resolute: dost grinne and gearne? O yow comforters of life, helpes in sicknesse, joyes in death, and preservers of us, in our children, after death, women, have mercie on me!

Her. O my don, that God made no other meanes of procreation but by these women! I speake it not to vexe you.

Zuc. O Fawne, thou hast no mercy in thee: dost thou leere on me? Wel, ile creepe upon my knees to my wife: dost laugh at me? dost gearne at me? dost smile? dost leere on me, dost thou? O I am an asse; true, I am a coxcombe; wel, I am mad; good: a mischeife on your cogging tongue, your soothing throat, your oylie jawes, your supple hammes, your dissembling smiles, and O the graund divill on you all! When mischiefe favours our fortunes, and we are miserably, tho justly wretched,

More pittie, comfort, and more helpe we have
In foes profest, then in a flattering knave. [*Exit.*

Her. Thus few strike saile untill they run on shelfe;
The eye sees all thinges but his proper selfe;

In all thinges curiosity hath beene
Vitious at least, but herein most pernitious.
What madnes ist to search and find a wound
For which there is no cure, and which unfound
Neere rankles, whose finding onely woundes?
But he that upon vaine surmise forsakes
His bed thus long, onely to search his shame;
Gives to his wife youth, opportunity,
Keepes her in idlefull delitiousnesse,
Heates and inflames imagination,
Provokes her to revenge with churlish wronges,—
What should he hope but this? Why should it lie in women,
Or even in chastity it selfe (since chastiti's a female),
T' avoide desires so ripened, such swetes so canded?
But she that hath out-borne such masse of wronges,
Out-dur'de all persecutions, all contempts,
Suspects, disgrace, all wantes, and all the mischeife,
The basenes of a cankerd churle could cast upon her,
With constant vertue, best fainde chastitie,
And in the end turnes all his jealousies
To his owne skorne, that lady I emplore,
It may be lawfull not to praise, but even adore.

Enter GONZAGO, GRANUFFO, *with full state. Enter the Cornets sounding.*

Gon. Are our sportes readie? is the prince at hand?
Her. The prince is now arrived at the court gate.
Gon. What meanes our daughters breathles hast?

Enter DULCIMEL *in hast.*

Dul. O my princely father, now or never let your princely wisedome appeare!

Gon. Feare not, our daughter, if it rest within humaine reason, I warrant thee; no, I warrant thee, Granuffo, if it rest in mans capacity. Speake, deare daughter.

Dul. My lord, the prince ——

Gon. The prince, what of him, deare daughter?

Dul. O Lord, what wisedome our good parents neede, to shield their chickens from deceipts and wiles of kite-like youth!

Gon. Her very phrase displayes whose childe she is.

Dul. Alas! had not youre grace beene provident, a very Nestor in advise and knowledge, ha! where had you poore Dulcimel beene now? what vaines had not I beene drawne into!

Gon. Fore God! shee speakes very passionately. Alas! daughter, Heaven gives every man his talent; indeed, vertue and wisedom are not fortunes giftes, therefore those that fortune cannot make vertuous, shee commonly makes rich; for our owne part, wee acknowledge Heavens goodnes; and, if it were possible to bee as wise againe as wee are, wee would neare impute it to our selves: for, as wee bee flesh and bloud, alas! we are fooles; but as wee are princes, schollars, and have reade *Cicero de Oratore*, I must confesse there is another matter int. What of the prince, deere daughter?

Dul. Father, doe you see that tree, that leanes just on my chamber window?

Gon. What of that tree?

Enter TIBERIO *with his traine.*

Dul. O, sir, but note the policie of youth; marke but the stratagems of working love. The prince salutes me, and thus greetes my eare.

Gon. Speake softly; he is entred.

Dul. Although he knew I yet stood wavering what to elect, because, though I affected, yet destitute of meanes to injoy each other, impossibilitie of having might kill our hope, and with our hope, desires to injoy; therefore, to avoid all faint excuses and vaine feares, thus he devised: —To Dulcimels chamber-window a well-growne plain-tree spreads his happie armes; by that, in depth of night, one may ascend (dispight all fathers jealousies and feares) into her bed.

Gon. Speake low; the prince both markes and listens.

Dul. You shall provide a priest (quoth hee); in truth I promist, and so you well may tell him, for I temporized, and onelie held him off——

Gon. Politikely; our daughter to a haire.

Dul. With full intention to disclose it all to your preventing wisedome.

Gon. I, let me alone for that; but when intends he this invasion?—when will this squirrile clime?

Dul. O, sir, in that is all—when but this night?

Gon. This night?

Dul. This very night, when the court revels had o're wakt your spirites, and made them full of sleepe, then——

Gon. Then, *verbum sat sapienti!* Goe, take your chamber, downe upon your knees; thank God your father is no foolish sotte, but one that can foresee and see. [*Exit* Dulcimel.] My lord, wee discharge your presence from our court.

Tib. What means the duke?

Gon. And if to-morrow past you rest in Urbin, the priviledge of an ambassadour is taken from you.

Tib. Good, your grace: some reason?

Gon. What! twise admonisht, twise again offending,
And, now growne blushles? You promis'd to gette into
Her chamber; she to get a priest.
Indeed she wisht me tell you she confest it:
And there, despight all fathers jealous feares,
To consumate full joyes. Know, sir, our daughter
Is our daughter, and has wit at will
To gull a thousand easie things like you.
But, sir, depart: the parliament prepar'd,
Shall on without you: all the court this night
Shall triumph that our daughter has escapt
Her honors blowing uppe: your end you see.
We speake but short but full, Socratice. [*Exit.*

Remaineth HERCULES *and* TIBERIO.

Tib. What should I thinke, what hope, what but imagine of thes enigmas?

Her. Sure, sir, the lady loves you
With violent passion, and this night prepares
A priest, with nuptiall rightes, to entertaine you
In her most private chamber.

Tib. This I know,
Weth too much torture, since meanes are all unknowne
To come unto these endes. Wheres this her chamber?
Then what meanes shall without suspition
Convey me to her chamber? O these doubtes
End in despaire ——

Enter GONZAGO *hastily.*

Gon. Sir, sir, this plaine-tree was not planted here
To get into my daughters chamber, and so she praide me
tell you.
What though the maine armes spreade into her window,

And easie labour climes it, sir, know
She has a voice to speake, and bid you welcome
With so full breast that both your eares shall heare ant,
And so she praide me tell you. Ha! wee no braine:
Youth thinkes that age, age knowes that youth is vaine.
[*Exit.*

Tib. Why, now I have it, Fawne,—the way, the meanes, and meaning. Good duke, and t'were not for pitty, I could laugh at thee. Dulcimel, I am thine most miraculously; I will now beginne to sigh, reade poets, looke pale, go neately, and be most apparantly in love; as for ——

Her. As for your old father ——

Tib. Alas! he and all know, this an old saw hath bin,
Faiths breach for love and kingdoms is no sin. [*Exit.*

Her. Where are we now, Cyllenian Mercurie?
And thou, quicke issue of Joves broken pate,
Aide and direct us; you better stars to knowledge,
Sweete constellations, that affect pure oyle,
And holy vigill of the pale-cheeckt muses,
Give your best influence, that with able spright
We may correct and please, giving ful light
To every angle of this various sense,
Works of strong birth end better then commence. [*Exit.*

ACTUS QUINTUS.

Whilest the Act is a playing, HERCULES *and* TIBERIO *enters;* TIBERIO *climes the tree, and is received above by* DULCIMEL, PHILOCALIA, *and a Priest:* HERCULES *staies beneath.*

Her. THOU mother of chast dew, nightes modest lampe,
Thou by whose faint shine the blushing lovers
Joyne glowing cheekes, and mixe their trembling lips
In vowes well kiste, rise all as full of splendor
As my breast is of joy! You genitall,
You fruiteful well mixt heates, O blesse the sheetes
Of yonder chamber, that Ferraraes dukedome,
The race of princely issue, be not cursde,
And ended in abhorred barrennes.
At length kill all my feares, nor let it rest,
Once more my tremblinges, that my too cold sonne
(That ever scorner of humainer loves)
Will still contemne the sweetes of marriadge,
Still kill our hope of name in his dull coldnes.
Let it bee lawfull to make use, ye powers,
Of humaine weakenes, that pursueth still
What is inhibited, and most affects
What is most difficult to be obtainde.
So wee may learne, that nicer love 's a shade;
It followes fled, pursude, flies as afraide,

And in the end close all the various errors
Of passages, most truely comicall:
In morall learning with like confidence,
Of him that vowde good fortune of the sceane
Shall neither make him fat, or bad make leane.

Enter DONDOLO *laughing.*

Don. Ha, ha, ha!

Her. Why dost laugh, foole, heeres no body with thee?

Don. Why, therefore doe I laugh, because theres no body with me. Would I were a foole alone! I faith, I am come to attend—let me goe,—I am sent to the princes, to come and attend her father to the end of Cupids Parliament.

Her. Why, ha they sat already upon any statutes?

Don. Sat, I, all 's agreede in the nether house!

Her. Why, are they divided?

Don. O I; in Cupids Parliament all the young gallantes are a the nether house, and all the olde signiors that can but onely kisse are of the upper house. Is the princes above?

Her. Noe, sure, I thinke the princes is beneath, man. Ha they supt, foole?

Don. O yes, the confusion of tongues at the large table is broke uppe, for see the presence filles. A foole, a foole, a foole, my coxcombe for a foole!

Enter SIR AMAROS, HEROD, NYMPHADORO, GARBETZA, DONETTA, *and* POVEIA.

Hero. Stoppe, asse; whats matter, idiot?

Don. O gallants, my fooles that were appointed to waight on Don Cupid have launcht out their ship to

purge their stomackes on the water, and before Jupiter, I feare they will prove defective in their attendance.

Hero. Pish, foole, theyle float in with the next tide.

Don. I, but whens that? Lets see mine almanacke or prognostication.

Sir Am. What, is this for this yeare?

Don. In true wisedome, sir, it is. Let mee see the moone, fore pity 'tis in the wayne. What griefe is this, that so great a planet should ever decline or loose splendore! Ful sea at——

Sir Am. Wheres the signe now, foole?

Don. In Capricorne, Sir Amoroso.

Gar. What strange thing dos this almanack speak of, foole?

Don. Is this your lady, Sir Amarous?

Sir Am. It is; kisse her, foole.

Hero. You may kisse her now, she is maried.

Sir Am. So he might ha done before.

Don. In sober modesty, sir, I doe not use to doe it behind.

Hero. Good foole, be acquainted with this lady to; shee 's of a very honest nature, I assure thee.

Don. I easily beleeve you, sir, for she hath a very vile face, I assure you.

Gar. But what strange thinges dos thy almanacke speake of, good foole?

Don. That this yeare no childe shal be begotten but shall have a true father.

Sir A. Thats good newes, ifaith. I am glad I got my wife with child this yeare.

Her. Why, Sir Amaros, this may be, and yet you not the true father—may it not, Herod?

Gar. But what more sayes it, good Fawne?

Her. Faith, lady, very strange thinges! It sayes that some ladies of your hayre shall have feeble hams, short memories, and very weake eye sight, so that they shall mistake their owne page, or even brother-in-law, sometimes for their husbandes.

Sir A. Is that all, Fawne?

Her. No, Sir Amaros; heeres likewise prophesied a great skarsitie of gentrie to ensue, and that some bores shall be dubbed Sir Amoroso. A great scarsitie of lawyers is likewise this year to ensue, so that some one of them shall be entreated to take fees a both sides.

Enter DON ZUCCONE, *following* DONA ZOIA *on his knees.*

Zuc. Most deere, deere lady! Wife, lady, wife! O do not but looke on me, and ha some mercy!

Zoy. I will ha no mercie!—I wil not relent!

Zuc. Sweete ladie!

Zoy. The order shall stand; I am separated, and I wil be separated!

Zuc. Deere! my love! wife!

Zoy. Hence, fellow! I am none of thy wife! Noe, I will be tyrannous and a most deepe revenger. The order shal stand! I will marry a fellow that keepes a fox in his bosom, a goat under his arme holes, and a polecat in his mouth, rather then re-accept thee.

Zuc. Alas! by the Lord, ladie, what should I say? As Heaven shall bless me—what should I say?

Hero. Kneele and crie, man!

Zoy. Was I not handsom, generous, honest enough from my foote to my feather, for such a fellow as thou art?

Zuc. Alas! I confesse—I confesse!

Zoy. But goe thy waies, and wive with whome thou wilt, for my part. Thou hast spun a fair thread. Whole kisse thee now? whole court thee now? whole ha thee now?

Zuc. Yet be a woman; and, for Gods sake, help mee!

Hero. And doe not stand too stifly.

Zuc. And doe not stand too stifly! Doe you make an asse of me? But let these raskals laugh at me. Alas! what could I doe withall? 'twas my destiny that I should abuse you!

Zoy. So it is your destiny that I should thus revenge your abuse. No, the Irishman shall hate aquavite, the Welshman cheese, and the Dutchman salt butter, before Ile love or receive thee. Dos he crie? dos the babe pule? 'Tis to late now—thou shouldest ha cried before—'tis to late now. Goe, bury thy head in silence; and let oblivion be thy utmost hope.

[*The* Courtiers *addresse themselves to dauncing, whilest the* Duke *enters with* Granuffo, *and takes his state.*

Her. Gallants, to dancing. Loud musicke—the dukes upon entrance!

Gon. Are the sportes ready?

Her. Ready.

Gon. 'Tis enough. Of whose invention is this parliament?

Her. Ours.

Gon. 'Tis enough. This night we will exult! O let this night
Be ever memorized with prouder triumphes—
Let it be writ in lasting character
That this night our great wisdome did discover

So close a practice—that this night, I say,
Our policy found out, nay, dasht the driftes
Of the young prince, and put him to shiftes;
Nay, past his shiftes (fore Jove! we could make a good poet!)—
Delight us. On! we dain our princely eare—
We are well plesd to grace you; then skorne feare.

[*Cornets playing.* Drunkennes, Sloth, Pride, *and* Plenty, *leade* Cupid *to his state, who is followed by* Folly, Warre, Beggary, *and* Laughter.

Stand, 'tis wisedome to acknowledge ignorance
Of what we know not; we would not now prove foolish.
Expound the meaning of your shew.

Her. Triumphant Cupid! that sleepes on the soft cheeke
Of rarest beauty, whose thron 's in ladies eyes;—
Whose force-writh'd lightning from Joves shaking hand
Forc'd strong Alcides to resigne his club,
Pluckt Neptunes trident from his mighty arme,
Unhelmed Mars—he (with those trophes borne,
Led in by Sloth, Pride, Plenty, Drunkennes,
Followde by Folly, Warre, Laughter, Beggary)
Takes his faire throne, sit pleasde; for now we move,
And speake not for our glorie but for love.

[Hercules *takes a bowle of wine.*

Gon. A prety figure. What, begins this session with ceremony?

Her. With a full health to our great mistresse, Venus,
Let every state of Cupids parliament
Begin the session, *quod bonum faustumque sit precor.*

[Hercules drinkes a health.

Gon. Giv't us; weele pledge: nor shall a man that lives,
In charity refuse it. I will not be so old
As not be grac't to honour Cupid. Giv 't us full.
When we were young we could ha trold it off,
Drunke down a Dutchman.

Her. 'Tis lamentable; pitty your grace has forgot it. Drunkennes! O 'tis a most fluent and swelling vertue; sure the most just of all vertues: 'tis justice itselfe; for, if it chance to oppresse and take too much, it presently restores it againe. It makes the king and the peasant equall; for, if they are both drunke alike, they are both beastes alike. As for that most precious light of heaven—Truth—if Time bee the father of her, I am sure Drunkennes is oftentimes the mother of her, and bringes her forth. Drunkennes bringes all out, for it bringes all the drinke out of the pot, all the witte out of the pate, and all the money out of the purse.

Gon. My Lord Granuffo, this Fawne is an excellent fellow.

Don. Silence.

Gon. I warrant you for my lord here.

Cup. Since multitude of lawes are signes either of much tirannie in the prince or much rebellious disobedience in the subject, we rather thinke it fit to study how to have our old lawes thorowly executed, then to have new statutes comborously invented.

Gon. Afore Jove, he speakes very well.

Her. O, sir, Love is very eloquent, makes all men good orators; himselfe then must needes be eloquent.

Cup. Let it therefore be the maine of our assembly to survay our old lawes, and punish their transgressions; for

that continually the complaints of lovers ascend up to our deity, that love is abusde, and basely bought and solde, beautie corrupted, affection fainde, and pleasure her selfe sophisticated; that young gallants are proud in appetite and weake in performance; that young ladies are phantastically inconstant,—old ladies impudently unsatiate,—wives complaine of unmarried women, that they steale the dewes belonging to their sheetes,—and maides exclaime uppon wives, that they unjustly ingrosse all into their owne handes, as not content with their owne husbandes, but also purloyning that which shoulde bee their comfort. Let us therefore be severe in our justice; and if any, of what degree soever, have approvedly offended, let him be instantly unpartially arrested and punished. Reade our statutes.

Her. A statute made in the five thousand fowre hundred threescore and three yeare of the easefull raigne of the mighty potent Don Cupid, emperour of sighes and protestations, great king of kisses, archduke of dalliance, and sole lov'de of him, for the maintaining and releeving of his olde souldiers, maimed or dismembred in love.

Don. Those that are lightlie hurt, shame to complaine; those that are deepely strucke are past recoverie.

Cup. On to the next.

Her. An act against the plurality of mistresses.

Cup. Reade.

Her. Whereas some over amorous and unconscionable covetous young gallants, without all grace of Venus, or the feare of Cupid in their mindes, have at one time ingrossed the care or cures of divers mistresses, with the charge of ladies, into their owne tenure or occupation, whereby their mistresses must of necessitie bee very ill

and unsufficiently served, and likewise many able portly gallants live unfurnished of competent entertainment, to the merit of their bodies; and wheras likewise some other greedy strangers have taken in the purlues, outset land, and the auncient commons of our soveraine liege Don Cupid, taking in his very high waies, and inclosing them, and annexing them to their owne lordships, to the much empoverishing and putting of divers of Cupids true harts and loiall subjectes to base and abhominable shifts: Bee it therefore enacted, by the soveraigne authority and erected ensigne of Don Cupid, with the assent of some of the lordes, most of the ladies, and all the commons, that what person or persons soever shall, in the trade of honor, presume to weare at one time two ladies favors, or at one time shall earnestly court two women in the way of marriage, or if any under the degree of a duke shall keepe above twentie women of pleasure, a dukes brother fifteene, a lord ten, a knight or a pentioner or both fower, a gentleman two, shall *ipso facto* bee arrested by follies mace, and instantly committed to the ship of fooles, without either baile or maine-prize, *Millessimo centesimo, quingintesimo, quadragesimo nono. Cupidinis semper unius.* *Nymphadoro* to the barre.

Nym. Shame a folly, wil Fawne now turn an informer? Dos he laugh at me?

Her. Domina Garbetza, did hee not ever protest, you were his most onely elected mistres?

Gar. He did.

Her. Domina Donella, did hee not ever protest you were his most onely elected mistresse?

Don. He did.

Her. Domina Poveia, did hee not ever protest, that you were his most onely elected mistresse?

Pov. He did.

Nym. Mercy!

Cup. Our mercy is nothing, unlesse some lady will beg thee.

Ladies. Out upon him, dissembling, perfidious lyer!

Her. Indeed 'tis no reason ladies should beg liers.

Nym. Thus he that loveth many, if once knowne,
Is justly plagued to be belov'de of none. [*Exit.*

Her. An act against counterfeiting of Cupids royalle coine, and abusing his subjectes with false money. To the barre, Sir Amaros. In most lamentable forme complaineth to your blinde celsitude, your distressed orators, the women of the world, that in respect that many spend thriftes, who having exhausted and wasted their substance, and in stranger partes have with emptie showes, treasonably purchased ladies affections, without being of ability to pay them for it with currant money, and therefore have deceitfully sought to satisfie them with counterfeite mettell, to the great displeasure and no smal losse of your humblest subjectes. May it therefore with your pittifull assent be enacted, that what lord, knight, or gentleman soever, knowing himselfe insufficient, bankerout, exhausted, and wasted, shal trayterously dare to entertaine any lady, as wife or mistresse, *ipso facto* to be severed from all commercement with women, his wife or mistresse in that state offending to be forgiven with a pardon of course, and himselfe instantly to be pressed to saile in the ship of fooles, without either baile or main-prise. Sir Amarous is arrested.

Sir Amar. Judgement of the court.

Her. I take my oath upon thy brothers body, tis none of thine.

Sir A. By the hart of dissemblance, this Fawne has wrought with us as strange taylors work in corporate cities, where they are not free all inward, inward he lurkt in the bosome of us, and yet wee know not his profession. Sir, let me have counsell?

Her. 'Tis in great Cupids case; you may have no counsell.

Sir A. Death a justice! are we in Normandy? What is my ladies doome then?

Cup. Acquited by the expresse parol of the statute. Hence, and in thy ignorance be quietly happie. Away with him—on!

Her. An act against forgers of love letters, false braggarts of ladies favours, and vaine boasters of counterfeit tokens.

Hero. Tis I, tis I! I confesse guiltie, guilty!

Her. I will bee most humaine and right courteously languaged in thy correction, and onely say, thy vice, from apparant here, has made thee an apparant beggar, and now of a false knave hath made thee a true foole. Folly, to the shippe with him, and twice a day let him be duckt at the mayne-yeard.

Cup. Proceede!

Her. An act against slanderers of Cupids liege ladies names, and lewde defamers of their honors.

Zuc. Tis I, tis I! I weepe and crie out, I have been a most contumelious offender. My onely crie is *Miserere!*

Cup. If your relenting lady wil have pittie on you, the fault against our deity be pardoned.

Zuc. Madam, if ever I have found favour in your eyes,

if ever you have thought me a reasonable handsome fellow, as I am sure before I had a beard you might, O be mercifull!

Zoy. Well, upon your apparant repentance, that all modest spectators may witnes, I have for a short time onely thus faynedly hated you, that you might ever after truely love me, uppon these cautions I reaccept you; first you shall vow——

Zuc. I doe vow, as Heaven blesse me, I will doe!

Zoy. What?

Zuc. What ere it be; say on, I beseech you.

Zoy. You shall vow——

Zuc. Yes.

Zoy. That you shall never—

Zuc. Never——

Zoy. Faine love to my waiting-woman or chamber-maide.

Zuc. No.

Zoy. Never promise them such a farme to their mariadge——

Zuc. No.

Zoy. If sheele discover but whom I affect.

Zuc. Never.

Zoy. Or if they know none, that theil but take a false oath, I do, onely to be ridde of mee.

Zuc. I sweare I wil not; I will not onelie not counterfetlie love your women, but I will truelie hate them; an't be possible, so far from maintaining them, that I will begger them. I wil never picke their trunkes for letters, search their pockets, ruffle their bosoms, or tear their foule smocks;—never! never!

Zoy. That if I chance to have a humor to be in a maske, you shall not grow jealous.

Zuc. Never.

Zoy. Or grudge at the expence.

Zuc. Never! I wil eate mine own armes first.

Zoy. That you shall not search, if my chamber-dore hinges be oyld to avoid creaking.

Zuc. As I am a sensible creature.

Zoy. Nor ever suspect the reason why my bedde-chamber floore is double-matted.

Zuc. Not, as I have bloud in mee.

Zoy. You shall vowe to weare cleane linnen, and feede wholsomelie.

Zuc. I, and highly. I will take no more tobacco, or come to your sheetes drunke, or get wenches. I wil ever feed on fried frogs, broild snayles, and boilde lamstones; —I will adore thee more then a mortall,—observe and serve you as more then a mistresse,—doe all duties of a husband,—all offices of a man,—all services of thy creature,—and ever live in thy pleasure, or die in thy service.

Zoy. Then here my quarrell endes; thus cease all strife.

Zuc. Until they loose, men know not whats a wife.
We sleight and dully view the lampe of heaven,
Because we daylie seet, which but bereaved,
And held one little weeke from darkened eyes,
With greedy wonder wee should all admire;
Opinion of command puts out loves fire.

Her. An act against mummers, false seemers, that abuse ladies with counterfeit faces, courting only by signes, and seeming wise onely by silence.

Cup. The penalty?

Her. To be urged to speake, and then, if inward ability

answer not outward seeming, to be committed instantly to the shippe of fooles during great Cupids pleasure. My Lord Granuffo, to the barre. Speake, speake; is not this law just?

Gra. Just, sure; for in good truth or in good sooth, when wise men speake, they still must open their mouth.

Her. The brazen head has spoken.

Don. Thou art arrested.

Gra. Me?

Her. And judg'd away. [*Exit* Granuffo.

Gon. Thus silence, with grave lookes, with hums and hawes,
Makes many worshipp'd, when if tried the' are dawes;
Thats the morality or lenvoy of it—lenvoy of it. On.

Her. An act against privie conspiracies, by which, if any with ambitious wisedome shall hope and strive to outstrippe Love, to crosse his wordes, and make frustrate his sweete pleasures,—if such a presumptuous wisedome fall to nothing, and die in laughter, the wizard so transgressing is *ipso facto* adjudged to offend in most deepe treason, to forfeite all his witt at the will of the lord, and be instantly committed to the shippe of fooles for ever.

Gon. I, marrie, sir. O might Edipus riddle me out such a fellow! Of all creatures breathing, I doe hate those thinges that strugle to seeme wise, and yet are indeed very fooles. I remember, when I was a young man, in my fathers dayes, there were fower gallant spirites, for resolution, as proper for body, as witty in discourse, as any were in Europe, nay, Europe had not such; I was one of them. Wee fowre did all love one lady,—a modest, chaste virgin shee was; wee all injoyde her, I well remember, and so injoyde her, that, despight the strictest guard was

set upon her, wee had her at our pleasure: I speake it for her honour and my credite. Where shall you finde such witty fellowes now-a-daies? Alas! how easie it is, in these weaker times, to crosse love trickes. Ha! ha! ha! Alas! I smile to think I must confesse, with som glory to mine own wisedom, to thinke how I found out, and crossed, and curbd, and jerkt, and firkte, and in the end made desperate Tiberios hope. Alas! good sillie youth, that dares to cope with age and such a beard. I speake it without glory.

Her. But what yet might your well-known wisdome thinke,
If such a one, as being most severe,
A most protested opposite to the match
Of two young lovers,—who having bard them speech,
All intervewes, all messages, all meanes,
To plot their wished ends,—even he himselfe
Was, by their cunning, made the goe-betweene,
The onely messenger, the token-carrier,
Tould them the times when they might fitly meete,
Nay, shew'd the way to one anothers bedde?

Gon. May one have the sight of such a fellow for nothing?
Doth their breath such an egregious asse?
Is there such a foolish animal in *rerum natura?*
How is it possible such a simplicitie can exist? Let us not lose our laughing at him, for Gods sake! Let Follies scepter light upon him, and to the shippe of fooles with him instantly!

Don. Of all these follies I arest your grace.

Gon. Mee? ha! mee? me, verlet? me, foole? Ha! too th' jayle with him! What, varlet? call me asse?—*me?*

Her. What! grave Urbins duke? Dares Follies scepter touch his prudent shoulders?
Is he a coxcombe? No, my lord is wise;
For wee all know that Urbines duke has eyes.

Gon. God a mercy, Fawne! Hold, varlet! Hold thee, good Fawne—rayling reprobate!

Her. Indeed, I must confesse your grace did tell
And first did intimate your daughters love
To otherwise most cold Tiberio;
After convaide her private favour to him,
A curious skarfe, wherein her needle wrought
Her private love to him.

Gon. What! I do this? Ha!

Her. And last, by her perswasion, shewde the youth
The very way and best-elected time
To come unto her chamber.

Gon. Thus did I, sir?

Her. Thus did you, sir; but I must confesse
You ment not to doe this, but were ranckly gulde—
Made a plaine naturall. This sure, sir, you did.
And in assurance, Prince Tiberio,
Renowned, witted Dulcimel, appeare;
The acts of constant honor cannot feare. [*Exit* Hercules.

TIBERIO *and* DULCIMEL *above, are discovered hand in hand.*

Dul. Royally wise and wisely royall father ——

Don. Thats sententious now—a figure calde in art Ironia.

Dul. I humbly thanke your worthy piety that through your only means I have obtained so fit, loving, and desired a husband.

Gon. Death, a discretion! if I should prove a foole now. Am not I an asse, thinke you, ha? I will have them both bound together, and sent to the Duke of Ferrara presently.

Tib. I am sure, good father, wee are both bound together as fast as the priest can make us already. I thanke you for it, kind father; I thanke you onely for 't.

HERCULES *enters in his own shape.*

Her. And as for sending them to the Duke of Ferrara, see, my good lord, Ferraraes orejoid prince meetes thee in fullest wish.

Gon. By the Lord! I am ashamde of my selfe, that 's the plaine troth; but I know now wherefore this parliament was. What a slumber have I been in!

Her. Never grieve nor wonder—all things sweetely fitte.

Gon. There is no tolly to protested wit.

Her. What still in wondring ignorance doth rest,
In private conference your deare-lov'd brest
Shall fully take. But now we change our face.

EPILOGUS.

AND thus, in bolde yet modest phrase we end.
He whose Thalia with swiftest hand hath pend
This lighter subject, and hath boldly torne
Fresh bayes from Daphnes arme, doth onely scorne
Malitious censures of some envious few,
Who thinke they loose if others have their due.
But let such addars hisse; know, all the sting,
All the vaine fome, of all those snakes that ringes,
Minervas glassefull shield can never taint,
Poyson, or pierce. Firme art disdaines to faint;
But yet of you that with impartiall faces,
With no prepared malice, but with graces
Of sober knowledge, have survaide the frame
Of his sleight scene,—if you shall judge his flame
Distemperately, weake, as faulty much
In stile, in plot, in spirit; loe! if such
He daines, in selfe-accusing phrase, to crave
For prayse, but pardon, which he hopes to have;
Since he protests he ever hath aspirde
To be belovde rather then admirde.

PROLOGUE.

SLIGHT hastie labours, in this easie play,
Present not what you would, but what we may:
For this vouchsafe to know, the onely end
Of our now studie is, not to offend.
Yet think not, but like others, raile we could
(Best art presents, not what it can, but should);
And if our pen in this seeme over slight,
We strive not to instruct, but to delight.
As for some few, we know of purpose here
To taxe and scowt: know, firme art cannot feare
Vaine rage; onely the highest grace we pray
Is, you'le not taxe untill you judge our play.
Thinke, and then speake: tis rashnesse, and not wit,
To speake what is in passion, and not judgement fit.
Sit then, with faire exspectance, and survay
Nothing but passionate man in his slight play,
Who hath this onely ill, to some deem'd worst—
A modest diffidence, and selfe-mistrust.

Fabule Argumentum.

THE difference betwixt the love of a curtezan and a wife, is the full scope of the play, which, intermixed with the deceits of a wittie Citie jester, fils up the comedie.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

FRANCISCHINA, *a Dutch Curtezan.*
MARY FAUGH, *an old Woman.*
Sir LIONELL FREEVILL, } *Two old Knights.*
Sir HUBERT SUBBOYS, }
YOUNG FREEVILL, *Sir* LIONELLS *Sonne.*
BEATRICE, } *Sir* HUBERTS *Daughters.*
CRISPINELLA, }
PUTIFER, *their Nurse.*
TYSEFEW, *a blunt Gallant.*
CAQUETEUR, *a pratling Gull.*
MALHEUREUX, *Young* FREEVILLS *unhappie Friend.*
COCLEDEMOY, *a kpavishly witty City Companion.*
Maister MULLIGRUB, *a Vintner.*
Mistresse MULLIGRUB, *his Wife.*
Mister BURNISH, *a Goldsmith.*
LIONELL, *his Man.*
HOLIFERNES RAINS-CURE, *a Barbers Boy.*

Three Watchmen.

THE DUTCH COURTEZAN.

ACTUS PRIMUS.

SCENA PRIMA.

Enter Three Pages, with lightes. MULLIGRUBB, FREEVILE, MALHEUREUX, TISEFEU, *and* CAQUETEUR.

Free. NAY, comfort, my good hoast Sharke; my good Mulligrubb.

Mal. Advance thy snout; doe not suffer thy sorrowful nose to droppe on thy Spanish leather jerkin, most hardly honest Mulligrub.

Free. What, cogging Cocledemoy is runne away with a neast of goblets. True, what then? they will be hammerd out well enough, I warrant you.

Mul. Sure, some wise man would finde them out presently.

Free. Yes, sure, if we could finde out some wise man presently.

Mal. How was the plate lost? how did it vanish?

Free. In most sincere prose, thus: That man of much money, some witte, but less honestie, cogging Cocledemoy, comes this night late into mine hostes Mulligrubs taverne heere, cals for a roome; the house being ful, Cocledemoy consorted with his moveable chattle, his instrument of fornication, the bawde Mrs. Mary Faugh, are imparlarde next the streete; good poultrie was their foode, blackbird, larke, woodcocke; and mine hoast here comes in, cryes God blesse you, and departes. A blinde harper enters, craves audience, uncaseth, playes; the drawer, for female privatnes sake, is nodded out, who knowing that whosoever will hit the mark of profit must, like those that shoot in stone-bowes, winke with one eye, growes blind a the right side, and departs.

Caq. He shal answere for that winking with one eye at the last day.

Mal. Let him have day till then, and he will winke with both his eyes.

Free. Cocledemoy, perceiving none in the roome but the blind harper (whose eyes Heaven had shut up from beholding wickednesse), unclaspes a casement to the street very patiently, pockets up three bowles unnaturally, thrustes his wench forth the window, and him selfe most preposterously, with his heeles forward, followes: the unseeing harper playes on, bids the empty dishes and the treacherous candles much good do them. The drawer returnes, but out, alas! not onely the birdes, but also the neast of goblets were flowne away. Laments are raisde ——

Tys. Which did not pierce the heavens.

Free. The drawers mone, mine hoast doth crie, the bowles are gone.

Mul. Hic finis Priami.

Mal. Nay, be not jaw-falne, my most sharking Mulligrub.

Free. Tis your just affliction; remember the sinnes of the seller, and repent, repent!

Mul. I am not jaw-falne, but I will hang the coni-catching Cocledemoy, and theres an end of 't. [*Exit.*

Cac. Is it a right stone? it shewes well by candlelight.

Free. So doe many thinges that are counterfeite, but I assure you this is a right diamond.

Cac. Might I borrow it of you? it will not a little grace my finger in visitation of my mistresse.

Free. Why, use it, most sweet Caqueture, use it.

Cac. Thankes, good sir; 'tis growne high night: gentles, rest to you. [*Exit.*

Tys. A torch. Sound wench, soft sleepe, and sanguine dreames to you both. On, boy.

Free. Let me bid you good rest.

Mal. Not so, trust me, I must bring my friend home: I dare not give you up to your owne companie; I feare the warmth of wine and youth will draw you to some common house of lascivious entertainement.

Free. Most necessarie buildings, Malheureus; ever since my intention of marriage, I doe pray for their continuance.

Mal. Lov'd sir, your reason?

Free. Marry, least my house should be made one. I would have married men love the stewes as Englishmen lov'd the Low Countreys: wish war should be maintain'd there, least it should come home to their owne dores. What, suffer a man to have a hole to put his head in, though hee goe to the pillorie for it! Youth and appetite are above the clubbe of Hercules.

Mal. This lust is a most deadly sinne, sure.

Free. Nay, tis a most lively sinne, sure.

Mal. Well, I am sure, tis one of the head sinnes.

Free. Nay, I am sure it is one of the middle sinnes.

Mal. Pitie, tis growne a most dayly vice.

Free. But a more nightly vice, I assure you.

Mal. Well, tis a sinne.

Free. I, or else few men would wish to go to heaven; and, not to disguise with my friend, I am now going the way of all flesh.

Mal. Not to a curtezan?

Free. A courteous one.

Mal. What, to a sinner?

Free. A verie publican.

Mal. Deere, my lov'd friend, let mee bee full with you:
Know, sir, the strongest argument that speakes
Against the soules eternitie is lust,
That wisemans folly, and the fooles wisedome:
But to grow wild in loose lasciviousnesse,
Given up to heat and sensuall appetite,
Nay, to expose your health and strength and name,
Your precious time, and with that time the hope
Of due preferment, advantageous meanes,
Of any worthy end, to the stale use,
The common bosome of a money creature,
One that sels humane flesh—a mangonist!

Free. Alas! good creatures, what would you have them doe? Would you have them get their living by the curse of man, the sweat of their browes? So they doe: everie man must follow his trade, and everie woman her occupation. A poore decayed mechanicall mans wife, her husband is layd up, may not she lawfully be layd downe,

when her husbands onely rising is by his wifes falling? A captaines wife wants meanes, her commaunder lies in open field abroad, may not she lye in civile armes at home? A waighting gentlewoman, that had wont to take say to her lady, miscaries or so; the court misfortune throwes her downe; may not the citie curtesie take her up? Do you know no alderman would pitie such a womans case? Why is charity growne a sinne, or releeving the poore and impotent an offence? You will say beasts take no money for their fleshly entertainment: true, because they are beasts, therefore beastly; onely men give to loose, because they are men, therefore manly: and indeede, wherein should they bestow their money better? In land, the title may be crackt; in houses, they may bee burnt; in apparell, twill weare; in wine, alas! for pitie our throate is but short; but employ your money upon women, and a thousand to nothing, some one of them will bestow that on you which shall sticke by you as long as you live; they are no ingratefull persons, they will give quite for quo: do ye protest, they 'le sweare; doe you rise, theyle fall; doe you fall, they 'le rise; do you give them the French crowne, they 'le give you the French—*O justus justa justum!* They sell their bodies: doe not better persons sell their soules? nay, since all things have been sould, honor, justice, faith; nay, even God himselfe: aye me, what base ignoblenesse is it, to sell the pleasure of a wanton bed?

Why doe men scrape, why heape to full heapes joyne?
But for his mistresse, who would care for coyne?
For this I hold to be deny'd of no man,
All thinges are made for man, and man for woman;
Give me my fee.

Mal. Of ill you merite well. My hearts good friend,

Leave yet at length, at length; for know this ever,
Tis no such sinne to erre, but to persever.

Free. Beautie is womans vertue, love the lifes musique, and woman the daintines or second course of Heavens curious workmanship. Since then beauty, love, and woman are good, how can the love of womans beauty be bad? and, *Bonuum, quo communius, eo melius,* wil't then goe with me?

Mal. Whether?

Free. To a house of salvation.

Mal. Salvation?

Free. Yes, 'twill make thee repent. Wil't goe to the family of love? I will shew thee my creature; a pretty nimble-eyd Dutch tanakin; an honest soft-harted impropriation; a soft, plumpe, round-cheekt froe, that has beauty enough for her vertue, vertue enough for a woman, and woman enough for any reasonable man in my knowledg. Wil't passe a long with me?

Mal. What, to a brothell?—to behold an impudent prostitution; fye on't, I shall hate the whole sex to see her. The most odious spectacle the earth can present is an immodest vulger woman.

Free. Good, still; my braine shall keep't. You must goe as you love me.

Mal. Well, Ile go to make her loath the shame shee's in;
The sight of vice augments the hate of sinne.

Free. The sight of vice augments the hate of sinne! Very fine, perdy. [*Exeunt.*

SCENA SECUNDA.

Enter COCLEDEMOY *and* MARY FAUGH.

Coc. Mary, Mary Faugh.

Mar. Hem.

Coc. Come, my worshipfull rotten rough-bellide baud; ha! my blew-tooth'd patrones of naturall wickednesse, give me the gobletts.

Mar. By yea, and by nay, Maister Cocledemoy, I feare you'le play the knave, and restore them.

Coc. No, by the lord, aunt, restitution is catholique, and thou know'st we love ——

Mar. What?

Coc. Oracles are seas'd: *tempus preteritum*, do'st heare, my worshipfull glisterpipe, thou ungodly fyer that burnt Dianas temple?—do'st heare, baud?

Mar. In very good truthnes, you are the foulest mouth'd, prophaine, railing brother, call a woman the most ungodly names: I must confesse, we all eate of the forbidden fruite, and for mine owne part, tho I am one of the family of love, and, as they say, a bawd that covers the multitude of sinnes, yet I trust I am none of the wicked that eate fish a Fridaies.

Coc. Hang toastes; I raile at thee, my worshipfull organ bellowes that fills the pipes, my fine ratling fleamy cough a the lunges, and cold with a pox? I raile at thee, what, my right pretious pandres, supportres of barbar surgeons, and inhauntres of *lotium* and dyet drinke? I raile at thee, necessary damnation? Ile make an oration, I, in praise of thy most courtly in fashion, and most pleasureable function, I.

Mar. I, prethee do, I love to heare my selfe prais'd, as well as any old ladie, I.

Coc. List then: A baud, first for her profession or vocation, it is most worshippfull of all the twelve companies; for, as that trade is most honorable that sells the best commodityes—as the draper is more worshipfull then the poyntmaker, the silkeman more worshippfull then the draper, and the goldsmith more honorable then both, Little Mary—so the baud above all; her shop has the best ware; for where these sell but cloath, sattens, and jewels, shee sels divine vertues, as virginitie, modestie, and such rare jemmes; and those not like a petty chapman, by retaile, but like a great marchant, by wholesale; wa, ha, ho! And who are her customers? Not base corn-cutters or sowgelders, but most rare wealthie knightes, and most rare bountifull lordes, are her customers. Againe, where as no trade or vocation profiteth but by the losse and displeasure of another—as the marchant thrives not but by the licentiousnes of giddie and unsetled youth; the lawyer, but by the vexation of his client; the phisition, but by the maladies of his patient—onely my smothe-gumbde bawd lives by others pleasure, and onely growes rich by others rising. O! mercifull gaine, O! righteous income! So much for her vocation, trade, and life. As for their death, how can it bee bad, since their wickednesse is alwayes before their eyes, and a deathes head most commonly on their middle finger? To conclude, tis most certaine they must needs both live well and dye well, since most commonly they live in Clearkenwell, and dye in Bridewell. *Dixi Mary.*

Enter FREEVILE *and* MALHEUREUS.

Free. Come along, yonders the preface or exordium to

my wench, the bawde; Fetch, fetch. What! M. Cocledemoy, is your knaveshippe yet stirring? Looke to it, Mulligrub lyes for you.

Enter COCLEDEMOY.

Coc. The more foole he; I can lye for my selfe, worshipfull friend; hang toastes, I vannish. Ha! my fine boy, thou art a scholler, and hast read Tullies *Offices*, my fine knave; hang toastes.

Free. The vintner will toast you, and he catch you.

Coc. I will draw the vintner to the stoope, and when he runs low, tilt him. Ha! my fine knave, art going to thy recreation?

Free. Yes, my capriceous raskall.

Coc. Thou wilt looke like a foole then, by and by.

Free. Looke like a foole, why?

Coc. Why, according to the old saying, A begger when he is lowsing of himselfe, lookes like a philosopher; a hardbound philosopher, when he is on the stoole, lookes like a tyrant; and a wise man, when hee is in his belly act, lookes like a foole. God give your worship good rest, grace and mercy keepe your syring straight, and your lotium unspilt.

Enter FRANCISCHINA.

Free. See, sir, this is she.

Mal. This?

Free. This.

Mal. A curtezan? Now, cold bloud defend me. What a proportion afflictes me?

Fran. O, mine aderliver love, vat sall me do to requit dis your mush affection?

Free. Marry, salute my friend, clippe his necke, and kisse him welcome.

Fran. A mine art; sir, you bin very velcome.

Free. Kisse her, man, with a more familiar affection, so. Come, what entertainement? goe to your lute.

[*Exit* Francischina.

And how dost approve my somtimes elected? Shees none of your ramping cannibals that devoure mans flesh, nor any of your curtian gulfes that will never be satisfied untill the best thing a man has be throwne into them. I lov'd her with my heart, untill my soule shewed me the imperfection of my body, and placed my affection on a lawfull love, my modest Beatrice, which if this short heeles knew, there were no being for me with eyes before her face. But, faith, dost thou not somewhat excuse my sometimes incontinency, with her enforcive beauties? Speake.

Mal. Hah! she is a whore, is she not?

Free. Whore? fie, whore! you may call her a curtezan, a cocatrice, or (as that worthy spirite of an eternall happinesse saide) a suppositarie. But, whore! fie, tis not in fashion to call thinges by their right names. Is a great marchant a coockold, you must say he is one of the livery. Is a great lord a foole, you must say he is weake. Is a gallant pocky, you must say he has the court skab. Come, shees your mistresse or so.

Enter FRANCISCHINA, *with her lute.*

Come, syren, your voice.

Fra. Vill not you stay in mine bosome to-night, love?

Free. By no meanes, sweet breast; this gentleman has vowde to see me chastly layde.

Fra. He shall have a bedde too, if dat it please him.

Free. Peace, you tender him offence; hee is one of a professed abstinence. Syren, your voyce and away.

She singes to her Lute.

THE SONG.

The darke is my delight,
So tis the nightingales.
My musicke's in the night,
So is the nightingales.
My body is but little,
So is the nightingales.
I love to sleepe gainst prickle,
So doth the nightingale.

Thankes; busse; so. The night growes old; good rest.

Fra. Rest to mine deare love; rest, and no long absence.

Free. Beleeve me, not long.

Fra. Sall Ick not beleeve you long?

[*Exit* Francischina.

Free. O yes, come, *viah!*—away, boy—on!

[*Exit, his Page lighting him.*

Enter FREEVILL, *and seemes to overheare* MALHEUREUS.

Mal. Is she unchast—can such a one be damde?
O love and beautie! yee two eldest seedes
Of the vast chaos, what strong right you have
Even in thinges divine—our very soules!

Free. Wha, ha, ho! come, bird, come. Stand, peace!

Mal. Are strumpets then such things so delicate?
Can custome spoil what nature made so good?

Or is their custome bad? Beauti 's for use—
I never saw a sweet face vitious!
It might be proud, inconstant, wanton, nice,
But never tainted with unnaturall vice.
Their worst is, their best art is love to winne—
O that to love should be or shame, or sinne!

Free. By the Lord! hee 's caught! Laughter eternall!

Mal. Soule, I must love her! Desteny is weake to my affection.

A common love—blush not, faint breast!—
That which is ever loved of most is best.
Let colder eld the strongst objections move,
No lov 's without some lust, no life without some love.

Free. Nay, come on, good sir; what, though the most odious spectacle the world can present be an immodest vulgar woman!
Yet, sir, for my sake ——

Mal. Well, sir, for your sake, Ile thinke better of them.

Free. Doe, good sir; and pardon me that have brought you in:
You knowe the sight of vice augments the hate of sinne.

Mal. Hah! will you go home, sir; 'tis hye bed time?

Free. Withall my hart, sir; only do not chide me.
I must confesse ——

Mal. A wanton lover you have been.

Free. O that to love should be or shame or sinne!

Mal. Say yee?

Free. Let colder eld the strongst objections moove!

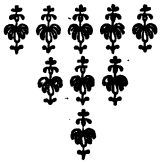
Mal. Howe 's this?

Free. No love's without some lust,
No life without some love.

Go your wayes for an apostata! I beleve my cast garment must be let out in the seames for you when all is done.

"Of all the fooles that would all man out-thrust,
He that 'gainst Nature would seeme wise is worst."

[*Exeunt.*



ACTUS SECUNDUS.

SCENA PRIMA.

Enter FREEVILE, *Pages with torches, and Gentlemen with musicke.*

Free. THE morne is yet but younge. Here, gentlemen,
This is my Beatrice window—this the chamber
Of my betrothed dearest, whose chaste eyes,
Full of lov'd sweetnesse and cleare cherefulnes,
Have gag'd my soule to her injoyings—
Shredding away all those weake under-braunches
Of base affections and unfruitfull heates;
Here bestow your musick to my voyce.

CANTANT.

Enter BEATRICE *above.*

Alwaies a vertuous name to my chast love.
Bea. Lov'd sir, the honor of your wish returne to you.
I cannot with a mistres complement,
Forced discourses, or nice art of wit,
Give entertaine to your deere-wished presence,
But safely thus, what harty gratefulnes,
Unsulleine silence, unaffected modesty,

And an unignorant shamefastnes can expresse,
Receive as your protested due. Faith, my hart,
I am your servant.
O let not my secure simplicity breed your mislike,
As one quite voyde of skill;
Tis grace inough in us not to be ill.
I can some good, and, faith, I mean no hurt;
Do not then, sweete, wrong sober ignorance.
I judge you all of vertue, and our vowes
Should kill all feares that base distrust can moove.
My soule, what say you—still you love?
Free. Still! My vowe is up above me, and, like time,
Irrevocable. I am sworne all yours.
No beauty shall untwine our armes, no face
In my eyes can or shall seeme faire;
And would to God only to me you might
Seeme only faire! Let others disesteeme
Your matchless graces, so might I safer seeme;
Envie I covet not. Far, far be all ostent—
Vaine boasts of beauties—soft joyes and the rest,
"He that is wise pants on a private breast."
So could I live in desart most unknowne,
Yourself to me enough were populous;
Your eyes shall be my joyes, my wine that still
Shall drowne my often cares; your onely voyce
Shall cast a slumber on my listning sence;
You, with soft lip, shall only ope mine eyes
And sucke their lidds a sunder; onely you
Shall make me wish to live, and not feare death,
So on your cheekes I might yeild latest breath.
O he that thus may live and thus shall die,
May well be envied of a dietie!

Bea. Deare, my lov'd hart, be not so passionate;
Nothing extreame lives long.

Free. "But not to be extreame—nothing in love 's extreame—
My love receives no meane."

Bea. I give you fayth; and, pre thee, since, poore soule! I am so easy to beleeve thee, make it much more pitty to deceive me!
Weare this slight favour in my remembrance.

[*Throweth downe a ring to him.*

Free. Which, when I part from,
Hope, the best of life, ever part from me.

Bea. I take you and your word, which may ever live your servant. See, day is quite broke up—the best of houres.

Free. Good morrow, graceful mistres; our nuptiall day holds.

Bea. With happy constancy a wished day. [*Exit.*

Enter MALHEUREUS.

Free. My selfe and all content rest with you.

Mal. The studious morne, with paler cheeke, drawes on
The dayes bold light. Harke how the free-borne birdes
Caroll their unaffected passions! [*The Nitingalls sing.*
Now sing they sonnets—thus they crye, We love!
O breath of heaven! thus they, harmles soules,
Give intertaine to mutuall affects.
They have no baudes, no mercenary bedds,
No politike restraints, no artificiall heats,
No faint dissemblings; no custome makes them blush,
No shame afflicts theire name! O you happy beastes!
In whome an inborne heate is not held sinne,

How far transcend you wretched, wretched man,
Whome nationall custome, tyrannous respects
Of slavish order, fetters, lames his power,
Calling that sinne in us which in all things els
Is Natures highest virtue. (*O miseri quorum gaudia crimen habent.*)
Sure Nature against vertue crosse doth fall,
Or vertues selfe is oft unnaturall.
That I should love a strumpet! I, a man of snowe!
Now, shame forsake me—whether am I fallen!
A creature of a publique use! My frendes love, to,
To live to be a talke to men—a shame
To my professed vertue. "O accursed reason,
How many eyes hast thou to see thy shame!
And yet how blind once to prevent defame!

Free. Diaboli virtus in lumbis est! Morrow, my frend. Come, I could make a tedious scene of this now; but what —— Pah! thou art in love with a courtezan! Why, sir, should we loath all strumpets, sume men should hate their owne mothers or sisters: a sinne against kinde, I can tell you.

Mal. May it beseeme a wise man to be in love?

Free. Let wise men alone, twill beseeme thee and me well enough.

Mal. Shall I not offend the vowe band of our friendship?

Free. What, to affect that which thy frend affected? By Heaven, I resigne her freely; the creature and I must growe of; by this time shee assurely heard of my resolved marriage, and no question sweares, Gods sacrament, ten towsand divells, Ile resigne, I faith.

Mal. I would but imbrace her, heare her speake, and at the most, but kisse her.

Free. O frend, he that could live with the smoake of roast meate might live at a cheape rate!

Mal. I shall neere proove hartely receaved;
A kinde of flat ungratious modesty,
An insufficient dulness staines my haviour.

Free. No, matter, sir, insufficiency and sottishnes are much commendable in a most discommendable action; now could I swallow thee, thou hadst wont to be so harsh and cold, ile tell thee. Hell and the prodegies of angrie Jove are not so fearefull to a thinking minde as a man without affection. Why, frend, philosophie and nature are all one; love is the center in which all lines close the common bonde of being.

Mal. O but a chast reserved privatnes, a modest continence.

Free. Ile tell thee what, take this as firmest sence,
"Incontinence will force a continence;
Heate wasteth heate, light defaceth light,
Nothing is spoyled but by his proper might;"
This is some thing too waighty for thy floore.

Mal. But how so ere you shade it, the worlds eye
Shines hot and open on't;
Lying, malice, envie, are held but slidyngs,
Errors of rage, when custome and the world
Calls lust a crime spotted with blackest terrors,

Free. Where errors are held crimes, crimes are but errors.
Along, sir, to her; shee is an arrand strumpet; and a strumpet is
A sarpego, venomde gonory to man;
[*Offer to go out, and suddenly draws backe.*
Things actually possessed; yet since thou art in love,

And againe, as good make use of a statue—
A body without a soule, a carkasse three monethes dead—
Yet since thou art in love——

Mal. Death, man! my destiny I cannot choose.

Free. Nay, I hope so. Againe, they sell but onely flesh,
No jot affection; so that even in the enjoying,
Absentem marmoream que putes. Yet since you needs must love——

Mal. Unavoidable, though folly—worse then madnes!

Free. Its true; but since you needs must love, you must know this,
He that must love, a foole, and he must kisse.

Enter COCLEDEMOY.

M. Cocledemoy, *ut vales Domine!*

Coc. *Ago tibi gratias,* my worshipfull friend, how does your friend?

Free. Out, you rascall!

Coc. Hang toastes, you are an asse; much a your worships brayne lyes in your calves; bread a god boy, I was at supper last night with a new-weande bulchin, bread a god, drunke, horribly drunke—horribly drunke; there was a wench, one Franke Frailty, a puncke, an honest pole-cat, of a cleane in-step, sound legge, smooth thigh, and the nimble divell in her buttocke. Ah, fiest a grace! when saw you, Tysefew, or M. Caqueture, that pratling gallant of a good draught, common customes, fortunate, impudence, and sound fart?

Free. Away, rogue!

Coc. Hang toastes, my fine boy, my companion as worshipfull.

Mal. Yes, I heare you are taken up with schollers and church men.

Enter HOLIFERNES *the barbar.*

Coc. *Quanquam te marce fili*, my fine boy, does your worship want a barbar surgeon?

Free. Farewell, knave; beware the Mulligrubs.

[*Exeunt* Freevill *and* Mal.

Coc. Let the Mulligrubs beware the knave. What, a barbar surgeon, my delicate boy?

Hol. Yes, sir, an apprentise to surgery.

'Tis, my fine boy. To what bawdy-house doth your maister belong? What's thy name?

Hol. Holifernes Rain-scure.

Coc. Rainscure? Good, M. Holifernes, I desire your further acquaintance; nay, pray yee bee covered, my fine boy: kill thy itch, and heale thy skabes. Is thy maister rotten?

Hol. My father, forsooth, is dead ——

Coc. And laid in his grave.

Alas! what comfort shall Peggy then have!

Hol. None but me, sir; thats my mothers sonne, I assure you.

Coc. Mothers sonne? A good witty boy; would live to read an homilie well: and to whome are you going now?

Hol. Marry, forsooth, to trim M. Mulligrub the vintner.

Coc. Doe you know M. Mulligrub?

Hol. My godfather, sir.

Coc. Good boy: hold up thy chops. I pray thee doe one thing for me: my name is Gudgeon.

Hol. Good M. Gudgeon.

Coc. Lend me thy bason, razer, and apron.

Hol. O Lord, sir!

Coc. Well spoken; good English. But whats thy furniture worth?

Hol. O Lord, sir, I know not.

Coc. Well spoken; a boy of a good wit: holde this pawne; where dost dwell?

Hol. At the signe of the three razers, sir.

Coc. A signe of good shaving, my catastrophonicall fine boy. I have an odde jest to trim M. Mulligrub, for a wager; a jest, boy; a humor. Ile returne thy thinges presently. Hold!

Hol. What meane you, good M. Gudgeon?

Coc. Nothing, faith, but a jest, boy: drinke that; Ile recoile presently.

Hol. You'le not stay long.

Coc. As I am an honest man. The three razers?

Hol. I, sir. [*Exit* Holifernes.

Coc. Good; and if I shave not M. Mulligrub, my wit has no edge, and I may goe cacke in my pewter. Let me see,—a barbar: my scurvie tongue will discover me: must dissemble, must disguise; for my beard, my false hayre; for my tongue—Spanish, Dutch, or Welsh—no, a Northerne barbar; very good. Widdow Raine-scures man, well, newly entertainde; right, so, hang tostes: all cardes have white backes, and all knaves would seeme to have white breastes: so proceede now, worshipfull Cocledemoy. [*Exit* Cocledemoy, *in his barbars furniture.*

Enter MARIE FOUGH, *and* FRANCISCHINA *with her hayre loose, chafing.*

Mar. Nay, good sweete daughter, doe not swagger so;

you heare your love is to bee married: true, he does cast you off: right, he will leave you to the world: what then? tho blew and white, black and greene, leave you, may not redde and yellow entertain you? is there but one coullor in the raine-bow?

Fra. Grand Grincome on your sentences, Gods sacrament, ten towsand divels take you!—you ha brought mine love, mine honor, mine boddy, all to noting!

Mar. To nothing! I'le be sworne I have brought them to all the thinges I could; I ha made as much a your maydenhead—and you had beene mine owne daughter, I could not ha sold your mayden head oftner then I ha done. I ha sworn for you, God forgive me! I have made you acquainted with the Spaniard, Don Skirtoll,—with the Italian, M. Beieroane,—with the Irish lord, S. Patrick,—with the Dutch marchant, Haunce Herkin Glukin Skellam Flappdragon,—and specially with the greatest French, and now lastly with this English, yet, in my conscience, an honest gentleman. And am I now growne one of the accursed with you for my labour? Is this my reward? Am I calde bawde? Well, Mary Fough. Goe thy wayes, Mary Fough; thy kind heart will bring thee to the hospitall.

Fra. Nay, good naunt, you'le helpe me to an oder love, vil you not?

Mar. Out, thou naughty belly! wouldst thou make mee thy bawde?—thu'st best make me thy bawde. I ha kept counsell for thee: who paide the apothecary,—wast not honest Mary Fough? who redeemde thy petticote and mantle,—wast not honest Mary Fough? who helped thee to thy custome,—not of swaggering Ireland captains, nor of two-shilling innes-a-court men,—but with honest flatte-

cappes, wealthy flat-caps, that pay for their pleasure the best of any men in Europe, nay, which is more, in London? And dost thou defie me, vile creature?

Fra. Foutra pon you,—vitch, bawde, pole-catte,—paugh! Did not you prayse Freevill to mine love?

Fou. I did prayse, I confesse, I did prayse him; I sede hee was a foole, an unthrift, a true whoremaister, I confesse; a constant drabbe keeper, I confesse: but what, the winde is turnde!

Fra. It is, it is, vile woman!—reprobate woman!—naughtie woman! it is: vat sal become of mine poore flesh now? mine boddy must turne Turke for two-pence. O Divela, life a mine art! Ick sall be revengde!—doe ten thousand hell damme me, Ick sal have the rouge trote cut! and his love, and his friend, and all his affinitie, sall smart! sall dye! sal hang! Now legion of devill seaze him!—de gran pest, S. Anthonies fire, and de hot Neopolitan poc, rotte him!

Enter FREEVIL *and* MALHEUREUS.

Free. Francischina!

Era. O mine seete, deerst, kindest, mine loving! O mine towsand, ten towsand, delicated, petty seet art!

CANTAT. *Gallicè.*

—a mine, a deere leevest affection!

Free. Why, monky, no fashion in you! Give entertaine to my friend.

Fra. Icke sal make de most of you dat curtesie may. Aunt Mary, Mettre Faugh, stooles, stooles, for des gallantes! Mine mettre sing non oder song,—frolique, frolique, sir! but still complaine me doe her wrong. Lighten

your heart, sir; for me did but kisse her,—for me did but kis her!—and so let go.

Your friend is very heavy; ick fall neere like such sad company.

Free. No, thou delightest onely in light company.

Fra. By mine trot, he been very sad; vat ayle you, sir?

Mal. A tooth-ake, lady, a paultry rheume.

Fra. De diet is very goot for de rheume.

Free. How far of dwels the house-surgeon, Mary Fough?

Mar. You are a prophane fellow, I faith; I little thought to heare such ungodly termes come from your lips.

Fra. Pre de now, tis but a toy, a very trifle.

Free. I care not for the valew, Franke, but I faith ——

Fra. I fait, me must needes have it (dis is Beatrice ring, oh could I get it!); seet, pree de now, as ever you have embraced me with a hearty arme, a warme thought, or a pleasing touch, as ever you will professe to love me, as ever you do wish me life, give me dis ring, dis litle ring.

Free. Pree thee be not uncivillie importunate; sha not ha 't; faith, I care not for thee, nor thy jelousie; sha not ha 't, ifaith.

Fra. You doe not love me. I heare of Sir Hubert Subboys daughter, Mistresse Beatrice. Gods sacrament, ick could scratch out her eyes, and sucke the holes!

Free. Goe; y' are growne a puncke rampant!

Fran. So, get thee gone; nere more behold min eyes, by thee made wretched!

Free. Mary Fough, farewell!—farewell, Franck!

Fra. Sall I not ha de ring?

Free. No, by the Lord!

Fra. By te Lord?

Free. By the Lord!

Fra. Goe to your new blouze,—your unproude sluttery,—your modest mettre, forsooth!

Free. Marry, will I, forsooth!

Fra. Will you marry, forsooth?

Free. Doe not turne witch before thy time:
With all my hart, sir, you will stay.

Mal. I am no whit my selfe. *Video meliora proboque!*
But raging lust my fate all strong doth move;
"The gods themselves cannot be wise and love."

Free. Your wishes to you. [*Exit* Freevil.

Mal. Beautie entirely choyce.

Fra. Fray yee prove a man of fashion, and neglect the neglected.

Mal. Can such a raritie bee neglected?—can there be measure or sinne in loving such a creature?

Fra. O min poore forsaken hart!

Mal. I can not containe; he saw thee not that left thee.
If there be wisedome, reason, honor, grace,
Of any foolishly esteemed vertue,
In giving o're possession of such beautie,
Let me be vitious, so I may be lov'de.
Passion, I am thy slave; sweete, it shall be my grace,
That I account thy love my onely vertue:
Shall I sweare I am thy most vowed servant?

Fra. Mine vowed. Go! go! go! I can no more of love. No! no! no! You bin all unconstant. O unfaithfull men—tyrantes—betrayers—de very enjoying us looseth us; and when you onely ha made us hatefull, you onely hate us. O mine forsaken hart!

Mal. I must not rave. Scilence and modesty two customarie vertues. Will you be my mistresse?

Fra. Mettres? Ha! ha! ha!

Mal. Will you lie with me?

Fra. Lie with you? O no; you men will out-lie any woman; fait me no more can love.

Mal. No matter, let me enjoy your bed.

Fra. O! vile man, vat do you tinck on me? Doe you take mee to be a beast—a creature that for sence onely will entertaine love, and not onely for love—love? O! brutish abomination!

Mal. When then I pray thee love, and with thy love enjoy me.

Fra. Give me reason to affect you. Will you sweare you love me?

Mal. So seriously, that I protest no office so dangerous —no deede so unreasonable—no cost so heavie; but I vow to the utmost tentation of my best being to effect it.

Fra. Sall I, or can I trust againe? O foole!
How naturall tis for us to be abusde!
Sall ick be sure that no satietie,
No injoying, not time shall languish your affection?

Mal. If there be ought in brayne, hart, or hand,
Can make you doubtlesse, I am your vowed servant.

Fra. Will you doe one ting for me?

Mal. Can I doe it?

Fra. Yes, yes; but ick doe not love dis same Freevill.

Mal. Well?

Fra. Nay, I do hate him.

Mal. So.

Fra. By this kisse I hate him.

Mal. I love to feele such othes; sweare againe.

Fra. No, no. Did you ever heare of any that loved at the first sight?

Mal. A thing most proper.

Fra. Now fait, I judge it all incredible untill this houre I saw you, pritty fayre-eyed yout, would you enjoy me?

Mal. Rather then my breath, even as my being.

Fra. Vel! Had ick not made a vow——

Mal. What vow?

Fra. O let me forget it; it makes us both despaire!

Mal. Deare soule, what vow?

Fra. Hah, good morrow, gentle sir; endevour to forget me, as I must be enforced to forget all men. Sweet mind rest in you.

Mal. Stay, let not thy desire burst me. O my impatient heate endures no resistance—no protraction! there is no being for me but your suddaine injoying.

Fra. I doe not love Freevil.

Mal. But what vow? what vow?

Fra. So long as Freevil lives, I must not love.

Mal. Then he—

Fra. Must—

Mal. Die!

Fra. I no there is no such vehemence in your affectes. Would I were any thing, so he were not!

Mal. Will you be mine when he is not?

Fra. Will I? Deare, deare breast, by this most zealous kisse; but I will not perswade you; but if you hate him that I loath most deadly; yet as you please—i'le perswade noting.

Mal. Will you be onely mine?

Fra. Vill I? How hard tis for true love to dissemble. I am onely yours.

Mal. 'Tis as irrevocable as breath. He dyes. Your love?

Fra. My vow, not untill hee be dead,
Which that I may be sure not to infringe,
Dis token of his death sall satisfie.
He has a ring, as deare as the ayre to him;
His new loves gift: tat got and brought to me,
I shall assured your professed rest.

Mal. To kill a man?

Fra. O! done safely; a quarrell suddain pickt,
With an advantage strike—then bribe—a little coyne,
Al 's safe, deare soule; but I 'le not set you on.

Mal. Nay, hee is gone—the ring? Well, come, little more liberall of thy love.

Fra. Not yet; my vow.

Mal. O Heaven! there is no hell but loves prolongings. Deare, farewell.

Fra. Farewell. Now does my hart swell high, for my revenge
Has birth and forme; first friend sal kill his friend.
He dat survives I'le hang; besides de
Chast Beatrice I'le vexe. Onely de ring:
Dat got, the world sall know the worst of evils—
"Woman corrupted, is the worst of devils." [*Exit* Fra.

Mal. To kill my friend! O! tis to kill my selfe;
Yet mans but mans excrement—man breeding man
As he do's wormes; or this, to spoile this nothing. [*He spits.*
The body of a man is of the selfe-same soule
As oxe or horse; no murther to kill these.
As for that onely part which makes us man,
Murther wants power to toucht. O wit, how vile;
How hellish art thou, when thou raisest nature
Gainst sacred faith! Thinke more to kill a friend
To gaine a woman, to loose a vertuous selfe,

For appetite and sensual end, whose very having
Looseth all appetite, and gives satietie!
That corporall end, remorse and inward blushinges
Forcing us loath the steame of our owne heates,
Whilste friendship closde in vertue, being spiritual,
Tastes no such languishinges and moments pleasure,
With much repentance, but like rivers flow,
And further that they runne, they bigger grow.
Lord, how was I misgone? how easie 'tis to erre,
When passion wil not give us leave to thinke!
"A learn'd that is an honest man, may feare;
And lust, and rage, and malice, and any thing,
When he is taken uncollected suddenly.
'Tis sinne of colde blood, mischiefe with wak'd eyes,
That is the damned and the truely vice;
Not he that 's passionles, but he 'bove passion's wise."
My friend shall know it all. [*Exit.*

Enter Maister MULLIGRUB *and Mistresse* MULLIGRUB, *shee with bag of money.*

Mist. Mul. It is right, I assure you, just fifteene pounds.

Mul. Well, Cocledemoy, tis thou putst me to this charge; but and I catch thee, I'le charge thee with as many irons. Well, is the barbar come? Ile be trimd, and then to Cheapeside to buy a faire peece of plate, to furnish the losse. Is the barbar come?

Mist. Mul. Truth, husband, surely Heaven is not pleasde with our vocation. We do winke at the sinnes of our people. Our wines are Protestantes; and I speake it to my griefe, and to the burthen of my conscience, we frie our fish with salt butter. [*Exit.*

Mul. Goe, looke to your busines; mend the matter, and skore false with a vengeance.

Enter COCLEDEMOY *like a barbar.*

Welcome, friend, whose man?

Coc. Widdow Raine-scures man; and shall please your good worship, my name 's Andrew Sharke.

M. Mul. How do's my god-sonne, good Andrew?

Coc. Very well, hee 's gone to trim M. Quicquid, our parson. Hold up your head.

Mul. How long have you been a barbar, Andrew?

Coc. Not long, sir; this two yeare.

Mul. What! and a good worke man already? I dare scarse trust my heade to thee.

Coc. O, feare not; we ha polde better men than you; we learn the trade very quickly. Will your worship be shaven or cut?

Mul. As you will. What trade didst live by before thou turnedst barbar, Andrew?

Coc. I was a pedler in Germany; but my countrimen thrive better by this trade.

Mul. Wha 's the newes, barbar; thou art sometimes at court.

Coc. Sometimes pole a page or so, sir.

Mul. And what's the newes? How doe all my good lordes and all my good ladies, and all the rest of my acquaintance?

Coc. What an arrogant knave 's this! Ile acquaintance yee (tis cash), say yee, sir! [*Hee spieth the bag.*

Mul. And what newes—what newes, good Andrew?

Coc. Marry, sir, you know the Conduit at Greenwich, and the under-holes that spowtes up water?

Mul. Very well; I was washt there one day, and so

was my wife—you might have wrung her smocke, ifaith! But what a those holes?

Coc. Thus, sir. Out of those little holes, in the midst of the night, crawlde out twenty-four huge, horrible, monstrous, fearefull, devouring ——

Mul. Blesse us!

Coc. Serpents, which no sooner were beheld, but they turnd to mastives, which howlde; those mastives instantly turnde to cockes, which crowed; those cockes, in a moment, were changde to beares, which roard; which beares are at this hower to be yet seene in Paris Garden, living upon nothing but toasted cheese and greene onions.

Mul. By the Lord! and this may be, my wife and I will go see them. This portends something.

Coc. Yes, worshipfull fiest, thou'st feele what portendes by and by.

Mul. And what more newes? You shave the worlde—especially you barbar surgeons—you know the ground of many thinges. You are cunning privie searchers: by the mas, you skowre all. What more newes?

Coc. They say, sir, that twenty-five coople of Spanish Jennetes are to be seene, hand in hand, daunce the olde measures, whilest sixe goodly Flaunders mares play to them on a noyse of flutes.

Mul. O monstrous! this is a lie a my word. Nay, and this bee not a lie—I am no foole, I warrant—nay, make an asse of mee once?

Coc. Shut your eyes close—wincke; sure, sir, this bal wil make you smart.

Mul. I do winke.

Coc. Your head will take cold;

[Cocledemoy *puts on a coxecombe on* Mulligrubs head.

I will put on your good worships night-cap whilest I shave you. So, mum, hang toastes. Faugh, *viah!* sparrowes must pecke and Cocledemoy munch.

Mul. Ha, ha, ha! Twenty-five couple of Spanish Jennets to daunce the olde measures! Andrew makes my worshippe laugh, ifaith. Dost take me for an asse, Andrew?—dost know one Cocledemoy in towne? He made mee an asse last night, but ile asse him! Art thou free, Andrew? Shave me well—I shall bee one of the common councell shortly—and then, Andrew—Why, Andrew, Andrew, doest leave me in the suddes?

CANTAT.

Why, Andrew, I shall be blinde with winking. Ha! Andrew—wife—Andrew, what meanes this? Wife!—my money, wife!

Enter Mistresse MULLIGRUBBE.

Mist. Mul. What's the noyse with you? What aile you?

Mul. Wheres the barbar?

Mrs. Mul. Gone. I saw him depart long since. Why are not you trimd?

Mul. Trimd! O wife! I am shav'd. Did you take hence the money?

Mrs. Mul. I toucht it not, as I am religious.

Mul. O Lord! I have winkt faire.

Enter HOLOFERNES.

Hol. I pray, godfather, give me your blessing.

Mul. O Holofernes—O wheres thy mothers Andrew?

Hol. Blessing, godfather?

Mul. The divell choake thee! where's Andrew, thy mothers man?

Hol. My mother hath none such, forsooth.

Mul. My money—fifteen poundes—plague of all Andrewes! who wast trimd me?

Hol. I know not, godfather; onelie one mette me, as I was comming to you, and borrowed my furniture, as he saide, for a jest sake.

Mul. What kinde of fellow?

Hol. A thick, elderly, stub-bearded fellow.

Mul. Cocledemoy, Cocledemoy! Raise all the wise men in the streete! Ile hang him with mine owne hands! O wife! some *rosa solis.*

Mrs. Mul. Good husband, take comfort in the Lord; Ile play the devil, but Ile recover it. Have a good conscience, 'tis but a week's cutting in the terme!

Mul. O, wife! O, wife! O, Jacke! how does thy mother? Is there any fidlers in the house?

Mrs. Mul. Yes, M. Creakes noyse.

Mul. Bid 'em play, laugh, make merry; cast up my accountes, for ile go hang my selfe presently. I will not curse, but a poxe on Cocledemoy; he has polde and shavde me, he has trimd me. [*Exeunt.*

ACTUS TERTIUS.

SCENA PRIMA.

Enter BEATRICE, CRISPINELL, *and Nurs* PUTIFER.

Put. NAY, good child, a love once more; M. Freevils sonnet, a the kisse you gave him.

Bea. Sha'te, good nurse:
Purest lips soft banks of blisses,
Selfe alone deserving kisses;
O give me leave to, &c.

Cri. Pish! sister Beatrice; pree thee reade no more my stomacke alate stands against kissing extreamly.

Bea. Why, good Crispinella?

Cri. By the faith and trust I beare to my face, tis grown one of the most unsavorie ceremonies: boddy a beautie! tis one of the most unpleasing injurious, customes to ladyes: any fellow that has but one nose on his face, and standing collor and skirtes also linde with taffety sarcenet, must salute us on the lipps as familierly. Soft skins save us! there was a stubbearded John, a stile with a ploydens face, saluted me last day, and stroke his bristles through my lippes; I ha spent ten shillings in pomatum since, to skinne them againe. Marry, if a nobleman or a knight with one locke vissit us, though his uncleane goose-turnd-greene teeth, ha the palsy, his nostrels smell

worse then a putrified maribone, and his loose beard drops into our bosome, yet wee must kisse him with a cursy, a curse; for my part, I had as live they would break wynd in my lipps.

Bea. Fy, Crispinella, you speake too broad.

Cri. No jot, sister; lets neere be ashamed to speake what we be not ashamd to thinke: I dare as boldly speake venery as think venery.

Bea. Faith, sister! ile begone if you speake so broad.

Cri. Will you so? Now bashfulnes seaz you, we pronounce boldly, robbery, murder, treason, which deedes must needes be far more lothsome then an act which is so naturall, just, and necessary, as that of procreation; you shall have an hipocriticall vestall virgin speake that with close teeth publikely, which she will receive with open mouth privately; for my owne part, I consider nature without apparell; without disguising of custome or complement, I give thoughts wordes, and wordes truth, and truth boldnes; she whose honest freenes makes it her vertue to speake what she thinks will make it her necessity to thinke what is good. I love no prohibited things, and yet I would have nothing prohibited by policy, but by vertue; for as in the fashion of time, those bookes that are cald in are most in sale and request, so in nature those actions that are most prohibited are most desired.

Bea. Good, quick sister, stay your pace, we are privat; but the world would censure you, for truly severe modesty is womens vertue.

Cri. Fye, fye! vertue is a free, pleasant, buxom qualitie. I love a constant countenance well; but this froward ignorant coynes, sower austere lumpish uncivill privatenes, that promises nothing but rough skins and hard stooles;

ha! fy ont, good for nothing but for nothing. Well, nurse, and what do you conceave of all this?

Put. Nay, faith, my conceaving dayes be done. Marry for kissing, ile defend that; thats within my compas; but for my own part, heers Mistres Beatrice is to be married, with the grace of God; a fine gentleman he is shall have her, and I warrant a stronge; he has a legg like a post, a nose like a lion, a brow like a bull, and a beard of most faire expectation: this weeke you must marry him, and I now will read a lecture to you both, how you shall behave your selves to your husbands the first monneth of your nuptiall; I ha broake my skull about it, I can tell you, and there is much braine in it.

Cri. Read it to my sister, good nurse, for I assure you ile nere marry.

Put. Marry, God forfend, what will you doe then?

Cri. Fayth, strive against the flesh. Marry! no fayth, husbands are like lotts in the lottery: you may drawe forty blankes before you finde one that has any prise in him. A husband generally is a careles, dominering thing, that growes like coroll, which as long as it is under water is soft and tender, but as soone as it has got his branch above the waves is presently hard, stiffe, not to be bowed but burst; so when your husband is a sutor and under your choyse, Lord how suple hee is, how obsequious, how at your service, sweet lady. Once married, got up his head above, a stiffe, crooked, knobby, inflexible tyrannous creature he grows; then they turne like water, more you would imbrace the lesse you hould. Ile live my owne woman, and if the worst come to the worst, I had rather proove a wagge then a foole.

Bea. O, but a vertuous marriage.

Cri. Vertuous marrige? there is no more affinity betwixt vertue and marriage then betwixt a man and his horse; indeed vertue getts up uppon marriage sometimes, and manageth it in the right way; but marriage is of another peece, for as a horse may be without a man, and a man without a horse, so marriage, you know, is often without vertue, and vertue, I am sure, more oft without marriage. But thy match, sister—by my troth I thinke twill do well; hees a well-shapt, cleane-lipp'd gentleman, of a handsome, but not affected, finenes, a good faithfull eye, and a well-humord cheeke; would he did not stoope in the shoulders for thy sake. See, here he is.

Enter FREEVILL *and* TISSEFEW.

Free. Good day, sweete,

Cri. Good morrow, brother; nay, you shall have my lip. Good morrow, servant.

Tis. Good morrow, sweete life.

Cri. Life! dost call thy mistres life?

Tis. Life! yes, why not life?

Cri. How many mistresses hast thou?

Tis. Some nine.

Cri. Why then thou hast nine lives, like a cat.

Tis. Mew, you would be taken up for that.

Cri. Nay, good, let me still sit; we lowe statures love still to sit, least when we stand we may be supposed to sit.

Tis. Dost not weare high corke shooes—chopines?

Cri. Monstrous on's! I am, as many other are, peec'd above and peec'd beneath.

Tis. Still the best part in the——

Cri. And yet all will scarce make me so high as one of the gyants stilts that stalkes before my Lord Maiors pageant.

Tis. By the Lord, so I thought 'twas for some thing Mistres Joyce jested at thy high insteps.

Cri. She might well inough, and long inough, before I would be ashamed of my shortnes: what I made or can mend my self I may blush at; but what nature put upon me, let her be ashamed for me, I ha nothing to doe with it. I forget my beauty.

Tis. Fayth, Joyce is a foolish bitter creature.

Cri. A pretty mildewed wench she is.

Tis. And faire—

Cri. As my selfe!

Tis. O you forget your beauty now.

Cri. Troth, I never remember my beauty, but as some men doe religion, for controversies sake.

Bea. A motion, sister.

Cri. Ninivie, Julius Ceasar, Jonas, or the distruction of Jerusalem.

Bea. My love heere!

Cri. Pree thee call him not love, 'tis the drabs phrase; nor sweete honie, nor my cunny, nor deare duckling, 'tis the cittizen termes, but call him——

Bea. What?

Cri. Anithing. What'st the motion?

Bea. You know this night our parents have intended solemnly to contract us, and my love, to grace the feast, hath promised a maske.

Free. You'le make one, Tysefue, and Caqueture shall fill up a rome.

Tis. Fore heaven, well remembred; he borrowed a diamond of me last night to grace his finger in your visitation. The lying creature will sweare some straung thing on it now.

Enter CAQUETEUR.

Cri. Peace, he 's here; stand close, lurke.

Caq. Good morrow, most deere, and worthy to be most wise. How do's my mistresse?

Cri. Morrow, sweete servant; you glister. Pree thee, let 's see that stone?

Caq. A toy, lady, I bought to please my finger.

Cri. Why, I am more pretious to you than your finger.

Caq. Yes, or than all my body, I sweare.

Cri. Why, then let it be bought to please me; come, I am no professed beggar.

Caq. Troth, mistresse! Zoones! Forsooth, I protest!

Cri. Nay, if you turne Protestant for such a toy.

Caq. In good deed, la; another time Ile give you a——

Cri. Is this yours to give?

Caq. O God! forsooth mine, quoth you; nay, as for that——

Cri. Now I remember, I ha seene this on my servant Tisefewes finger.

Caq. Such another.

Cri. Nay, I am sure this is it.

Caq. Troth, tis forsooth. The poore fellow wanted money to pay for supper last night, and so pawnd it to mee; tis a pawne, ifaith, or else you should have it.

Tise. Harke ye, thou base lying. How dares thy impudence hope to prosper? Wer't not for the priviledge of this respected companie, I would so bange thee.

Cri. Come hether, servant. What 's the matter betwixt you two?

Caq. Nothing; but hearke you, he did me some uncivile discourtesies last night; for which, because I should not

call him to account, hee desires to make me any satisfaction. The coward trembles at my verie presence; but I ha him on the hippe; Ile take the forfeit on his ringe.

Tise. What 's that you whisper to her?

Caq. Nothing, sir; but satisfie her that the ringe was not pawnd, but onely lent by you to grace my finger; and so tould her I crav'd pardon for being too familiar, or indeed over-bould with your reputation.

Cri. Yes, indeede, he did. He said you desired to make him any satisfaction for an uncivill discourtesie you did him last night; but he said he had you a the hyp, and would take the forfeit of your ring.

Tise. How now, ye base pultrone?

Caq. Hold! hold! my mistresse speakes by contraries.

Tise. Contraries!

Caq. She jests—faith, onely jests.

Cri. Sir, Ile no more a your service—you are a childe—Ile give you my nurse.

Put. And he come to me, I can tell you, as olde as I am, what to doe with him.

Caq. I offer my service, forsooth.

Tise. Why so? Now, every dogge has his bone to knawe on.

Fre. The maske holds, Master Caqueteur.

Cac. I am ready, sir. Mistresse, Ile daunce with you, neere feare—Ile grace you.

Put. I tell you, I can my singles and my doubles, and my tricke a xxtie—my carantapace—my traverse forward—and my falling backe yet, ifaith.

Bea. Mine! The provision for the night is ours.
Much must be our care, till night we leave you;
I am your servant, be not tirannous.

Your vertue wan me; faith, my loves not lust;
Good, wrong me not; my most fault is much trust.

Fre. Untill night onely, my heart be with you. Farewell, sister.

Cri. Adieu, brother. Come on, sister, for these sweete meates.

Fre. Lets meete and practise presently.

Tise. Content; weele but fit our pumpes. Come, ye pernitious vermine. [*Exeunt.*

Enter MALHEUERUS.

Fre. My friend, wished houres! What newes from Babilon?
How dos the woman of sinne and naturall concupisence?

Mal. The eldest child of nature nere beheld
So dam'd a creature.

Fre. What! *In nova fert animus mutatas dicere formas?* Which way beares the tyde?

Mal. Deare loved sir, I finde a minde courageously vitious may put on a desperate securitie; but can never bee blessed with a firme injoying and selfe-satisfaction.

Fre. What passion is this, my deare Lindabridis?

Mal, Tis well; we both may jest; I ha been tempted to your death.

Fre. What, is the rampant cocatrice growne mad for the losse of hir men?

Mal. Devilishly mad.

Fre. As most assured of my second love.

Mal. Right.

Fre. She would have had this ring.

Mal. I, and this heart; and in true proofe you were slaine, I should bring her this ring, from which she was assured

You would not part untill from life you parted;
For which deede, and onely for which deede, I should possesse her sweetnesse.

Fre. O! bloody villaines! Nothing is defamed but by his proper selfe. Physitions abuse remedies; lawyers spoyle the lawe; and women onely shame women. You ha vow'd my death!

Mal. My lust, not I, before my reason would; yet I must use her. That I, a man of sense, should conceive endelesse pleasure in a body whose soule I know to be so hideously blacke!

Fre. That a man at twentie-three should cry, O sweete pleasure! and at fortie-three should sigh, O sharpe poxe! But consider man furnished with omnipotence, and you overthrowe him; thou must coole thy impatient appetite. 'Tis fate, 'tis fate!

Mal. I doe malign my creation that I am subject to passion. I must injoy her.

Fre. I have it, marke. I give a maske to-night
To my loves kindred; in that thou shalt goe.
In that we two make shew of falling out.
Give seeming challenge—instantly depart,
With some suspition to present fight.
Wee will be seene as going to our swords;
And after meeting, this ring, onely lent,
Ile lurke in some obscure place, till rumor
(The common bawde to loose suspitions)
Have fayned me slaine, which (in respect my selfe
Will not bee found, and our late seeming quarrell)
Will quickly sound to all as earnest truth.
Then to thy wench, protest me surely dead.
Shew her this ring, injoy her, and bloud colde
Weele laugh at folly.

Mal. O but thinke of it.

Fre. Thinke of it; come away; vertue let sleepe thy passions;

" What old times held as crimes, are now but fashions."

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Master GARNISH *and* LIONELL. *Master* MULLIGRUBBE, *with a standing cup in his hand, and an obligation in the other.* COCLEDEMOY *stands at the other dore, disguised like a French pedler, and overhears them.*

Mul. I am not at this time furnished; but ther's my bond for your plate.

Gar. Your bill had ben sufficient. Y' are a good man. A standing cup parcell guilt, of thirty-two ounces, eleven pound seven shillings, the first of July. Good plate—good man—good day—good all.

Mul. Tis my hard fortune; I will hang the knave. No, first he shall halfe rot in fetters in the dungeon—his conscience made despairfull. He hyre a knave a purpose—shall assure him he is damn'd; and after see him with mine own eyes, hanged without singing any psalme. Lord, that hee has but one necke!

Gar. You are too tyrannous; you'le use me no further.

Mul. No, sir; lend me your servant, onely to carry the plate home. I have occasion of an houres absence.

Gar. With easie consent, sir, hast and be carefull.

[*Exit* Gar.

Mul. Be very carefull, I pray thee—to my wifes owne hands.

Lio. Secure your selfe, sir.

Mul. To her owne hand!

Lio. Feare not, I have delivered greater thinges than this to a woman's owne hand.

Coc. Mounsier, please you to buy a fine delicate ball, sweet ball—a camphyer ball?

Mul. Pre thee, away!

Coc. One a ball to skower—a skowring ball—a ball to be shaved.

Mul. For the love of God! talke not of shaving. I have been shaved—michiefe and a thousand divells cease him!—I have been shaved! [*Exit* Mulligrubs.

Coc. The fox growes fat when he is cursed—ile shave ye, smother yet. Turd on a tile stone! my lips have a kinde of rhewme at this bole. Ile hav't—Ile gargalise my throate with this vintner, and when I have don with him, spit him out. Ile shark! Conscience does not repine. Were I to bite an honest gentleman, a poore grogaran poet, or a penurious parson that had but ten pigs tayles in a twelvemonth, and, for want of lerning had but one good stoole in a fortnight, I were damd beyond the workes of superarrogation; but to wring the whythers of my gowtie barmd spiggod-frigging jumbler of elements, Mulligrub, I hold it as lawfull as sheepe-shearing, taking egges from hens, caudels from asses, or butterd shrimps frm horses—they make no use of them, were not provided for them. And, therefore, worshipfull Cocledemoy, hang toasts! On, in grace and vertue to proceed, onely beware, beware degrees. There be rounds in a ladder, and knots in a halter; ware carts, hang toasts, the comon counsell has decreed it. I must drawe a lot for the great goblet.

[*Exit.*

Enter Mistresse MULLIGRUB, *and* LIONELL *with a goblet.*

Mrs. Mul. Nay, I pray you, stay and drinke; and how do's your mistresse? I know her verie well—I have been inward with her, and so has many more. She was ever a good, patient creature, yfaith! With all my hart, ile remember your master, an honest man. He knew me before I was maryed! An honest man hee is, and a crafty. Hee comes forward in the world well, I warrant him; and his wife is a proper woman, that she is. Well, she has ben as proper a woman as any in Cheape. She paints now, and yet she keeps her husbands old customers to him still. In troth, a fine-fac'd wife, in a wainscot-carved seat, is a worthy ornament to a tradesman shop, and an atractive, I warrant; her husband shall finde it in the custome of his ware, Ile assure him. God bee with you, good youth; I acknowledge the receit. [*Exit* Lion.] I acknowledge all the receit—sure, tis very well spoken—I acknowledge the receit. Thus tis to have good education, and to bee brought up in a taverne. I doe keepe as gallant and as good companie, though I say it, as any she in London. Squiers, gentlemen, and knightes diet at my table, and I doe lend some of them money; and full many fine men goe upon my score, as simple as I stand heere, and I trust them; and truely they verie knightly and courtly promise faire, give me verie good words, and a peece of flesh when time of yere serves. Nay, though my husband be a citizen, and 's caps made of wooll, yet I ha wit, and can see my good assoone as another, for I have all the thankes; my silly husband, alasse! hee knowes nothing of it; tis I that beare—tis I that must beare a braine for all.

Coc. Faire hower to you, mistresse!

Mrs. Mul. Faire hower!—fine terme!—faith, Ile score it up anone. A beautifull thought to you, sir.

Coc. Your husband, and my maister, Mr. Garnish, has sent you a jole of fresh salmon, and they both will come to dinner to season your new cup with the best wine, which cup your husband intreats you to send backe by mee, that his armes may bee grav'd a the side, which he forgot before it was sent.

Mrs. Mul. By what token are you sent?—by no token? Nay, I have wit.

Coc. He sent me by the same token, that he was dry shaved this morning.

Mrs. Mul. A sad token, but true. Here, sir, I pray you commend me to your master, but especially to your mistresse. Tell them they shall be most sincerely welcome. [*Exit.*

Coc. Shall be most sincerely welcome! Worshipfull Cocledemoy, lurke close. Hang toasts! Be not ashamed of thy qualitie! Every mans turd smels well in's owne nose. Vanish, Foyst! [*Exit.*

Enter Mrs. MULLIGRUB, *with servants and furniture for the table.*

Mrs. Mul. Come, spread these table diaper napkins, and—do you heare—perfume this parlour, do's so smell of prophane tobacco. I could never endure this ungodly tobacco, since one of our elders assured me, upon his knowledge, tobacco was not used in the congregation of the family of love. Spread, spread handsomely—Lord! these boyes doe things arsie varsie—you shew your bringing up. I was a gentlewoman by my sisters side—

I can tell yee so methodically. Methodically! I wonder where I got that word? O! Sir Aminadab Ruth bad me kisse him methodically!—I had it somewhere, and I had it indeede.

Enter Master MULLIGRUB.

Mul. Mind, be not desperate; Ile recover all.
All thinges with me shall seeme honest that can be profitable.
He must nere winch that would or thrive, or save—
To be cald nigard, cuckold, cut-throat, knave!

Mrs. Mul. Are they come, husband?

Mul. Who?—what?—how now? What feast towards in my private parlour?

Mrs. Mul. Pray leave your foolerie! What, are they come?

Mul. Come—who come?

Mrs. Mul. You need not mak't so strange!

Mul. Strange?

Mrs. Mul. I, strange. You know no man that sent we word that he and his wife would come to dinner to me, and sent this jole of fresh salmon before hand?

Mul. Peace—not I—peace! The messenger hath mistaken the house; lets eat it up quickly before it be enquir'd for. Sit to it—som vineger—quicke! Some good luck yet. Faith, I never tasted salmon relisht better! Oh! when a man feeds at other mens cost!

Mrs. Mul. Other mens cost! Why, did not you send this jole of salmon?

Mul. No.

Mrs. Mul. By Master Garnish man?

Mul. No.

Mrs. Mul. Sending me word that he and his wife would come to dinner to me?

Mul. No, no.

Mrs. Mul. To season my new bowle?

Mul. Bowle!

Mrs. Mul. And withall wild me to send the bowle backe?

Mul. Backe!

Mrs. Mul. That you might have your armes grav'd on the side?

Mul. Ha!

Mrs. Mul. By the same token you were drie shaven this morning before you went forth.

Mul. Pah! how this sammon stinkes!

Mrs. Mul. And thereupon sent the bowle backe, prepar'd dinner—nay, and I bare not a braine.

Mul. Wife, doe not vexe me! Is the bowle gone?—is it deliver'd?

Mist. Mul. Delivered! Yes, sure, tis delivered.

Mul. I will never more say my prayers. Doe not make mee madde; tis common. Let me not crie like a woman. Is it gone?

Mist. Mul. Gone? Good is my witnesse, I delivered it with no more intention to be cozend on 't, than the child new borne; and yet ——

Mul. Looke to my house! I am haunted with evill spirites! Here mee; doe heare me. If I have not my goblet againe, Heaven! I'le to the divell,—I'le to a conjurer. Looke to my house! I'le raise all the wise men ithe streete.

Mist. Mul. Deliver us! What wordes are these? I trust in God hee is but drunke, sure.

Enter COCLEDEMOY.

Coc. I must have the sammon to, worship. Cocledemoy, now for the master-peece. God blesse thy necke-peece, and fowtra, faire mistresse, my master.

Mist. Mul. Have I caught you?—what, Roger?

Coc. Peace, good mistres. I'le tell you all. A jest; a verie mere jest: your husband onely tooke sport to fright you:—the bowl's at my masters; and there is your husband, who sent me in all hast, least you should be over frighted with his fayning, to come to dinner to him.

Mist. Mul. Praise Heaven it is no worse.

Coc. And desired me to desire you to send the jole of sammon before, and your selfe to come after to them; my mistresse would be right glad to see you.

Mist. Mul. I pray carry it. Now thanke them entierly. Blesse me, I was never so out of my skinne in my life: pray thanke your mistresse most entirely.

Coc. So now, Figo, worshipfull Mall Fough, and I, will monch cheaters and bawds; go together, like washing and wringing. [*Exit.*

Mist. Mul. Beshrew his heart for his labor, how every thing about me quivers. What, Christian! my hat and aprone: here, take my sleeves. And how I tremble! so Ile gossope it now for 't; thats certaine, here has been revolutions and false fiers indeed.

Enter MULLIGRUB.

Mul. Whether now?—whats the matter with you now?—whether are you a gadding?

Mist. Mul. Come, come, play the foole no more. Will you goe?

Mul. Whether, in the ranke name of madnesse,—whether?

Mist. Mul. Whether?—why to Mayster Garnish, to eate the jowle of salmon. Lord, how strange you make it!

Mul. Why so?—why so?

Mist. Mul. Why so? Why, did not you send the selfesame fellow for the jole of salmon that had the cup?

Mul. Tis well,—tis very well.

Mist. Mul. And wild me to come and eate it with you at the goldsmithes?

Mul. O, I, I, I,—art in thy right wits?

Mist. Mul. Doe you heare?—make a foole of some body else; and you make an asse of me, Ile make an oxe of you,—do ye see?

Mul. Nay, wife, be patient; for, looke you, I may be madde, or drunke, or so; for my owne part, though you can bear more then I, yet I can do well. I will not cursse nor cary, but Heaven knows what I thinke. Come, lets goe heare some musicke; I will never more say my praiers. Lets goe heare some dolefull musicke. Nay, if Heaven forget to prosper knaves, Ile goe no more to the synagogue. Now I am discontented, Ile turne sectarie; that is fashion. [*Exeunt.*

ACTUS QUARTUS.

SCENA PRIMA.

Enter Sir HUBERT SUBBOYSE, *Sir* LYONELL FREVILE, CRISPINELLA; *Servants, with lightes.*

Sir Hub. MORE lights! Welcome, Sir Lyonell Frevile! brother Frevile, shortly. Looke to your lights!

Serv. The maskers are at hand.

Sir Lyo. Call downe our daughter. Harke! they are at hande: ranke handsomly.

Enter the Masquers; they daunce. Enter MALHEUREUS, *and takes* BEATRICE *from* FREVILE: *they draw.*

Fre. Know, sir, I have the advantage of the place;
You are not safe: I would deale even with you.

Mal. So. [*They exchange gloves as pledges.*

Fre. So.

Bea. I doe beseech you, sweet, do not for me provoke your fortune.

Sir Lyo. What sodaine flaw is risen?

Sir Hub. From whence coms this?

Fre. An ulcer, long time lurking, now is burst.

Sir Hub. Good sir, the time and your deseigns are soft.

Bea. I, deare sir, councell him, advise him; twill rellish well
From your carving. Good, my sweet, rest safe.

Fre. Als wel! als wel!—this shall be ended straight.

Sir Hub. The banquet staies;—there weele discourse more large.

Fre. Marriage must not make men cowards.

Sir Lyo. Nor rage fooles.

Sir Hub. "Tis valor not where heat but reason rules."

[*Exeunt, onely* Tissefu *and* Crispin. *stay.*

Tis. But do you heare, lady?—you proud ape, you! What was the jest you brake of me even now?

Cris. Nothing. I onely saide you were all mettle;—that you had a brazen face, a leaden braine, and a copper beard.

Tis. Quicksilver,—thou little more then a dwarfe, and something lesse then a woman.

Cris. A wispe! a wispe! a wispe!—will you go to the banquet?

Tis. By the Lord, I thinke thou wilt marry shortly too; thou growest somewhat foolish already.

Cris. O, I faith, tis a faire thing to be married, and a necessary. To hear this word, *must!* If our husbands be proud, we must bear his contempt; if noysome, we must beare with the gote under his armeholes; if a foole, we must beare his bable; and, which is worse, if a loose liver, wee must live uppon unholsome reversions. Where, on the contrary side, our husbands—because they may, and we must—care not for us. Thinges hop'd with feare, and got with struglings, are mens high pleasures, when duety pales and flattes their appetite.

Tis. What a tart monkey is this! By Heaven! if thou

hadst not so much wit, I could finde in my hart to marry thee. Faith, bear with me for all this!

Cris. Beare with thee? I wonder how thy mother could beare thee ten months in her bellie, when I cannot indure thee two hours in mine eie.

Tis. Alasse, for your sweet soule! By the Lorde, you are growne a proud, scurvie, apish, ydle, disdainefull, scoffing—Gods foot! because you have read Ephues and his England, Palmerin de Oliva, and the Legend of Lies!

Cris. Why, yfaith, yet servant, you of all others shoulde beare with my knowne unmalicious humors: I have alwaies in my hart given you your due respect. And Heaven may be sworne, I have privately given faire speach of you, and protested ——

Tis. Nay, looke you; for my owne part, if I have not as religiously vowd my hart to you,—been drunke to your health, swalowd flap-dragons, eate glasses, drunke urine, stabd armes, and don all the offices of protested gallantrie for your sake; and yet you tell me I have a brazen face, a leaden braine, and a copper bearde! Come, yet, and it please you.

Cris. No, no;—you do not love me.

Tis. By ( ) but I do now; and whosoever dares say that I do not love you, nay, honour you, and if you would vouchsafe to marrie ——

Cris. Naie, as for that, thinke ont as you will, but Gods my record,—and my sister knowes I have taken drinke and slept uppont,—that if ever I marrie, it shall be you; and I will marrie, and yet I hope I do not saie it shall be you neither.

Tis. By Heaven, I shal be as soone wearie of health as of your injoyeng!—Will you cast a smooth cheeke upon me?

Cri. I cannot tell. I have no crumpt shoulders, my back needs no mantle, and yet marriage is honorable. Do you thinke ye shall prove a cuckold?

Tis. No, by the Lord, not I!

Cri. Why, I thanke you, yfaith.
Heigho! I slept on my backe this morning,
And dreamt the strangest dreames.
Good Lord! How things will come to passe!
Will you go to the banquet?

Tis. If you will bee mine, you shall be your owne:—my pursse, my bodie, my hart, is yours,—onlie bee silent in my house, modest at my table, and wanton in my bed;—and the Empresse of Europe cannot content, and shall not be contented, better.

Cri. Can anie kind hart speake more discreetlie affectionatelie? My fathers consent;—and as for mine ——

Tis. Then thus, and thus, so Hymen should begin;—
Sometimes a falling out proves falling in. [*Ex.*

Enter FREVILE, *speaking to some within;* MALHEREUX *at the other dore.*

Fre. As you respect my vertue, give me leave
To satisfie my reason, though not bloud.
So all runs right; our fained rage hath tane
To fullest life: they are much possest
Of force most, most all quarrell. Now, my right friend,
Resolve me with open brest, free and true hart;
Cannot thy vertue, having space to thinke
And fortifie her weakened powers with reason,
Discourses, meditations, discipline,
Divine ejaculatories, and all those aydes against devils,—

Cannot all these curbe thy lowe appetite
And sensuall furie?

Mal. "There is no God in bloud, no reason in desire."
Shall I but live? Shall I not be forc't to act
Some deed whose verie name is hydeous?

Fre. No.

Mal. Then I must enjoy Francischina.

Fre. You shall. Ile lend this ring: shew it to that faire devill.
It will resolve me dead; which rumor, with my artificiall
Absence, wil make most firme: enjoy her sodainlie.

Mal. But if report go strong that you are slaine,
And that by me,—whereon I may be seizd,—
Where shall I finde your being?

Fre. At Maister Shatewes the jewellers, to whose breast
Ile trust our secret purpose.

Mal. I rest your selfe; each man hath follies.

Fre. But those worst of all,
"Who, with a willing eie, do seeing fall."

Mal. Tis true, but truth seemes folly in madnesse spectacles. I am not now my selfe, no man: farewell.

Fre. Farewell.

Mal. "When woman 's in the hart, in the soule hell."
[*Exit* Malheureus.

Fre. Now, repentance, the fooles whip, seize thee;
Nay, if there be no meanes ile be thy friend,
But not thy vices; and with greatest sence
Ile force thee feele thy errors to the worst;
The wildest of dangers thou shalt sinke into;
No jeweller shall see me; I will lurke
Where none shall know or thinke, close ile withdraw,

And leave thee with two friendes—a whore and knave;
But is this vertue in me? No, not pure,
Nothing extreamely best with us endures;
No use in simple purities; the elementes
Are mixt for use; silver without alay
Is all to eager to be wrought for use:
Nor precise vertues, ever purely good,
Holdes usefull size with temper of weake bloud:
Then let my course be borne, tho' with side-wind,
The end being good, the meanes are well assingd. [*Exit.*

Enter FRANCHISCHINA *melancholy*, COCKLEDEMOY *leading her.*

Coc. Come, catafugo Franck a Franck-hall, who, who ho!
Excellent! Ha, heers a plump rumpt wench, with a breast
Softer then a courtyers tongue, an old ladies gums,
Or an old mans *mentula.* My fine rogue——
Fra. Pah, you poultron!
Coc. Gooddy fiste, flumpum pumpum; a, my fine wagtaile,
Thou art as false, as prostituted, and adulcerate
As some translated manuscript. Busse fayre, whore, busse?
Fra. Gods sacramant, pox!
Coc. *Hadamoy key,* dost thou frowne, *medianthon teukey?*
Nay, look heer. *Numeron key,* silver *blithefor cany,*
Os cany goblet: *us key ne moy blegefoy oteeston pox*
On you gosling!
Fra. By me fait, dis bin verie fine langage; ick sall bush ye now; ha, be garzon, vare had you dat plate?

Coc. Hedemoy key, get you gon, punck rampant, *key*, common up-taile!

Enter MARY FOUGH *in hast.*

Mar. O daughter, cozen, neece, servant, mistresse!

Coc. Humpum, plumpum squat, I am gone.

[*Exit* Cocledemoy.

Mar. There is one M. Malhereux at the dore desires to see you. He saies he must not be denide, for he hath sent this ring; and withall saies tis done.

Fra. Vat sall me do now, Gods sacramant! Tell him two howers hence he sall be most affectionatlie velcome; tell him (vat sal me do?), tel him ick am bin in my bate, and ick sall perfume my feetes, mak a mine bodie so delicate for his arme, two houres hence.

Mar. I shall satisfie him two houres hence well.

[*Exit* Mary.

Fra. Now ick sall revange; hay, begar, me sal tartar de whole generation! Mine braine vorke it. Frevile is dead, Malhareux sall hang; and mine rivall, Beatrice, ick sall make run madde.

Enter MARY FAUGH.

Mar. Hees gone, forsooth, to eate a cawdle of cockstones, and will returne within this two houres.

Fra. Verie vel, give monis to some fellow to squire me; ick sal go abroad.

Mar. Thers a lustie *bravo* beneath, a stranger, but a good stale rascall. He sweares valiantlie, kicks a bawd right vertuously, and protestes with an emptie pocket right desperately. Heele squier you.

Fra. Very velcom; mine fan; ick sall retorne presantly. Now sal me be revange; ten tousant devla! der sall be no got in me but passion, no tought but rage, no mercie but bloud, no spirit but divla in me. Dere sal noting tought good for me, but dat is mischievous for others.

[*Exit.*

Enter Sir HUBERT, *Sir* LYONELL, BEATRICE, CRISPINELLA, *and* NURSE, TISSEFEW *following.*

Sir Ly. Did no one see him since? pray God, nay, all is well. A litle heat, what, he is but withdrawne? and yet I would to God!—but feare you nothing.

Bea. Pray God that all be well, or would I were not!

Tys. Hees not to be found, sir, any where.

Sir Ly. You must not make a heavy face presage an ill event. I like your sister well, shees quick and lively: would she woulde marry, faith.

Cri. Marry, nay and I would marry: methinks an old mans a quiet thing.

Sir Ly. Ha, masse, and so he is.

Cri. You are a widdower?

Sir Ly. That I am, I faith, faire Crisp.; and I can tell you, would you affect me, I have it in me yet, Ifaith.

Cri. Troth I am in love; let me see your hand: would you cast your selfe away upon me willingly?

Sir Ly. Will I? I, by the——

Cri. Woulde you be a cockould willingly? By my troath tis a comely, fine, and handsome sight, for one of my yeeres to marry an old man; truth tis restorative; what a comfortable thinge it is to thinke of her husband, to heare his venerable cough a the everlastings, to feele his rough skinne, his summer handes, and winter legges, his

almoste no eies, and assuredly no teeth, and then to thinke what she must dreame of, when she considers others happines and her owne want: tis a worthy and notorious comfortable match.

Sir Ly. Pish, pish! will you have me?

Cri. Will you assure me——

Sir Ly. Five hundred pound joynture?

Cri. That you will die within this fortnight?

Sir Ly. No, by my faith, Cris.

Cri. Then Crisp. by her faith assures you sheele have none of you.

Enter FREVILE *disguis'd like a pandor, and* FRANCISCHINA.

Fre. Beere leave, gentles and men of nightcaps, I would speak, but that here stands one is able to expresse her owne tale best.

Fra. Sir, mine speech is to you; you had a sonne, Mestre Frevile?

Sir Ly. Had, ha! and have.

Fra. No point, me am come to assure you dat on Mestre Malheureus hath killed him.

Bea. O me! wretched, wretched!

Sir Hub. Looke to our daughter.

Sir Ly. How art thou informed?

Fra. If dat it please you to go vid me, Ick sall bring you where you sall hear Malheureus vid his owne lips confesse it, and dare ye may apprehend him, and revenge your and mine loves bloud.

Sir Hub. Your loves bloud, mistresse, was he your love?

Fra. He was so, sir; let your daughter heare it: do not veep, lady; de yong man dat be slaine did not love

you, for hee still lovitt me ten tousant tousant times more deerely.

Bea. O my hart, I will love you the better; I cannot hate what he affected? O passion, O my griefe! which way wilt breake, thinke, and consume?

Cri. Peace!

Bea. Deare woes cannot speake.

Fra. For looke you, ladie, dis your ring he gave me, vid most bitter jests at your scornd kindnesse.

Bea. He did not ill not to love me, but sure hee did not well to mocke me: gentle mindes will pittie, though they cannot love; yet peace and my love sleepe with him. Unlace, good nurse; alas! I was not so ambitious of so supreme an happinesse, that he should onlie love me; twas joy enough for me, poore soule, that I only might love him.

Fra. O but to be abusde, scornde, scoft at! O ten tousand divla, by such a one, and unto such a one!

Bea. I thinke you saie not true, sister; shall we know one another in the other world?

Cri. What meanes my sister?

Bea. I would faine see him againe! O my torturd mind,
Frevile is more then dead, he is unkinde!

[*Exeunt* Beat., Crisp., *and Nurse*

Sir Hub. Convey her in, and so, sir, as you said,
Set a strong watch.

Sir Ly. I, sir, and so passe along with this same common woman; you must make it good.

Fra. Ick sall, or let me pay for his, mine bloud.

Sir Hub. Come, then, along all, with quiet speed.

Sir Ly. O fate!

Tys. O sir, be wisely sorrie, but not passionate. [*Exit.*

Manet FREVILE.

Fre. I will goe and reveale my selfe! staie, no, no,
Greefe endeeres love: Heaven! to have such a wife
Is happinesse, to breed pale envy in the saintes.
Thou worthy dove-like vergin without gall,
Cannot (that womans evill) jealousie,
Despight disgrace, nay, which is worst, contempt,
Once stirre thy faith? O truth, how few sisters hast thou!
Deere memorie, with what a suffring sweetnesse, quiet modesty,
Yet deepe affection, she receiv'd my death!
And then with what a patient, yet oppressed kindnesse,
She tooke my leudlie intimated wrongs! O the derest of heaven!
Were there but three such women in the world, two
Might be saved.
Well, I am great with expectation to what devilish end
This woman of foule soule will drive her plots;
But Providence all wicked art ore-tops;
"And impudence must know (tho stiffe as ice),
That fortune doth not always dote on vice." [*Exit.*

Enter Sir HUBERT, *Sir* LYONELL, TYSSEFUE, FRANCH., *and three with halberds.*

Sir Hub. Plant a watch there; be verie carefull sirs; the rest with us.

Tys. The heavy night growes to her depth of quiet;
Tis about mid darkenesse.

Fra. Mine shambre is hard by; Ick sall bring you to it presantment.

Sir Ly. Deepe silence. On.
Coc. (*within*). Wa, ha, ho! [*Exit.*

Enter MULLIGRUB.

Mul. It was his voice, tis he: he suppes with his cupping-glasses. Tis late; he must passe this waie: Ile ha him—Ile ha my fine boy, my worshipfull Cocledemoy; Ile moy him; he shall be hanged in lowsie linnen; Ile hire some sectary to make himan hereticke before he die! And when he is dead Ile pisse on his grave.

Enter COCLEDEMOY.

Coc. Ah, my fine puncks, good night, Franke, frailtie, fraile a Fraile-Hall! *Bonus noctes, my ubiquitari.*

Mul. Ware polling and shaving, sir.

Coc. A wolfe, a wolfe, a wolfe!

[*Exit* Cocledemoy, *leaving his cloke behind him.*

Mul. Heers something yet, a cloke, a cloke! Yet Ile after; he cannot scape the watch; Ile hang him if I have any mercy. Ile slice him. [*Exit.*

Enter COCLEDEMOY.

Con. Who goes there? Come before the constable.

Coc. Bread a God! constable, you are a watch for the devil. Honest men are robd under your nose; thers a false knave in the habit of a vintner, set upon me; he would had my purse, but I tooke me to my heeles: yet he got my cloke, a plaine stuffe cloke, poore, yet twill serve to hang him! Tis my losse, poore man that I am!

Enter MULLIGRUB *running with* COCLEDEMOYS *cloke.*

2. Maisters, we must watch better; ist not strange that knaves, drunkards, and theeves should be a brode, and yet we of the watch, scriveners, smithes, and taylors, never stur?

1. Harke, who goes there?

Mul. An honest man and a cittiezen.

2. Appeare, appeare; what are you?

Mul. A simple vintner.

1. A vintner ha! and simple; draw neerer, nerer; heers the cloke.

2. I, Maister Vintner, we know you; a plaine stuffe cloke: tis it.

1. Right, come! Oh thou varlet, doest not thou know that the wicked cannot scape the eies of the constable?

Mul. What meanes this violence? As I am an honest man I tooke the cloke——

1. As you are a knave, you tooke the cloke, we are your witnesses for that.

Mul. But, heare me, heare me; Ile tell you what I am.

2. A theefe you are.

Mul. I tell you my name is Mulligrub.

1. I will grubbe you. In with him to the stockes; there let him sit tell to-morrow morning, that Justice Quodlibet may examine him.

Mul. Why, but I tell thee ——

2. Why, but I tel thee, weele tell thee now.

Mul. Am I not mad? am I not an asse?
Why, scabs, Gods-foot! let me out.

2. I, I, let him prate; he shall find matter in us

scabs, I warrant: Gods-so, what good members of the common wealth doe wee prove!

1. Preethee, peace; lets remember our duties, and let go sleepe, in the feare of God.

[*Exeunt, having left* Mullegrub *in the stocks.*

Mul. Who goes there? Illo, ho, ho: zounds, shall I run mad—loose my wits! Shall I be hang'd? Hark; who goes there? Do not feare to be poore Mullegrub; thou hast a sure stocke now.

Enter COCLEDEMOY, *like a belman.*

Coc. The night growes old,
And many a cockould is now Wha, ha, ha, ho!
Maids on their backes
Dreame of sweet smackes, and warme: Wo, ho, ho, ho!
I must go comfort my venerable Mullegrub, I must
Fiddle him till he fyst. Fough!
Maides in your night-railes,
Looke well to your light (-)
Keepe close your lockes,
And downe your smocks;
Keepe a brode eie,
And a close thigh.
Excellent, excellent! Whose there? Now, Lord, Lord (Maister Mullegrub) deliver us! what does your worship in the stocks? I pray come out, sir.

Mul. Zounds, man, I tell thee I am lockt!

Coc. Lockt! O world! O men! O time! O night! that canst not discerne vertue and wisdome, and one of the common counsel! What is your worship in for?

Mul. For (a plague ont) suspition of fellonie.

Coc. Nay, and it be such a trifle, Lord, I could weep,

to see your good worship in this taking. Your worshippe has beene a good friend to me, and tho you have forgot me, yet I knewe your wife before she was married, and since I have found your worships dore open, and I have knockt, and God knows what I have saved: and doe I live to see your worship stockt?

Mal. Honest belman, I perceive thou knowst me;
I prethee call the watch.
Informe the constable of my reputation,
That I may no longer abide in this shamefull habitation,
And hold thee all I have about me. [*Gives him his purse.*

Coc. Tis more than I deserve, sir: let me alone for your deliverie.

Mul. Doe, and then let me alone with Cockledemoy. Ile moy him!

Coc. Maids in your ——
Maister Constable, whose that ith' stoks?

1. One for a robberie: one Mullegrub, he cals himselfe. Mullegrub? Bel-man, knowst thou him?

Coc. Know him! O, Maister Constable, what good service have you done! Know him? Hees a strong theefe; his house has beene suspected for a bawdie taverne a great while, and a receipt for cut-purses, tis most certaine. He has beene long in the blacke booke, and is he tane now?

2. Berlady, my maisters, weele not trust the stocks with him, weele have him to the justices, get a *mittimus* to Newgate presentlie. Come, sir, come on, sir.

Mul. Ha! does your rascalship yet know my worship in the end?

1. I, the end of your worship we know.

Mul. Ha! goodman constable, heeres an honest fellow can tell you what I am?

2. Tis true, sir; yare a strong theefe, hee saies, on his owne knowledge. Binde fast, binde fast! we know you. Weele trust no stocks with you. Awaie with him to the jayle instantlie.

Mul. Why, but dost heare? Bel-man, rogue, rascall, Gods! whie, but? [*The Constable drags awaie* Mulligrub.

Coc. Whie, but; wha, ha, ha! excellent, excellent! ha, my fine Cocledemoy, my vintner fistes. Ile make him fart crackers before I ha done with him; to-morrow is the daie of judgment.

Afore the Lord God, my knaverie growes unperegall;
Tis time to take a nap, untill half an houre hence.
God give your worship musicke, content, and rest.

Exeunt.

ACTUS QUINTUS.

SCENA PRIMA.

Enter FRANCISCHINA, *Sir* LYONEL, TISSEFEU, *with Officers.*

Fra. YOU bin verie velcom to mine shambra.
Sir Lyo. But, how knowe ye, how are ye assurde,
Both of the deed, and of his sure returne?
Fra. O myn-here, Ick sall tell you. Metre Malhereux
Came all bretlesse running a my shambra,
His sword all bloudie: he tel a me he had kil Frevile,
And pred a me to conceale him.
Ick flatter him, bid bring monies, he should live and lie vid me.
He went, whilst Ick (me hope vidout sins), out of mine
Mush love to Frevile, betraie him.
Sir Lyo. Feare not, tis well: good works get grace for sin. [*She conceales them behinde the curtaine.*
Fra. Dere, peace, rest dere, so softlie, all goe in.
De net is laie, now sal Ick be revenge.
If dat me knew a dog dat Frevile love,
Me would puisson him; for know de deepest hell
As a revenging womans naught so fell.

Enter MARY FOUGH.

Mar. Ho! Cosen Francke, the partie you wot of, M. Malhereux.

Fra. Bid him come up, I prede.

CANTAT SALTAQUE *cum cithera.*

Enter MALHEREUX.

Fra. O min here man, a dere liver love,
Mine ten tousant times velcom love!
Ha! by mine trat, you bin de just—vat sall me saie?
Vat seet honie name sall I call you?

Mal. Anie from you is pleasure. Come, my loving
Prettinesse, wheres thie chamber?
I long to touch your sheetes.

Fra. No, no, not yet, mine seetest soft-lipped love,
You sall not gulp downe all delights at once.
Be min-trat, dis all-fles-lovers, dis ravenous wenches
Dat sallow all downe hole, vill have all at one bit;
Fie, fie, fie! be min fait, dey do eate
Comfets vid spoones.
No, no, Ile make you chew your pleasure vit love;
"De more degrees and steps, de more delight,
De more endeered is de pleasure hight."

Mal. What, your a lerned wanton, and proceed by art?

Fra. Go, little vag, pleasure should have
A cranes long necke, to relish de ambrosia of delight.
And Ick pre de tel me, for me loves to heare of manhood
Verie mush, I fait: Ick prede—vat vas me a saieng?
Oh, Ick prede tell a me
How did you killa Metre Frevile?

Mal. Why, quareld a set purpose, drew him out,

Singled him, and, having th' advantage
Of my sword and might, ran him through and through.

Fra. Vat did you vid him van he was sticken?

Mal. I dragd him by the heeles to the next wharffe, and spurnd him in the river.

[*Those in ambush rusheth forth and take him.*

Sir Lyo. Seize, seize him: O monsterous! O ruthlesse villaine!

Mal. What meane you, gentlemen? By Heaven ——

Tys. Speake not of anie thing thats good.

Mal. Your errors gives you passion: Frevile lives.

Sir Lyo. Thie own lips saie thou liest.

Mal. Let me die, if at Shatewes the jeweller he lives not safe untoucht.

Tys. Meane time to strictest guard, to sharpest prison.

Mal. No rudenesse, gentlemen: ile go undragd.
O, wicked, wicked divell! [*Exit.*

Sir Lyo. Sir, the daie of triall is this morn;
Lets prosecute the sharpest rigor and severest end:
"Good men are cruell when the' are vices friend."

Sir Hub. Woman, we thanke thee with no emptie hand;
Strumpets are fit, fit for som-thing. Farewell.

[*All save* Frevile *depart.*

Fre. I, for hell! O, thou unrepriveable, beyond all
Measure of grace dambd immediatlie!
That things of beautie created for sweet use,
Soft comfort, and as the verie musicke of life,
Custome should make so unutterable hellish!
O, Heaven! what difference is in women and their life!
What man, but worthie name of man,
Would leave the modest pleasures of a lawfull bed—

The holie union of two equall harts
Mutuallie holding either deere as health—
The undoubted yssues, joyes of chast sheetes,
The unfained imbrace of sober ignorance—
To twine the unhealthfull loynes of common loves,
The prostituted impudence of things
Sencelesse like those by cataracks of Nyle!
"Their use so vile takes awaie sence. How vile
To love a creature made of bloud and hell,
Whose use makes weake, whose companie doth shame,
Whose bed doth begger, yssue doth defame!"

Enter FRANCISCHINA.

Fra. Metre Frevile live? ha, ha, live at Mestre Shatewes!
Mush at Metre Shatews: Frevile is dead, Malhereux sall hang,
And swete divel, dat Beatrice, would but run mad, dat
She would but run mad; den me would dance and sing.
Metre Don Dubon, me pre ye now go to Mestres
Beatrice. Tel her Frevile is sure ded, and dat he
Cursse hir selfe especiallie, for dat he was
Sticked in hir quarrell, swering in his last gaspe,
Dat if it had bid in mine quarrels
Twould never have greeved him.

Fre. I will.

Fra. Prede do, and saie anie ting dat vil vex her.

Fre. Let me alone to vex her.

Fra. Vil you, vil you mak a her run mad? Here, take
Dis ring, sea me scorne to wear anie ting dat was hers
Or his. I prede torment her, ick cannot love her;
She honest and vertuous, forsooth!

Fre. Is she so? O vile creature! then let me alone with her.

Fra. Vat, vil you mak a her mad? seet by min trat,
Be pretta servan, Bush, Ick sall go to bet now.

Fre. Mischiefe, whether wilt thou? O thou tear-lesse woman!
How monstrous is thy devill,
The end of hell as thee!
How miserable were it to be virtuous, if thou couldst prosper!
Ile to my love, the faithfull Beatrice;
She has wept enough, and faith, deere soule, too much.
But yet how sweet is it to thinke
How deere ones life was to his love: how moornd his death!
Tis joy not to be exprest with breath:
But O let him that would such passion drinke,
Be quiet of his speech, and onlie thinke! [*Exit.*

Enter BEATRICE *and* CRISPINELLA.

Bea. Sister, cannot a woman kill her selfe? is it not lawfull to die when we should not live?

Cri. O sister, tis a question not for us; we must do what God will.

Bea. What God will? Alasse, can torment be his glorie, or our greefe his pleasure! Does not the nurces' nipple, juic'd over with wormwood, bid the childe it shoulde not sucke? And does not Heaven, when it hath made our breath bitter unto us, say we shud not live? O my best sister, to suffer wounds when one may scape this rod is against nature, that is against God!

Cri. Good sister, do not make me weep; sure Freville

was not false : Ile gage my life that strumpet, out of craft and some close second end, hath malist him.

Bea. O sister! if he were not false, whom have I lost?
If he were, what griefe to such unkindnesse!
From head to foote I am all myserie;
Onely in this, some justice I have found—
My griefe is like my love, beyond all bound.

Enter NURSE.

Nur. My servant, Maister Cacature, desires to visite you.

Cri. For griefes sake keepe him out; his discourse is like the long word, *Honorificabilitudinitatibus:* a great deale of sound and no sence: his companie is like a parenthesis, to a discourse you may admit it, or leav it out, it makes no matter.

Enter FREVILE *in his disguise.*

Fre. By your leave, sweet creatures.

Cri. Sir, all I can yet say of you is, you are uncivill.

Fre. You must denie it. By your sorrowes leave,
I bring some musicke to make sweet your griefe.

Bea. What ere you please. O breake my hart!
Canst thou yet pant? O dost thou yet survive?
Thou didst not love him if thou now canst live!

Frevile *sings.*

O Love, how strangely sweet.
Are thy weake passions,
That love and joy should meete
In selfe-same fashions!

O who can tell
The cause why this should move,
But onely this,
No reason aske of Love!

Cri. Hold, peace!—the gentlest soule is sowned. O my best sister!

Fre. Ha, get you gone, close the dores! My Beatrice! [*Discovers himself.*
Curst be my indiscreet trials! O my immeasureablie loving!

Cri. She stirs, give aire, she breathes!

Bea. Where am I? Ha! how have I slipt off life?
Am I in heaven? O my lord, though not loving
By our eternall being, yet give me leave
To rest by thie dear side. Am I not in heaven?

Fre. O eternallie much loved, recollect your spirits!

Bea. Ha, you do speake? I do see you, I do live!
I would not die now: let me not burst with wonder.

Fre. Call up your bloode; I live to honor you
As the admired glorie of your sex.
Nor ever hath my love bin false to you,
Onely I presum'd to try your faith too much,
For which I most am grieved.

Cri. Brother, I must be plaine with you, you have wrong'd us;
I am not so covetous to deny it;
But yet, when my discourse hath staide your quaking,
You will be smoother lipt; and the delight
And satisfaction which we all have got,
Under these strange disguisings, when you know,
You will be milde and quiet, forget at last,
"It is much joy to thinke on sorrowes past."

Bea. Do you then live? and are you not untrue?
Let me not die with joy; pleasures more extreame
Then greefe; thers nothing sweet to man but meane.

Fre. Heaven cannot be too gratious to such goodnesse.
I shall discourse to you the severall chances; but harke, I must yet rest disguis'd;
The sudden close of many drifts now meet,
"Where pleasure hath some profit, art is sweet."

Enter TISEFEU.

Tys. Newes, newes, newes, newes!

Cri. Oysters, oysters, oysters, oysters!

Tys. Why, is not this well now? Is not this better then louring and pouting and puling, which is hateful to the living, and vaine to the dead? Come, come, you must live by the quicke, when all is done; and for my owne part, let my wife laugh at me when I am dead, so sheele smile upon me whilst I live; but to see a woman whine, and yet keepe her eies drye: mourne, and yet keepe her cheekes fat: nay, to see a woman claw her husbande by the feete when he is dead, that would have scratcht him by the face when he was living—this now is somewhat rediculous.

Cri. Lord, how you prate.

Tys. And yet I was afraide, ifaith, that I shoulde ha seene a garland on this beauties herse; but time, truth, experience, and varietie, are great doers with women.

Cri. But whats the newes?—the newes, I pray you?

Tys. I pray you? nere pray me: for by your leave you may command me. This tis, the publique sessions, which this day is past, hath doom'd to death ill-fortun'd Malhereux.

Cri. But sir, we heard he offerd to make good,
That Frevile liv'd at Shatews the jewellers ——
Bea. And that twas but a plot betwixt them two.
Tis. O, I, I, he gagd his life with it; but know,
When all approcht the test, Shatews denide
He saw or heard of any such complot,
Or of Frevill; so that his owne defence
Appeard so false, that, like a madmans sword,
He stroke his owne hart; he hath the course of law,
And instantly must suffer: but the jest
(If hanging be a jest, as many make it)
Is to take notice of one Mulligrub, a sharking vintner.
Fre. What of him, sir?
Tis. Nothing but hanging: the whoresone slave is mad before he lost his sences.
Fre. Was his fact cleere and made aparant, sir?
Tis. No faith, suspitious; for twas thus protested:
A cloke was stolne; that cloke he had; he had it;
Himselfe confest by force; the rest of his defence
The chollor of a justice wrongd in wine,
Joynd with malignance of some hastie jurors,
Whose wit was lighted by the justice nose; the knave was cast.
But Lord, to heare his mone, his praiers, his wishes,
His zeale ill-timd, and his words unpittied,
Would make a dead man rise and smile,
Whilst he observed how feare can make men vile.
Cri. Shall we go meet the execution?
Bea. I shall be rulde by you.
Tis. By my troth, a rare motion; you must hast,
For male-factors goes like the world, upon wheeles.
Bea. Will you man us? You shall be our guide.
[To Frevile.

Fre. I am your servant.

Tis. Ha, servant? Zounds, I am no companion for pandors! your best make him your love.

Bea. So will I, sir; we must live by the quicke, you say.

Tis. Sdeath a virtue! what a damnd things this!
Whole trust faire faces, teares, and vowes? Sdeath! not I.
She is a woman,—that is,—she can ly.

Cri. Come, come, turne not a man of time, to make all il
Whose goodnesse you conceive not, since the worst of chance
Is to crave grace for heedlesse ignorance. [*Exeunt.*

Enter COCLEDEMOY, *like a sergeant.*

Coc. So, I ha lost my sergeant in an ecliptique mist, drunke! horrible drunke! he is fine. So now will I fit myselfe; I hope this habit will do me no harme; I am an honest man already. Fit, fit, fit as a puncks taile, that serves every body. By this time my vintner thinkes of nothing but hel and sulpher; he farts fire and brimstone already. Hang tostes; the execution approcheth.

Enter Sir LYONELL, *Sir* HUBERT; MALHEREUX, *piniond;* TYSEFEU, BEATRICE, FREVILE, CRISP., FRANCISCHINA, *and holberds.*

Mal. I do not blush, although condemnd by lawes;
No kind of death is shamefull but the cause,
Which I do know is none; and yet my lust
Hath made the one (although not cause) most just.
May I not be reprived? Frevile is but mislodgd;
Some lethargie hath seazd him—no, much mallice;

Do not lay bloud upon your soules with good intents;
Men may do ill, and law sometime repents.

[Cockledemoy *picks* Malhereuxes *pocket of his purse.*

Sir Lyo. Sir, sir, prepare; vaine is all lewd defence.

Mal. "Conscience was law, but now lawes conscience."
My endles peace is made; and to the poore,
My purse, my purse.

Coc. I, sir; and it shall please you, the poore has your purse already.

Mal. You are a welyman.
But now, thou sourse of devils, Oh how I lothe
The very memory of that I adorde!
He thats of faire bloud, well meand, of good breeding,
Best fam'd, of sweet acquaintance, and true friends,
And would with desperate impudence loose all these,
And hazard landing at this fatall shore,—
Let him nere kill, nor steale, but love a whore.

Fra. De man dose rave; tinck a got, tinck a got, and bid de flesh, de world, and the dible, farewell.

Mal. Farewell. [Frevile *discovers himselfe.*

Fre. Farewell.

Fra. Vat ist you sea?—Ha!

Fre. Sir, your pardon; with my this defence,
Do not forget protested violence;
Of your low affections no requests,
No arguments of reason, no knowne danger,
No assured wicked bloodines,
Could draw your hart from this damnation.

Mal. Why staie?

Fra. Unprosperous divell, vat sall me do now?

Fre. Therefore, to force you from the truer danger,

I wrought the fained, suffering this faire devil
In shape of woman to make good her plot;
And, knowing that the hooke was deeply fast,
I gave her line at will, till, with her owne vaine strivings,
See here shees tired. O thou comely damnation!
Doest think that vice is not to be withstood?
O what is woman, meerely made of bloud!

Sir Lyo. You maze us all; let us not be lost in darkenesse?

Fre. All shall be lighted; but this time and place
Forbids longer speech; onlie what you can thinke
Has bin extreamlie ill, is onlie hers.

Sir Lyo. To severest prison with her; with what hart canst live—
What eies behold a face?

Fra. Ick vil not speake; torture, torture your fill,
For me am worse then hangd; me ha lost my will.

[*Exit* Francischina *with the guard.*

Sir Lyo. To the extreamest whip and jaile.

Fre. Frolique, how is it, sirs?

Mal. I am myselfe. How long wast ere I could
Perswade my passion to grow calme to you?
Rich sence makes good bad language, and a friend
Should waigh no action, but the actions end.
I am now worthie yours; when before
The beast of man, loose bloud distemperd us;
"He that lust rules cannot be vertuous."

Enter MULLEGRUB, *Mistris* MULLEGRUB, *and Officers.*

Off. On afore there, roome for the prisoners.

Mul. I praie you do not lead me to execution through Cheapeside. I owe M. Burnish, the gold-smith, monie, and I feare heele set a serjant on my backe for it.

Coc. Trouble not your skonce, my Christian brothers, but have an eie unto the maine chance; I will warrant your shouldiers; as for your necke, *Plinius secundus,* or *Marcus Tullius Cycero,* or somebodie it is, saies, that a three-foulde corde is hardlie broken.

Mul. Wel, I am not the first honest man that hath bin cast away; and I hope shall not be the last.

Coc. O, sir, have a good stomach and mawes; you shal have a ioyfull supper.

Mul. In troth I have no stomach to it; and it please you, take my trencher; I use to fast at nights.

Mist. Mul. O husband! I little thought you should have come to think on God thus soon; nay, and you had bin hangd deservedly it would never have greevd me; I have known of many honest innocent men have bin hangd deservedly; but to be cast away for nothing!

Coc. Good woman, hold your peace, your prittles and your prattles, your bibbles and your babbles; for I pray you heare mee in private; I am a widdower, and you are almost a widdow; shal I be welcome to your houses, to your tables, and your other things?

Mist. Mul. I have a peece of mutton and a featherbed for you at all times; I pray make hast.

Mul. I do here make my confession: if I owe anie man anie thing, I do hartilie forgive him; if any man owe me anie thing, let him paie my wife.

Coc. I will looke to your wives paiment, I warrant you.

Mul. And now, good yoke-fellow, leave thy pore Mulligrub.

Mist. Mul. Naie, then I were unkind; yfaith I will not leave you until I have seen you hang.

Coc. But brothers, brothers, you must thinke of your sins and iniquities; you have bin a brocher of prophane vessels; you have made us drinke of the juice of the whore of Babylon: for whereas good ale, perrys, bragoes, syder, and metheglins, was the true auntient British and Troyan drinks, you ha brought in Popish wines, Spanish wines, French wines, *tam Marti quam Mercurio*, both muscadine and malmsey, to the subversion, staggering, and sometimes overthrow of manie a good Christian. You ha bin a great jumbler; O remember the sins of your nights! for your night works ha bin unsavorie in the tast of your customers.

Mul. I confesse, I confesse; and I forgive as I would be forgiven. Do you know one Cocledemoy?

Coc. O verie wel. Know him?—an honest man he is, and a comly, an upright dealer with his neighbours, and their wives speake good things of him.

Mul. Wel, whersoere he is, or whatsoere he is, Ile take it on my death hees the cause of my hanging. I hartily forgive him, and if he would come forth he might save me; for he only knowes the why and the wherefore.

Coc. You do, from your harts and midrifs and intrales, forgive him then; you wil not let him rot in rusty irons,

procure him to be hangd in lowsie linnen without a song, and after he is dead, pisse on his grave?

Mul. That hard hart of mine has procurd all this; but I forgive as I would be forgiven.

Col. Hang tosts, my worshipfull Mulligrub. Behold thy Cocledemoy, my fine vintner; my castrophomicall fine boy; behold and see!

Tis. Blisse a the blessed, who would but look for two knaves here?

Coc. No knave, worshipfull friend, no knave; for observe, honest Cocledemoy restores whatsoever he has got, to make you know that whatsoere he has don, has bin only *euphoniæ gratia*—for wits sake. I acquit this vintner, as he has acquitted me; all has bin done for emphises of wit, my fine boie, my worshipfull friends.

Tis. Goe, you are a flattring knave.

Coc. I am so; tis a good thriving trade; it coms forward better then the seven liberal sciences, or the nine cardinall vertues; whiche may well appeare in this, you shall never have flattering knave turn courtyers. And yet I have read of many courtyers that have turned flatering knaves.

Sir Hub. Wast even but so, why then als well.

Mul. I could even weepe for joy.

Mrs. Mul. I could weep to, but God knowes for what!

Tis. Hers another tack to be given—your son and daughter.

Sir Hub. Ist possible? hart, I, al my hart; wil you be joyned here?

Tis. Yes, faith, father; mariage and hanging are spun both in one houre.

Coc. Why then, my worshipfull good friends, I bid my-

selfe most hartily welcome to your merry nuptials and wanton jigga-joggies. And now, my verie fine Heliconian gallantes, and you, my worshipfull friends in the middle region,

If with content our hurtlesse mirth hath bin,
Let your pleasd minds as our much care hath bin;
For he shall find that slights such triviall wit,
Tis easier to reprove then better it.
We scorne to feare, and yet we feare to swell,
We doe not hope 'tis best—'tis all, if well. [*Exeunt.*

THE MALCONTENT.

AUGMENTED BY MARSTON.

With the Additions played by the *Kings Maiesties Servants.*

Written

BY IOHN WEBSTER.

At London: Printed by U. S. for William Aspley, and are to be sold at his shop in Paules Church-yard. 1604.

BENIAMINI IONSONIO
POETÆ
ELEGANTISSIMO
GRAVISSIMO

AMICO
SVO CANDIDO ET CORDATO,
IOHANNES MARSTON
MVSARVM ALVMNVS

ASPERAM HANC SVAM THALIAM

D. D.

TO THE READER.

I AM *an ill Oratour; and, in truth, use to indite more honestly then eloquently, for it is my custome to speake as I thinke, and write as I speake.*

In plainenesse, therefore, understand, that in some things I have willingly erred, as in supposing a Duke of Genoa, and in taking names different from that citties families: for which some may wittily accuse me; but my defence shall be as honest as many reproofes unto me have beene most malicious. Since (I hartily protest) it was my care to write so farre from reasonable offence, that even strangers, in whose state I laid my scene, should not from thence draw any disgrace to any, dead or

living. Yet, in dispight of my indevors, I understand some have beene most unadvisedly overcunning in mis-interpreting me, and with subtilitie (as deepe as hell) have maliciously spread ill rumors, which, springing from themselves, might to themselves have heavily returned. Surely I desire to satisfie every firme spirit, who in all his actions proposeth to himselfe no more ends then God and vertue do, whose intentions are alwaies simple: to such I protest, that with my free understanding, I have not glanced at disgrace of any, but of those whose unquiet studies labor innovation, contempt of holy policie, reverent comely superioritie, and establisht unity: for the rest of my supposed tartnesse I feare not; but unto every worthy minde it will be approved so generall and honest as may modestly passe with the freedome of a satyre. I would faine leave the paper, onely one thing afflicts me: to thinke that scenes invented meerely to be spoken, should be inforcively published to be read, and that the least hurt I can receive is, to do

my selfe the wrong. But since others otherwise would doe me more, the least inconvenience is to be accepted. I have my selfe, therefore, set forth this Comedie; but so that my inforced absence must much relye upon the Printers discretion: but I shall intreate, slight errors in orthographie may bee as slightly over-passed; and that the unhansome shape which this trifle in reading presents may be pardoned, for the pleasure it once afforded you when it was presented with the soule of lively action.

Sine aliqua dementia nullus Phœbus.

I. M.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

GIOVANNI ALTOFRONTO, *disguised Malevole, sometime Duke of Genoa.*

PIETRO IACOMO, *Duke of Genoa.*

MENDOZO, *a Minion to the Dutchesse of Pietro Iacomo.*

CELSO, *a Friend to Altofront.*

BILIOSO, *an olde Cholerike Marshall.*

PREPASSO, *a Gentleman Usher.*

FERNEZE, *a Yong Courtier, and inamoured on the Dutchesse.*

FERRARDO, *a Minion to Duke Pietro Iacomo.*

EQUATO, GUERRINO, } *Two Courtiers.*

AURELIA, *Dutches to Duke Pietro Iacomo.*

MARIA, *Dutches to Duke Altofront.*

EMILIA, BEANCHA, } *Two Ladies attending the Dutchesse.*

MAQUERELLE, *an olde Pandresse.*

PASARELLO, *Foole to Bilioso.*

THE

MALCONTENT.

INDUCTION.

Enter W. SLY, *a Tyre-man following him with a stoole.*

Tyre. SIR, the gentlemen will be angry if you sit heare.

Sly. Why? we may sit upon the stage at the private house. Thou doest not take me for a country gentleman, doest? doest thinke I feare hissing? Ile holde my life thou took'st me for one of the plaiers.

Tyre. No, sir.

Sly. By gods slid, if you had, I would have given you but sixpence for your stoole. Let them that have stale suites sit in the galleries, hisse at mee: he that will be laught out of a taverne or an ordinarie, shall seldom feede well, or be drunke in good company. Where 's Harry Cundale, D. Burbidge, and W. Sly? let me speake with some of them.

Tyre. An 't please you to go in, sir, you may.

Sly. I tell you, no; I am one that hath seene this play often, and can give them intellegence for their action: I have most of the jeasts heere in my table-booke.

Enter SINKCLOW.

Sink. Save you, coose.

Sly. O coosin, come, you shall sit betweene my legges heare.

Sink. No, indeede, coosin, the audience then will take me for a viol de gambo, and thinke that you play upon me.

Sly. Nay, rather that I worke upon you, coose.

Sink. We staied for you at supper last night at my coosin Hony-moones, the woollen draper. After supper, we drew cuttes for a score of apricoks, the longest cut stil to draw an apricoke: by this light, 'twas Mistris Franke Hony-moones fortune still to have the longest cut: I did measure for the women. What be these, coose?

Enter D. BURBIDGE, H. CUNDALE, I. LEWIN.

Sly. The plaiers. God save you.

Bur. You are verie welcome.

Sly. I pray you know this gentleman, my coosin; 'tis Master Doomesdaies sonne, the usurer.

Cun. I beseech you, sir, be coverd.

Sly. No, in good faith, for mine ease. Looke you, my hat's the handle to this fanne. Gods so! what a beast was I, I did not leave my feather at home. Well, but Ile take an order with you. [*Puts his feather in his pocket.*

Bur. Why do you conceale your feather, sir?

Sly. Why? do you thinke Ile have jeasts broken upon me in the play to be laught at? This play hath beaten all

your gallants out of the feathers: Blacke-friars hath almost spoild Blacke-friars for feathers.

Sink. Gods so! I thought 'twas for somewhat our gentlewomen at home counseld me to weare my feather to the play; yet I am loth to spoile it.

Sly. Why, coose?

Sink. Because I got it in the Tilt-yard: there was a harralde broke my pate for taking it up: but I have worne it up and downe the Strand, and met him fortie times since, and yet hee dares not challenge it.

Sly. Do you heare, sir, this play is a bitter play.

Cun. Why, sir, tis neither satyre nor morall, but the meane passage of a historie: yet there are a sort of discontented creatures that beare a stingelesse envie to great ones, and these will wrest the doings of any man to their base malitious appliment; but should their interpretation come to the teste, like your marmasite, they presently turne their teeth to their taile, and eate it.

Sly. I will not go so farre with you, but I say, any man that hath wit, may censure (if he sit in the twelve-penny roome);—and I say again the play is bitter.

Bur. Sir, you are like a patron, that presenting a poore scholler to a benefice, injonyes him not to raile against any thing that standes within compasse of his patrons follie. Why should not we injoy the antient freedome of poesie? Shall we protest to the ladies that their painting makes them angells, or to my yong gallant that his expence in the brothell shall gaine him reputation? No, sir; such vices as stand not accountable to law, should be cured as men heale tetters, by casting inke upon them. Would you be satisfied in any thing else, sir?

Sly. I, marry, woud I.
I would know how you came by this play?

Cun. Faith, sir, the booke was lost; and, because twas pittie so good a play should be lost, we found it, and play it.

Sly. I wonder you would play it, another company having interest in it?

Cun. Why not Malevole in folio with us, as Ieronimo in decimo sexto with them? They taught us a name for our play: wee call it "One for Another."

Sly. What are your additions?

But. Sooth, not greatly needefull, only as your sallet to your greate feast—to entertaine a little more time, and to abridge the not received custome of musicke in our theater. I must leave you, sir. [*Exit* Burbidge.

Sink. Doth he play the Malecontent?

Cun. Yes, sir.

Sink. I durst lay foure of mine eares the play is not so well acted as it hath beene.

Cun. O no, sir, nothing, *ad Parminonis suem.*

Lew. Have you lost your eares, sir, that you are so prodigall of laying them?

Sink. Why did you aske that, friend?

Lew. Marry, sir, because I have heard of a fellow would offer to lay a hundred-pound wager, that was not worth five bau-bees; and in this kinde you might venter foure of your elbowes: yet God defende your coate should have so many.

Sink. Nay, truly, I am no great censurer, and yet I might have beene one of the Colledge of Crittickes once: coosin heere hath an excellent memory indeede, sir.

Sly. Who, I? Ile tell you a strange thing of my selfe, and I can tell you, for one that never studied the art of memory, tis very strange too.

Cun. Whats that, sir?

Sly. Why, Ile lay a hundred pound Ile walke but once downe by the Gold-smiths Row in Cheape, take notice of the signes, and tell you them with a breath instantly.

Lew. Tis verie strange.

Sly. They beginne as the world did, with Adam and Eve.
Theres in all just five and fiftie.
I do use to meditate much when I come to plaies too.
What do you thinke might come into a mans head now, seeing all this company?

Cun. I know not, sir.

Sly. I have an excellent thought. If some fiftie of the Grecians that were cramd in the horse belly, had eaten garlike, do you not thinke the Trojans might have smelt out their knavery?

Cun. Very likely.

Sly. By God! I would he had; for I love Hector horribly.

Sink. O but coose, coose! Great Alexander, when he came to the toombe of Achilles, spake with a bigge lowde voice, "O thou thrice blessed and happy!"

Sly. Alexander was an asse to speake so well of a filthy cullion.

Lew. Good sir, will you leave the stage? Ile helpe you to a private roome.

Sly. Come, coose, lets take some tobacco. Have you never a prologue?

Lew. Not any, sir.

Sly. Let me see, I will make one extempore.

Come to them, and fencing of a congey with armes and legges,
Be round with them.

Gentlemen, I could wish, for the womens sakes, you had all soft cushins; and gentlewomen, I could wish that for the mens sakes, you had all more easie standings. What would they wish more but the play now, and that they shall have instantly.

ACTUS PRIMUS.

SCENA PRIMA.

The vilest out-of-tune Musicke being heard.

Enter BILIOSO *and* PREPASSO.

Bil. WHY, how now? are ye mad? or drunke? or both? or what?

Pre. Are ye building Babilon there?

Bil. Heere's a noise in court! you thinke you are in a taverne, do you not?

Pre. You thinke you are in a brothell-house, do you not? This roome is ill-sented. [*Enter one with a perfume.*] So, perfume, perfume; some upon me, I pray thee. The duke is upon instant entrance; so, make place there.

SCENA SECUNDA.

Enter the Duke PIETRO, FERRARDO, *Count* EQUATO, *Count* CELSO *before, and* GUERRINO.

Pie. Where breaths that musique?

Bil. The discord, rather then the musique, is heard from the Malecontent Malevoles chamber.

Fer. Malevole?

Mal. [*out of his chamber.*] Yaugh, godaman, what dost thou there? Dukes Ganimed Junoes jealous of thy long stockings. Shadowe of a woman, what wouldst, weesell? —thou lambe a court,—what doost thou bleat for?—a you smooth-chind catamite!

Pie. Come downe, thou ragged cur, and snarle heere! I give thy dogged sullennes free libertie: trot about, and be-spurtle whom thou pleasest.

Mal. Ile come among you, you gotish blooded toderers, as gum into taffata, to fret, to fret. Ile fall like a spunge into water, to sucke up, to sucke up. Howle againe. Ile go to church, and come to you.

Pie. This Malevole is one of the most prodigious affections that ever converst with Nature;—a man, or rather a monster!—more discontent then Lucifer, when he was thrust out of the presence. His appetite is unsatiable as the grave; as farre from any content as from heaven: his highest delight is to procure others vexation; and therein he thinkes he truly serves Heaven; for 'tis his position, whosoever in this earth can bee contented, is a slave, and damn'd; therefore do's he afflict al in that to which they are most affected: th' elements struggle within him,—his own soule is at variance within her selfe,—his speach is halter-worthy at all houres. I like him: faith, he gives good intelligence to my spirit; makes me understand those weakenesses which others flattery palliates. Harke! they sing!

SCENA TERTIA.

Enter MALEVOLE, *after the song.*

Pie. See! he comes! Now shall you heare the extreamitie of a Malecontent. He is as free as ayre; he blowes over every man. And, sir, whence come you now?

Mal. From the publike place of much dissimulation.

Pie. What didst there?

Mal. Talke with a usurer: take up at interest.

Pie. I wonder what religion thou art of.

Mal. Of a souldiers religion.

Pie. And what doost thinke makes most infidells now?

Mal. Sects, sects! I have seene seeming Pietie change her roabe so oft, that sure none but some arch-divell can shape her a petticote.

Pie. O! a religious pollicie.

Mal. But damnation on a politique religion. I am wearie. Would I were one of the dukes houndes now!

Pie. But what 's the common newes abroad, Malevole? thou dogst rumor still?

Mal. Common newes? why common wordes are, God save yee! fare yee well!—common actions, flattery and cosenages—common things, women and cuckolds. And how do's my little Ferrard?—a, yee lecherous animall, my little ferret: he goes sucking up and downe the pallace into every hens nest, like a weesell: and to what doost thou addict thy time to now, more then to those antique painted drabs that are still affected of yong courtiers—flattery, pride, and venery?

Fer. I studie languages: what doost thinke to be the best linguist of our age?

Mal. Phew! the divell! let him possesse thee: hee 'le teach thee to speake all languages most readily and strangely; and great reason, mary, hees traveld greatly in the world, and is every where.

Fer. Save ith court.

Mal. I, save 'ith court. [*To* Bilioso.] And how do my olde muckhill overspread with fresh snow?—thou halfe a man, halfe a goate, al a beast! how do's thy yong wife, old huddle?

Bil. Out, you improvident rascall!

Mal. Doe kicke, thou hugely hornd old dukes oxe, good Master Make-pleece.

Pie. How doost thou live now a daies, Malevole?

Mal. Why, like the Knight S. Patrik Penlolians, with killing a spiders for my ladies munkey.

Pie. How doost spend the night? I heare thou never sleep'st?

Mal. O, no; but dreame the most fantasticall. O Heaven! O fubbery, fubbery!

Pie. Dreame! what dreamst?

Mal. Why, me thinkes I see that signior pawn his foot-cloth; that metreza her plate; this madam takes phisicke, that tother mounsieur may minister to her. Heere is a pander jeweld; there is a fellow in shift of satten this day, that could not shift a shirt tother night; heere a Paris supports that Hellen; there 's a lady Guinever beares up that Sir Lancelot. Dreames, dreames! visions! fantasies! chimeraes; imaginations! trickes! conceites! [*To* Prepasso.] Sir Tristram Trimtram, come a-loft, jacke-a-napes, with a whim-wham; heere 's a knight of the land of Catito shall play at trap with any page in Europe,—do the sword-dance with any morris-dancer in Christendome,—ride at

the ring till the finne of his eyes looke as blew as the welkin,—and runne the wilde-goose chase even with Pompey the huge!

Pie. You runne —

Mal. To the divell. Now, Signor Guerchino, that thou, from a most pittied prisoner, shouldst grow a most loathd flatterer! Alas, poore Celso! thy starr's opprest: thou art an honest lord; tis pity.

Equa. Ist pitty?

Mal. I, marry, ist, philosophical Equato; and 'tis pitty that thou, being so excellent a scholler by art, shouldst be so ridiculous a foole by nature. I have a thing to tell you, duke: bid um avaunt! bid um avaunt!

Pie. Leave us! leave us! Now, sir, what ist?

[*Exeunt all, saving* Pietro *and* Malevole.

Mal. Duke, thou art a beco, a cornuto.

Pie. How?

Mal. Thou art a cuckold.

Pie. Speake! unshale him quicke.

Mal. With most tumbler-like nimblenes.

Pie. Who?—by whom? I burst with desire.

Mal. Mendoza is the man makes thee a hornd beast; Duke, 'tis Mendoza cornutes thee.

Pie. What conformance?—relate! short, short!

Mal. As a lawyers beard,

There is an old crone in the court, her name is Maquerelle;
She is my mistris, sooth to say, and she doth ever tell me:

Blirt a rime; blirt a rime: Maquerelle is a cunning bawde; I am an honest villaine: thy wife is a close drab, and thou art a notorious cuckold! Farewell, duke.

Pie. Stay! stay!

Mal. Dull, dull duke, can lazy patience make lame

revenge? O God! for a woman to make a man that which God never created, never made!

Pie. What did God never make?

Mal. A cuckold. To bee made a thing that's hudwinkt with kindenesse, whilst every rascall philips his browes;—to have a coxcombe, with egregious hornes, pind to a lords backe,—every page sporting himselfe with delightfull laughter,—whilst hee must be the last must know it! Pistols and poniards!—pistols and poniards!

Pie. Death and damnation!

Mal. Lightning and thunder!

Pie. Vengeance and torture!

Mal. Catzo!

Pie. O revenge!

Mal. Nay, to select among ten thousand faires
A lady farre inferior to the most,
In faire proportion both of limbe and soule;—
To take her from austerer check of parents,—
To make her his by most devoutfull rightes;—
Make her commandresse of a better essence
Then is the gorgious world even of a man!
To hug her with as rais'd an appetite
As usurers do their delv'd up treasury
(Thinking none tells it but his private selfe);
To meete her spirit in a nimble kisse,
Distilling panting ardor to her hart;—
True to her sheetes, nay, diets strong his blood,
To give her height of Hymeneall sweetes!

Pie. O God!

Mal. Whilst she lispes, and gives him some court *quelquechose,*
Made only to provoke, not satiate;

And yet even then the thaw of her delight
Flowes from lewde heate of apprehension,
Onely from strange imaginations rankenes,
That formes the adulterers presence in her soule,
And makes her thinke she clips the foule knaves loines!

Pie. Affliction to my bloods roote!

Mal. Nay, thinke, but thinke, what may proceede of this? Adultery is often the mother of incest.

Pie. Incest?

Mal. Yes, incest. Marke, Mendoza of his wife begets perchance a daughter: Mendoza dies; his son marries this daughter. Say you? Nay, tis frequent, not onely probable, but no question often acted; whilst ignorance, fearelesse ignorance, claspes his owne seede.

Pie. Hydeous imagination!

Mal. Adultery? why, next to the sinne of symony, 'tis the most horride transgression under the cope of salvation!

Pie. Next to simony?

Mal. I, next to symony, in which our men, in next age, shall not sinne.

Pie. Not sinne? Why?

Mal. Because (thankes to some church-men) our age will leave them nothing to sinne with. But, adultery! O dulnes! shue, should exemplary punishment, that intemperate bloods may freeze but to thinke it. I would dam him and all his generation, my owne hands should do it. Ha! I would not trust Heaven with my vengeance any thing.

Pie. Any thing! any thing! Malevole, thou shalt see instantly what temper my spirit holdes. Farewell! Remember I forget thee not. Farewell! [*Exit Pietro.*

Mal. Farewell!
Leane thoughtfulnes, a sallow meditation,
Sucke thy veines drie,—distemperance rob thy sleepe,—
The hearts disquiet is revenge most deepe.
He that gets blood, the life of flesh but spilles;
But he that breakes hearts peace, the deare soule kills.
Well, this disguise doth yet afford me that
Which kings do seldome heare or great men use,—
Free speach; and though my stat 's usurpt,
Yet this affected straine gives me a tongue
As fetterlesse as is an emperours.
I may speake foolishly, I, knavishly,
Alwaies carelesly, yet no one thinkes it fashion
To poise my breath:—"For he that laughs and strikes,
Is lightly felt, or seldome strucke againe."
Duke, Ile torment thee! Now, my just revenge,
From thee than crowne a richer jemme shall part:
Beneath God naught's so deare as a calme heart.

SCENA QUARTA.

Enter CELSO.

Cel. My honor'd lord.
Mal. Peace! speake low. Peace! O Celso! constant lord,
(Thou to whose faith I onely rest discovered;
Thou, one of full ten millions of men;
Thou lovest vertue onely for it selfe;
Thou, in whose hands old Ops may put her soule),
Behold for ever banisht Altofront,
This Genoas last yeares duke! O, truly noble!
I wanted those old instruments of state—

Dissemblance and suspect. I could not time it, Celso;
My throne stood like a point in middest of a circle,
To all of equall neerenes, bore with none:
Raingd all alike, so slept in fearlesse vertue,
Suspectlesse—too suspectlesse, till the croude
(Still liquorous of untried novelties),
Impatient with severer government,
Made strong with Florence, banisht Altofront.

Cel. Strong with Florence! I, thence your mischiefe rose,
For when the daughter of the Florentine
Was matched once with his Pietro, now duke,
No stratagem of state untried was left, till you of all——

Mal. Of all was quite bereft:
Alas, Maria, too, close prisoned!—
My true-faith'd dutchesse i' th citadell!

Cel. Ile still adhere;—lets mutiny and die!

Mal. O no: clime not a falling towre, Celso;
Tis well held; desperation,—no zeale:
Hopelesse to strive with fate (peace); temporize.
Hope, hope, that never forsak'st the wretchedst man,
Yet bids me live, and lurke in this disguise.
What! play I well the free-breath'd discontent?
Why, man, we are all philosophical monarkes or naturall fooles. Celso, the courts afiar; the dutches sheetes will smoke for 't ere it be long. Impure Mendoza, that sharpe-nosde lord, that made the cursed match linkt Genoa with Florence, now brode hornes the duke, which he now knowes. Discord to malecontents is very manna. When the rankes are burst, then scuffle, Altofront.

Cel. I but durst.

Mal. Tis gone, tis swallowed like a minerall;
Some way 't will worke,—phewt, Ile not shrinke:
"*Hees resolute who can no lower sinke.*"

BILIOSO *entring*, MALEVOLE *shifteth his speach.*

Mal. O the father of May-poles! Did you never see a fellow whose whole strength consisted in his breath, respect in his office, religion on his lord, and love in himselfe? Why then, behold!

Bil. Sinior.

Mal. My right worshipfull lord,—
Your court night-cap makes you have a passing high forehead.

Bil. I can tell you strange newes, but I am sure you know them already:—the duke speakes much good of you.

Mal. Go to, then, and shall you and I now enter into a strict friendship?

Bil. Second one another?

Mal. Yes.

Bil. Do one another good offices?

Mal. Just. What though I cal'd thee old oxe, egregious wittall, broken-bellied coward, rotten mummy? Yet since I am in favor——

Bil. Words of course, tearmes of disport. His grace presents you by me a chaine, as his gratefull remembrance for—I am ignorant for what; marry, yee may impart. Yet howsoever, come, deare friend: doost know my sonne?

Mal. Your sonne?

Bil. He shall eat wood-cocks, dance jigges, make possets, and play at shuttle-cocke with any yong lord about the court: he has as sweete a lady too. Doost know her little bitch?

Mal. Tis a dogge, man.

Bil. Beleeve me, a shee bitch? O tis a good creature!

Thou shalt be her servant: Ill make thee acquainted with my yong wife too. What! I keepe her not at court for nothing. Tis growne to supper time; come to my table, that any thing I have standes open to thee.

Mal. How smooth to him that is in state of grace—
[*To* Cel.]—
How servile is the ruggedst courtiers face!
What profit, nay, what nature would keepe downe,
Are heav'd to them, are minions to a crowne.
Envious ambition never sates his thirst,
Till sucking all, he swells, and swells and burstes!

Bil. I shall now leave you with my alwaies best wishes, onely let's hold betwixt us a firme correspondence, a mutuall-frendly-reciprocall-kinde of steddie-unanimous-hartily leagued——

Mal. Did your sinniorship ne're see a pigeon house that was smooth, round, and white without, and full of holes and stinke within—ha ye not, old courtier?

Bil. O yes; tis the forme, the fashion of them all.

Mal. Adüe, my true court-friend; farewell, my deare Castilio!

Cel. Yonders Mendoza. [*Exit* Bilioso.

Mal. True, the privie key. [*Descries* Mendoza.

Cel. I take my leave, sweete lord. [*Exit* Celso.

Mal. Tis fit, away.

SCENA QUINTA.

Enter MENDOZA, *with three or foure Suters.*

Men. Leave your suites with me, I can and will: attend my secretary; leave me.

Mal. Mendoza, harke yee, harke yee. You are a treacherous villaine, God bwy yee.

Men. Out, you base-borne rascall!

Mal. We are all the sonnes of Heaven, though a tripe wife were our mother. A, you whore-sonne hot rainde, he marmoset—Egistus—didst ever heare of one Egistus?

Men. Gistus?

Mal. I, Egistus; he was a filthy incontinent flesh-monger, such a one as thou art.

Men. Out, grumbling rogue!

Mal. Orestes, beware Orestes.

Men. Out, beggar!

Mal. I once shall rise.

Men. Thou rise?

Mal. I, at the resurrection.

"No vulgar seede, but once may rise, and shall;
No king so huge, but fore he die, may fall." [*Exit.*

Men. Now, good Elizium, what a delicious heaven is it for a man to be in a princes favour! O sweete God! O pleasure! O fortune! O all thou best of life! what should I thinke? what say? what do? to be a favorite? a minion? to have a generall timerous respect; observe a man, a statefull silence in his presence, solitarinesse in his absence, a confused hum and busie murmure of obsequious suters training him; the cloth held up and way proclaimed before him: petitionary vassalls licking the pavement with their slavish knees, whilst some odde pallace lampreel's that ingender with snakes, and are full of eyes on both sides, with a kinde of insinuated humblenesse, fixe all their delightes upon his brow. O blessed state, what a ravishing prospect doth the Olympus of favour yeeld! Death, I cornute the duke! Sweete women, most sweete ladies,

nay, angells! by Heaven he is more accursed then a divell that hates you, or is hated by you, and happier then a god that loves you, or is beloved by you! you preservers of mankinde, life blood of society, who would live, nay, who can live without you? O paradice, how majesticall is your austerer presence! how imperiously chaste is your more modest face! but O! how full of ravishing attraction is your prettie, petulant, languishing, laciviously-composed countenance! those amorous smiles, those soule-warming sparkling glances, ardent as those flames that sing'd the world by heedelesse Phaeton—in body how delicate, in soule how wittie, in discourse how pregnant, in life how warie, in favours how juditious, in day how sociable, and in night, how!—O pleasure unutterable! Indeede it is most certaine, one man cannot deserve onely to injoy a beautious woman: but a dutchesse!—in despight of Phœbus, Ile write a sonnet instantly in praise of her.

[*Exit.*

SCENA SEXTA.

Enter FERNEZE, *ushering* AURELIA, EMILLIA *and* MAQUERELLE *bearing up her traine*, BEANCHA *attending: all go out but* AURELIA, MAQUERELLE, *and* FERNEZE.

Aur. And ist possible? Mendoza slight me—possible?

Fer. Possible? What can be strange in him that's drunke with favor, growes insolent with grace? Speake, Maquerelle, speake.

Maq. To speake feelingly, more, more richly in sollide sence then worthlesse wordes, give me those jewells of your eares to receive my inforced dutie, as for my part tis well [Ferneze *privately feedes* Maquerelles hands with

jewells during this speech] knowne I can put any thing, can beare patiently with any man. But when I heard he wronged your pretious sweetenes, I was inforced to take deepe offence. Tis most certaine he loves Emilia with high appetite; and as she told me (as you know we women impart our secrets one to another), when she repulsed his suite, in that hee was possessed with your indeered grace, Mendoza most ingratefully renounced all faith to you.

Fer. Nay, cal'd you—speake, Maquerelle, speake!

Maq. By Heaven, witch! dride bisque! and contested blushlesly, he lov'd you but for a spurt, or so.

Fer. For maintenance—

Maq. Advancement and regard.

Aur. O villaine! O impudent Mendoza!

Maq. Nay, he is the rustiest jade, the fowlest mouthd knave in railing against our sex: he will raile against women.

Aur. How? how?

Maq. I am asham'd to speak 't, I——

Aur. I love to hate him; speake.

Maq. Why, when Emilia scorned his base unsteddines, the blacke-throated rascall scoulded, and sayde——

Aur. What?

Maq. Troth 'tis too shamelesse.

Aur. What said hee?

Maq. Why, that at foure women were fooles, at foureteene drabbes, at fortie baudes, at fourescore witches, and a hundred, cattes.

Aur. O unlimitable impudencie!

Fer. But as for poore Fernezes fixed heart,
Was never shadelesse meadow drier parcht

Under the scortching heate of heavens dog,
Then is my heart with your inforcing eyes.

Maq. A hote simile.

Fer. Your smiles have been my heaven; your frownes my hell;
O pittie then: grace should with beautie dwell!

Maq. Reasonable perfect, bir-lady.

Aur. I will love thee, be it but in despight
Of that Mendoza: witch! Ferneze, witch!
Ferneze, thou art the dutches favorite;
Be faithfull, private, but tis dangerous.

Fer. "His love is livelesse, that for love feares breath,
The worst that's due to sinne, O would 'twere death."

Aur. Enjoy my favour; I will be sicke instantly and take phisick; therefore in deapth of night, visite.

Maq. Visite her chamber, but conditionally; you shall not offend her bed. By this diamond—

Fer. By this diamond. [*Gives it to* Maquerelle.

Maq. Nor tarry longer than you please: by this ruby—

Fer. By this ruby. [*Gives againe.*

Maq. And that the doore shall not creake—

Fer. And that the doore shall not creake.

Mal. Nay, but sweare—

Fer. By this purse. [*Gives her his purse.*

Maq. Go to, Ile keepe your oathes for you; remember, visit.

Enter MENDOZA *reading a sonnet.*

Aur. Dri'd bisquet! looke where the base wretch comes.

Men. Beauties life, heavens modell, loves queene!

Maq. That 's his Æmilia.

Men. Natures triumph, best on earth!

Maq. Meaning Æmilia.

Men. Thou onely wonder that the world hath seene!

Maq. That's Æmilia.

Aur. Must I then hear her praisde, Mendoza?

Men. Madam, your excellency is graciously incountred; I have been writing passionate flashes in honor of ——

[*Exit* Ferneze.

Aur. Out, villaine, villaine! O judgement, where have beene my eyes? what bewitched election made me dote on thee? what sorcery made me love thee? But be gone, bury thy head! O that I could do more then loathe thee! hence, worst of ill! No reason aske; our reason is our will. [*Exit with* Maquerelle.

Men. Women? nay, furies, nay, worse; for they torment onely the bad,—but women, good and bad. Damnation of mankinde: breath, hast thou praisde them for this? And ist you, Ferneze, are wrigled into smocke grace? Sit sure. O that I could raile against these monsters in nature, modells of hell, curse of the earth; women that dare attempt any thing, and what they attempt, they care not how they accomplish; without all premeditation or prevention, rash in asking, desperate in working, impatient in suffering, extreame in desiring, slaves unto appetite, mistresses in dissembling; only constant in unconstancie, onely perfect in counterfaiting: their wordes are fained, their eyes forged, their sights dissembled, their lookes counterfait, their haire false, their given hopes deceitfull, their very breath artificiall. Their blood is their onely god: bad clothes and old age are onely the divells they tremble at. That I could raile now!

SCENA SEPTIMA.

Enter PIETRO, *his sword drawne.*

Pie. A mischiefe fill thy throate, thou fowle-jaw'd slave!
Say thy praiers.
Men. I ha forgot um.
Pie. Thou shalt die.
Men. So shalt thou. I am heart mad.
Pie. I am horne mad.
Men. Extreame mad.
Pie. Monstrously mad.
Men. Why?
Pie. Why? thou, thou hast dishonoured my bed!
Men. I? Come, come, sit; heeres may bare heart to thee,
As steddy as is this centre to the glorious world.
And yet, harke, thou art a cornuto; but by me?
Pie. Yes, slave, by thee.
Men. Do not, do not with tart and spleenefull breath,
Loose him can loose thee. I offend my duke!
Beare record, O ye dumbe and raw-ayrde nights,
How vigilant my sleepelesse eyes have been
To watch the traitour! Record, thou spirit of truth,
With what debasement I ha throwne my selfe
To under offices, onely to learne
The truth, the party, time, the meanes, the place,
By whom, and when, and where thou wert disgrac'd!
And am I paid with slave? hath my intrusion
To places private and prohibited,
Onely to observe the closer passages—
Heaven knowes with vowes of revelation—

Made me suspected, made me deemd a villaine?
What rogue hath wronged us?

Pie. Mendoza, I may erre.

Men. Erre? tis too mild a name; but erre and erre;
Runne giddy with suspect; for through me thou know
That which most creatures save thy selfe do know:
Nay, since my service hath so loath'd reject,
Fore Ile reveale, shalt finde them clipt together!

Pie. Mendoza, thou know'st I am a plaine-breasted man.

Men. The fitter to make a cuckolde: would your browes were most plaine too!

Pie. Tell me; indeed I heard thee raile——

Men. At women, true; why, what cold fleame could choose,
Knowing a lord so honest, vertuous,
So boundlesse loving, bounteous, faire-shapt, sweete,
To be contemn'd, abusde, defamde, made cuckolde!
Hart, I hate all women for't; sweete sheetes, waxe lightes, antique bed-postes, cambricke smocks, villanous curtaines, arras pictures, oylde hinges, and all the tongue-tide lascivious witnesses of great creatures wantonnesse. What salvation can you expect?

Pie. Wilt thou tell me?

Men. Why, you may find it your selfe; observe, observe!

Pie. I ha not the patience; wilt thou deserve me—tell, give it?

Men. Tak't; why, Ferneze is the man—Ferneze; Ile proov't; this night you shall take him in your sheetes. Wilt serve?

Pie. It will; my bozom 's in some peace, till night——

Men. What?

Pie. Farewell.

Men. God! how weake a lord are you!
Why do you thinke there is no more but so?

Pie. Why?

Men. Nay, then, will I presume to counsell you,
It should be thus:—You with some guard upon the sud-
daine
Breake into the princes chamber; I stay behinde
Without the doore, through which he needs must passe;
Ferneze flies; let him; to me he comes, hee's kild
By me; observe, by me; you follow, I raile,
And seeme to save the bodie. Dutches comes,
On whom (respecting her advanced birth
And your faire nature) I know, nay, I do know,
No violence must be used. She comes, I storme,
I praise, excuse Ferneze, and still maintaine
The dutches honor; she for this loves me:
I honour you, shall know her soule,—you mine.
Then naught shall she contrive in vengeance
(As women are most thoughtfull in revenge)
Of her Ferneze; but you shall sooner know't
Then she can think't.
————Thus shall his death come sure;
Your dutches braine-caught, so your life secure.

Pie. It is too well; my bozome, and my heart,
"When nothing helps, cut off the rotten part." [*Exit.*

Men. "Who cannot faine friendship, can nere produce the effects of hatred." Honest foole duke, subtile lascivious dutches, seely novice Ferneze! I do laugh at yee; my braine is in labour till it produce mischiefe, and I feele sudden throws, proofes sensible, the issue is at hand.

"As beares shape yong, so Ile forme my devise,
Which growne, prooves horride: vengeance makes men wise."

Enter MALEVOLE *and* PASSARELLO.

Mal. Foole, most happily incountred; canst sing, foole?

Pas. Yes, I can sing, foole, if youle beare the burden; and I can play upon instruments—scurvily, as gentlemen do. O that I had been gelded, I should then have beene a fatte foole for a chamber, a squeaking foole for a taverne, and a private foole for all the ladies!

Mal. You are in good case since you came to court, foole; what, garded, garded!

Pas. Yes, faith, even as footemen and bawdes weare velvet, not for an ornament of honour, but for a badge of drudgery: for now the duke is discontented, I am faine to foole him asleepe every night.

Mal. What are his griefes?

Pas. He hath sore eies.

Mal. I never observed so much.

Pas. Horrible sore eyes; and so hath every cuckold, for the rootes of the hornes spring in the eye-balles, and thats the reason the horne of a cuckolde is as tender as his eie; or as that growing in the womans forehead twelve yeeres since, that could not endure to be toucht. The duke hangs down his head like a Columbine.

Mal. Passarello, why doe great men begge fooles?

Pas. As the Welchman stole rushes, when there was nothing else to filch—onely to keepe begging in fashion.

Mal. Pue! thou givest no good reason;
Thou speakest like a foole.

Pas. Faith, I utter small fragments as your knight

courtes your Citty widow with something of his guilt: some advauncing his high colored beard and taking tobacco. This is all the mirrour of their knightly complements. Nay, I shall talke when my toong is a going once; tis like a citizen on horseback, evermore in a false gallop.

Mal. And how dooth Maquerelle fare nowadayes?

Pas. Faith, I was wont to salute her as our English women are at their first landing in Flushing. I would call her whoore; but now that antiquitie leaves her as an old peece of plasticke t' work by, I onely aske hir how her rotten teeth fare every morning, and so leave her: she was the first that ever invented perfumd smocks for the gentlewomen, and woollen shoes for feare of creaking, for the visitant. She were an excellent lady, but that hir face peeleth like Muscovie glass.

Mal. And how dooth thy olde lord that hath wit enough to be a flatterer, and conscience enough to be a knave?

Pas. O excellent! he keepes, beside me, fifteen jeasters, to instruct him in the art of fooling, and utters their jeastes in private to the duke and dutchesse; hele be like to your Switzer, or lawyer: heele be of any side for most mony.

Mal. I am in haste—be briefe!

Pas. As your fidler when he is payd. Heele thrive, I warrant you; while your yong courtier stands like Good-Friday in lent, men long to see it, because more fatting dayes come after it; else hees the leanest and pittifulst actor in the whole pageant! Adew, Malevole!

Mal. O world most vile! when thy loose vanities,
Taught by this foole, do make the fooles seeme wise!

Pas. Youle know me again, Malevole?

Mal. O, I, by that velvet.

Pas. I, as a petti-fogger by his buckram bagge; I am as common in the court as an hostesses lippes in the countrey; knights, and clownes, and knaves, and all share mee! The court, cannot possibly be without mee. Adue, Malevole!

ACTUS SECUNDUS.

SCENA PRIMA.

Enter MENDOZA *with a sconce, to observe* FERNEZES *entrance, who, whilest the Act is playing, enter unbraced two Pages before him with lights, is met by* MAQUERELLE, *and convayed in. The Pages are sent away.*

Men. HEES caught! the wood-cockes head is ith noose,
Now treads Ferneze in dangerous path of lust,
Swearing his sence is meerely deified.
The foole graspes clouds, and shall beget Centaures;
And now in strength of panting faint delight,
The goate bids heaven envie him. Good goose,
I can affoorde thee nothing but the poore comfort of calamity, pitty.
"Lust 's like the plummets hanging on clocke lines,
Wil nere ha done til all is quite undone."
Such is the course salt sallow lust dooth runne,
Which thou shalt trie. Ile be revengde! Duke, thy suspect,
Dutchess, thy disgrace—Ferneze, thy rivallship—
Shall have swift vengeance! Nothing so holy,
No band of nature so strong,

No law of friendship so sacred,
But Ile profane, burst, violate,
Fore Ile indure disgrace, contempt, and povertie!
Shall I, whose very humme strooke all heads bare—
Whose face made silence, creaking of whose shooe
Forcde the most private passages flie ope—
Scrape like a servile dogge at some latcht doore?
Learne now to make a leg, and cry, Beseech yee—
Pray yee, is such a lord within?—be awde
At some odde ushers scofft formalitie?
First seare my braines—*Unde cadis non quo refert*—
My heart cries, Perish all! How, how? "What fate
Can once avoyde revenge thats desperate?"
Ile to the duke. If all should ope—if—tush!
"Fortune still dotes on those who cannot blush."

SCENA SECUNDA.

Enter MALEVOLE *at one doore;* BEANCHA, EMILIA, *and* MAQUERELLE *at the other doore.*

Mal. Blesse yee, cast a ladies! Ha, Dipsas, how doost thou, olde Cole?

Maq. Olde Cole?

Mal. I, olde Cole! Mee thinkes thou liest like a brand under billets of greene wood. Hee that will inflame a yong wenches hart, let him lay close to her! An old cole that hath first bin fired, a pandresse, my half-burnt lint, who though thou canst not flame thy selfe, yet arte able to set a thousand virgins tapers afire; and how dooth Janivere thy husband, my little periwincle? Is hee troubled with the cough of the lungs stil? Doos he hawke a night's still? He will not bite!

Bea. No, by my troth! I tooke him with his mouth emptie of olde teeth.

Mal. And hee tooke thee with thy belly full of yoong bones! Marie, he tooke his maime by the stroke of his enemy!

Bea. And I mine by the stroke of my friend.

Mal. The close stocke! O, mortall wench! Lady, ha ye now no restoratives for your decaied Jasons? Looke yee, crabs guts bak'd, distild oxe-pith, the pulverized haires of a lions upper lip, gellie of cocke-sparrowes, he monkies marrow, or powlder of foxe-stones. And whither are you ambling now?

Bea. To bed, to bed.

Mal. Doe your husbands lie with yee?

Bea. That were country fashion, yfaith.

Mal. Ha yee no foregoers about you? Come, whither in good deed law now?

Bea. In good indeed law now, to eat the most miraculously, admirably, astonishable composd posset with three curds, without anie drinke. Wil yee helpe me with a hee foxe? Heeres the duke! [*The Ladies goe out.*

Mal. Fride frogs are very good, and French-like, too. [*To* Beancha.

SCENA TERTIA.

Enter Duke PIETRO, *Count* CELSO, *Count* EQUATO, BILIOSO, FERRARD, *and* MENDOZA.

Pie. The nighte growes deepe and fowle; what houre ist?

Cel. Upon the stroake of twelve.

Mal. Save yee, duke!

Pie. From thee? Begone, I doe not love thee; let mee see thee no more! We are displeased!

Mal. Why, God be with thee! Heaven heare my curse,
May thy wife and thee live long together!

Pie. Be gone, sirra!

Mal. "When Arthur first in court beganne"—Agamemnon, Menelaus—was ever any duke a cornuto?

Pie. Be gone hence!

Mal. What religion wilt thou be of next?

Men. Out with him!

Mal. With most servile patience, time will come,
When wonder of thy error will strike dumbe
Thy bezeld sence. Slaves I favour, I, mary, shall he rise!
"God Gód! how subtile hell dooth flatter vice,
Mounts him aloft, and makes him seeme to flie,
As foule the tortois mockt, who to the skie
Th' ambitious shell-fish raisde. Th' end of all
Is onely that from height he might dead fall."

Bil. Why, when? Out, yee rogue! Be gone, ye rascal!

Mal. I shall now leave yee with all my best wishes.

Bil. Out, ye curre!

Mal. Onely lets hold together a firme correspondence!

Bil. Out!

Mal. A mutual, friendly, reciprocall, perpetuall kind of steddie unanimous, heartily leagued——

Bil. Hence, yee grosse jaw'd pesantly! Out!—go!

Mal. Adue, pigeon-house! thou burre that onely stickest to nappy fortunes—the sarpego, the strangury, an eternall, uneffectual priapisme seise thee!

Bil. Out, rogue!

Mal. Maiest thou be a notorious wittally pander to

thine owne wife, and yet get no office, but live to be the utmost miserie of mankind, a beggarly cuckold. [*Exit*.

Pie. It shall be so.

Men. It must be so, for where great states revenge,
"Tis requisite the partes with pietie
And lost respect forbeares; be closely dogd,
Lay one into his breast, shall sleepe with him,
Feede in the same dish, runne in selfe faction,
Who may discover any shape of danger;
For once digracde, displayed in offence,
It makes man blushlesse, and man is (all confesse)
More prone to vengeance than to gratefulnesse.
Favours are writ in dust, but stripes we feele;
Depraved nature stamps in lasting steele."

Pie. You shall be leagued with the dutchesse!

Equ. The plot is very good.

Men. You shall both kill, and seeme the course to save.

Fer. A most fine braine tricke!

Cel. Of a most cunning knave! [*Tacitè*.

Pie. My lordes, the heavy action we intend
Is death and shame, two of the ugliest shapes
That can confound a soule. Thinke, thinke of it!
I strike, but yet like him that gainst stone walles
Directs his shafts, rebounds in his owne face:
My ladies shame is mine—O God! tis mine!
Therefore I doe conjure all secrecie,
Let it be as very little as may be—pray yee, as may be.
Make frightlesse entrance, salute her with soft eyes,
Staine nought with blood—onely Ferneze dies,
But not before her browes. O, gentlemen,
God knowes I love her; nothing else but this,
I am not well. If griefe, that sucks veines drie,

Rivels the skinne, casts ashes in mens faces,
Be-dulls the eyes, unstrengthens all the blood,
Chance to remoove me to another world,
As sure I once must die. Let him succeede—
I have no childe; all that my youth begot
Hath bin your loves, which shall inherite me;
Which, as it ever shall, I doe conjure it.
Mendoza may succeede—hee 's noble borne—
With me of much desert.

Cel. Much! [*Tacitè.*

Pie. Your silence answers; I—
I thanke you—come on now! O that I might die
Before her shame 's display'd! Would I were forcde
To burne my fathers tombe, unheale his bones,
And dash them in the durt, rather than this—
This both the living and the dead offends:
" Sharpe surgery where nought but death amends."
[*Exit, with the others.*

SCENA QUARTA.

Enter MAQUERELLE, EMILIA, *and* BEANCHA *with the posset.*

Maq. Even heere it is. Three curdes in three regions individually distinct. Most methodicall according to art, compos'd without any drink.

Bea. Without any drinke?

Maq. Upon my honour; will you sit and eate?

Emil. Good; the composure—the receit—how ist?

Maq. Tis a prettie pearle; by this pearle (how doost with me?) thus it is: seaven-and-thirtie yelkes of Barbarie

hennes egges; eighteene spoonefulles and a halfe of the juyce of cockesparrow bones; one ounce, three drammes, foure scruples and one quarter of the sirrop of Ethiopian dates; sweetned with three quarters of a pound of pure candide Indian eringos, strewed over with the powder of pearle of America, amber of Cataia, and lambe stones of Muscovia.

Bea. Trust me the ingredients are very cordiall, and no question good, and most powerfull in restauration.

Maq. I know not what you meane by restauration, but this it doth, it purifieth the blood, smootheth the skinne, inlifeneth the eye, strengthneth the veines, mundefieth the teeth, comforteth the stomacke, fortifieth the backe, and quickneth the wit; thats all.

Emil. By my troth I have eaten but two spoonefulls, and me thinkes I could discourse most swiftly and wittily alreadie.

Maq. Have you the art to seeme honest?

Bea. I thanke, advise and practise.

Maq. Why then eate me of this posset, quicken your blood, and preserve your beauty. Do you know Doctor Plaster-face? By this curde, hee is the most exquisite in forging of veines, sprightning of eyes, dying of haire, sleeking of skinnes, blushing of cheekes, surphleing of breastes, blanching and bleaching of teeth, that ever made an old lady gracious by torch-light—by this curd law.

Bea. We, we are resolved; what God haz given us weel cherish.

Maq. Cherish any thing saving your husband; keepe him not too high, lest he leape the pale: but for your beautie, let it be your saint; bequeath two houres to it every morning in your closet. I ha beene yong, and yet

in my conscience I am not above five-and-twentie; but beleeve me, preserve and use your beautie; for youth and beautie once gone, we are like bee-hives without hony: out-a-fashion aparell that no man will weare; therefore use me your beautie.

Emil. I, but men say——

Maq. Men say? let men say what they wil; life a woman! they are ignorant of your wants; the more in yeares, the more in perfection they grow: if they loose youth and beauty, they gaine wisedome and discretion. But when our beautie fades, goodnight with us: there cannot be an uglier thing to see then an olde woman; from which, O pruning, pinching, and painting, deliver alle sweete beauties!

Bea. Harke, musicke.

Maq. Peace! tis in the dutches bed-chamber. Good rest, most prosperously grac'd ladies.

Emil. Good night, centinell.

Bea. Night, deere Maquerelle. [*Exeunt all but* Maq.

Maq. May my possets operation send you my wit and honesty, and me your youth and beauty: the pleasingst rest. [*Exit* Maq.

SCENA QUINTA.

A SONG.—*Whilst the song is singing, enter* MENDOZA, *with his sword drawne, standing readie to murder* FERNEZE *as he flies from the Dutches chamber.*

All. Strike, strike!

Aur. Save my Ferneze! O, save my Ferneze!

Enter FERNEZE *in his shirt, and is received upon* MENDOZAS *sword.*

All. Follow, pursue!

Aur. O, save Ferneze!

Men. Pierce, pierce! thou shallow foole, drop there! -
"He that attempts a princes lawlesse love,
Must have broade hands, close heart, with Argos eyes,
And backe of Hercules, or else he dies."

[*Thrustes his rapier into* Ferneze.

Enter AURELIA, *Duke* PIETRO, FERRARD, BILIOSO, CELSO, *and* EQUATO.

All. Follow, follow!

Men. Stand off, forbeare! yee most uncivill lords!

Pie. Strike!

Men. Do not; tempt not a man resolved!
Would you, inhumane murtherers, more than death?

Aur. O poore Ferneze!

Men. Alas, now all defence too late!

Aur. Hee 's dead!

Pie. I am sory for our shame: go to your bed:
Weepe not too much, but leave some teares to shed
When I am dead.

Aur. What! weepe for thee! My soule no teares shall finde.

Pie. Alas, Alas! that women's soules are blinde!

Men. Betray such beautie, murther such youth, contemne civilitie. He loves him not that railes not at him.

Pie. Thou canst not moove us: we have blood ynough.
And please you, lady, we have quite forgot
All your defects: if not, why then——

Aur. Not.

Pie. Not? The best of rest; good night.

[*Ex.* Pietro *with other courtiers.*

Aur. Despight go with thee!

Men. Madam, you ha done me foule disgrace.
You have wrongd him much, loves you too much.
Go to; your soule knowes you have.

Aur. I thinke I have.

Men. Do you but thinke so?

Aur. Nay, sure I have; my eyes have witnessed thy love;
Thou hast stoode too firme for me.

Men. Why, tell mee, faire-cheekt lady, who even in teares
Art powerfully beauteous, what unadvised passion
Strooke ye into such a violent heate against me?
Speake; what mischiefe wrongd us? what divell injur'd us?
Speake!

Aur. That thing nere worthy of the name of man,
Ferneze, Ferneze swore thou lovs't Emilia,
Which to advance with most reproachfull breath,
Thou both didst blemish and denounce my love.

Men. Ignoble villaine! did I for this bestride
Thy wounded limbes?—for this? O God! for this!
Sunke all my hopes, and with my hopes my life,
Ript bare my throte unto the hangmans axe,
Thou most dishonour'd trunke———Emillia!
By life I know her not———Emillia!
Did you beleeve him?

Aur. Pardon me, I did.

Men. Did you? and thereupon you graced him?

Aur. I did.

Men. Tooke him to favour, nay, even clasp'd with him?

Aur. Alas, I did!

Men. This night?
Aur. This night.
Men. And in your lustfull twines the duke tooke you?
Aur. A most sad truth.
Men. O God! O God! how we dull honest soules,
Heavie brainde men, are swallowed in the bogs
Of a deceitfull ground, whilest nimble bloods,
Light joynted spirits spent, cut good mens throates,
And scape! Alas, I am too honest for this age,
Too full of fleame and heavie steddinesse;
Stood still whilst this slave cast a noose about me;
Nay, then to stand in honour of him and her,
Who have even slic'd my heart!
Aur. Come, I did erre, and am most sorry I did erre.
Men. Why, we are both but dead; the duke hates us.
"And those whom princes do once groundly hate,
Let them provide to die as sure as fate;
Prevention is the heart of pollicie."
Aur. Shall we murder him?
Men. Instantly.
Aur. Instantly. Before he castes a plot,
Or further blaze my honours much knowne blot,
Let 's murther him!
Men. I would do much for you; will yee marry me?
Aur. Ile make thee duke; we are of Medices.
Florence our friend, in court my faction
Not meanely strengthfull; the duke then dead,
We well preparde for change, the multitude
Irresolutely reeling, we inforce;
Our partie seconded, the kingdom mazde,
No doubt of swift successe all shall be grac'd.
Men. You do consume me; we are resolute.

To-morrow looke for change; rest confident.
Tis now about the immodest waste of night,
The mother of moist dew with pallide light
Spreads gloomie shades about the nummed earth.
Sleepe, sleepe, whilst we contrive our mischiefes birth:
This man Ile get inhumde. Farewell, to bed;
I kisse the pillow, dreame the duke is dead. [*Exit* AUR.
So, so; good night. How fortune dotes on impudence!
I am in private the adopted sonne of yon good prince;
I must be duke! Why, if I must, I must.
Most seely lord, name me. O Heaven!
I see God made honest fooles to maintaine crafty knaves!
The dutchesse is wholy mine, too; must kill her husband
To quit her shame; much: then marry her! I,
O I grow prowd in prosperous treachery!
"As wrastlers clip, so ile embrace you all;
Not to support, but to procure your fall."

Enter MALEVOLE.

Mal. God arrest thee!

Men. At whose suite?

Mal. At the divels! Ah, you treacherous damnable monster!
How doost? how doost, thou treacherous roague?
Ah, yee rascall! I am banisht the court, sirra!

Men. Prethee lets be acquainted; I doe love thee, faith.

Mal. At your service, by the Lord, law! Shall 's goe to supper? Let 's be once drunke together, and so unite a most vertuously strengthened friendship. Shall 's *Hugonot?*—shall's——

Men. Wilt fall upon my chamber to-morrowe morne?

Mal. As a raven to a dunghill. They say theres one dead heere, prickt for the pride of the flesh.

Men. Ferneze. There he is; prethee bury him.

Mal. O, most willingly: I mean to turne pure Rochel churchman; I——

Men. Thou churchman! Why? why?

Mal. Because Ile live lazily, raile upon authoritie, deny kings supremacy in things indifferent, and be a pope in mine owne parish.

Men. Wherefore doost thou thinke churches were made?

Mal. To scowre plow-shares. I have seene oxen plow uppe altares: *Et nunc seges ubi Sion fuit.*

Men. Strange!

Mal. Nay, monstrous. I ha seen a sumptuous steeple turnd to a stincking privie; more beastly, the sacredst place made a dogges kennell; nay, most inhumane—the stoned coffins of long flead Christians burst up, and made hogs-troughs!—*Hic finis Priami.* Shall I ha some sacke and cheese at thy chamber? Good night, good mischievous incarnate divel! good night, Mendoza. Ah, you inhumane villaine! good night, night fub.

Men. Good night. To-morrow morne.

[*Exit* Mendoza.

Mal. I, I will come, friendly damnation, I will come! I doe descry crosse-poynts; honesty and court-ship straddle as farre asunder as a true Frenchman's legges.

Fer. O!

Mal. Proclamations,—more proclamations!

Fer. O, a surgeon!

Mal. Heark! lust cries for a surgeon! What news from limbo? How dooth the grand cuckolde, Lucifer?

Fer. O helpe, helpe! conceale and save mee!

[Ferneze *stirres, and* Malevole *helpes him up and convayes him away.*

Mal. Thy shame more than thy wounds do grieve me farre.

"Thy wounds but leave upon thy flesh some skarre;
But fame ne're heales, still ranckles worse and worse,
Such is of uncontrolled lust, the curse!
Thinke what it is in lawlesse sheetes to lie:
But O, Ferneze, what in lust to die!
Then thou that shame respects, O flie converse
With womens eies and lisping wantonnesse!
Sticke candles gainst a virgine walles white backe,
If they not burne, yet at the least thei 'le blacke!"
Come, ile convey thee to a private port,
Where thou shalt live (O happy man!) from court.
The beautie of the day beginnes to rise,
From whose bright forme nights heavy shadow flies;
Now ginnes close plots to worke, the sceane growes full,
And craves his eies who hath a solide skull. [*Exeunt*

ACTUS TERTIUS.

SCENA PRIMA.

Enter PIETRO *the Duke*, MENDOZA, *Count* EQUATO, *and* BILIOSO.

Pie. THIS growne to youth of day. How shall we
waste this light?
My heart's more heavy than a tyrant's
crowne.
Shall we goe hunt? Prepare for field! [*Exit* Equato.
Men. Would yee could be merry!
Pie. Would God I could! Mendoza, bid um haste.
[*Exit* Mendoza.
I would faine shift place. O vaine reliefe!
"Sad soules may well change place, but not change griefe!"
As deere being strucke flie thorow many soiles,
Yet still the shaft stickes fast, so——
Bil. A good olde simile, my honest lord.
Pie. I am not unlike to some sicke man,
That long desired hurtfull drinke: at last
Swilles in and drinkes his last, ending at once
Both life and thirst! O would I nere had knowne
My owne dishonour! Good God, that men should
Desire to search out that, which, being found, killes all
Their joy of life! to taste the tree of knowledge,
And then be driven out of Paradice!
Canst give me some comfort?

Bil. My lord, I have some bookes which have been dedicated to my honor, and I nere read um, and yet they had verie fine names: *Phisicke for Fortune; Lozinges of Sanctified Sinceritie:* very pretty workes of curates, scriveners, and schoole-maisters! Mary, I remember one Seneca—Lucius Anneus Seneca.

Pie. Out upon him! he writ of temperance and fortitude, yet lived like a voluptuous epicure, and died like an effeminate coward! Haste thee to Florence: heere, take our letters—see um sealed: away! Report in private to the honored duke, his daughters forced disgrace: tell him at length—

We know, too much due complements advance;
"Theres nought thats safe and sweete but ignorance."

[*Exit* Duke.

Enter BILIOSO *and* BIANCA.

Bil. Madam, I am going embassador for Florence; twill be great charges to me.

Bia. No matter, my lord; you have the lease of two manors come out next Christmasse; you may lay your tenants on the greater racke for it. And when you come home again, Ile teach you how you shall get two hundred poundes a yeere by your teeth!

Bel. How, madam?

Bia. Cut off so much from house-keeping; that which is saved by the teeth, you know is got by the teeth.

Bil. Fore God! and so I may. I am in wondrous credite, lady.

Bia. See the use of flattery; I did ever counsell you to flatter greatnes, and you have profited well. Any man that will do so shal be sure to be like your Scotch barnacle:

now a blocke, instantly a worme, and presently a great goose! This it is to rot and putrifie in the bosome of greatness!

Bil. Thou art ever my politician. O how happy is that olde lord that hath a politician to his yong lady! Ile have fiftie gentlemen shall attend upon mee; mary, the most of them shal be farmers sonnes, because they shall beare their own charges; and they shall goe appareld thus:—In sea-water greene sutes, ash-color cloakes, wetchet stockings, and popinjay greene feathers! Will not the colors doe excellent?

Bia. Out upont! theile looke like cittizens riding to their friends at Whitsontide; their apparell just so many severall parishes!

Bil. Ile have it so; and Passarello, my foole, shall goe along with me: mary, he shall be in velvet.

Bia. A foole in velvet!

Bil. I: tis common for your foole to weare sattin; ile have mine in velvet.

Bia. What will you weare then, my lord?

Bil. Velvet too; mary, it shall be embroidered, because ile differ from the foole somewhat. I am horribly troubled with the gowt; nothing grieves me but that my doctor hath forbidden me wine, and you know your ambassador must drinke. Didst thou aske thy doctor what was good for the gowt?

Bia. Yes. Hee saide, ease, wine, and women were good for it!

Bil. Nay, thou hast such a witte: what was good to cure it, said hee!

Bia. Why, the racke! Al your empericks could never do the like cure upon the gowt the racke did in England.

or your Scotch boote. The French Herlakeene will instruct you.

Bil. Surely I doe wonder how thou, having for the most part of thy life time been a countrey body, shouldest have so good a wit!

Bia. Who, I? Why, I have beene a courtier thrise two moneths.

Bil. So have I this twentie yeare; and yet there was a gentleman usher cald me cocks-coombe tother day, and to my face, too. Wast not a backe-biting rascall? I would I were better travaild, that I might have beene better acquainted with the fashions of severall country-men; but my secretary—I thinke he hath sufficiently instructed me.

Bia. How, my lord?

Bil. Mary, my good lord, quoth hee, your lordship shall ever finde amongst a hundred Frenchmen, fortie hoshottes; amongst a hundred Spaniardes, threescore bragarts; amongst a hundred Dutchmen, fourescore drunkardes; amongst a hundred Englishmen, fourscore and ten madmen; and amongst an hundred Welchmen ——

Bia. What, my lord?

Bil. Fourescore and nineteene gentlemen.

Bia. But, since you go about a sad imbasie, I would have you go in blacke, my lord.

Bil. Why, doost thinke I cannot mourne, unlesse I weare my hat in cipers like an aldermans heire? That's vile, very olde, in faith.

Bia. Ile learne of you shortly. O, wee should have a fine gallant of you! Should not I instruct you? How wilt you beare yourselfe when you come into the Duke of Florence court?

Bil. Prowde ynough, and 'twill do well ynough. As I walke up and downe the chamber, Ile spit frownes about me, have a strong perfume in my jerkin, let my beard grow to make me looke terrible, salute no man beneath the fourth button, and 'twill do excellent.

Bia. But there is a very beautifull lady there—how will you entertaine her?

Bil. Ile tell you that when the lady hath entertainde me. But to satisfie thee, heere comes the foole. Foole, thou shalt stand for the faire lady.

Enter PASSARELLO.

Pas. Your foole will stand for your lady most willingly and most uprightly.

Bil. Ile salute her in Latine.

Pas. O, your foole can understand no Latine!

Bil. I, but your lady can.

Pas. Why, then, if your lady take downe your foole, your foole will stand no longer for your lady.

Bil. A pestilent foole! Fore God! I thinke the world be turnde upside downe, too.

Pas. O, no, sir; for then your lady, and all the ladies in the pallace, should go with their heeles upward; and that were a strange sight, you know.

Bil. There be many will repine at my preferment.

Pas. O I, like the envie of an elder sister that hath her yonger made a lady before her.

Bil. The duke is wondrous discontented.

Pas. I, and more melancholike then a usurer having all his mony out at the death of a prince.

Bil. Didst thou see Madam Floria to-day?

Pas. Yes, I found her repairing her face to-day. The

red upon the white shewed as if her cheekes should have beene served in for two dishes of barbaries in stewed broth, and the flesh to them a woodcocke. [*Exit.*

Bil. A bitter fowle! Come, madam, this night thou shalt injoy me freely, and to-morrow for Florence.

Pas. What a naturall foole is hee that would be a paire of bodies to a womans petticote, to bee trusst and pointed to them. Wel, Ile dog my lord, and the word is proper; for when I fawne upon him hee feedes me; when I snap him by the fingers, hee spittes in my mouth. If a dogges death were not strangling, I had rather bee one then a serving-man; for the corruption of coine is either the generation of a usurer, or a lowsie beggar.

SCENA SECUNDA.

Enter MALEVOLE *in some freeze gowne, whilst* BILIOSO *reades his patent.*

Mal. I cannot sleepe—my eyes ill neighbouring lids
Will holde no fellowship. O thou pale, sober night—
Thou that in sluggish fumes all sence dost steepe—
Thou that gives all the world full leave to play—
Unbendst the feebled veines of sweatie labour;
The galley-slave, that, all the toilesome day
Tugges at his oare against the stubborne wave,
Straining his rugged veines, snores fast;
The stooping sithe-man that doth barbe the field,
Thou makest winke sure. In night, all creatures sleepe;
Onely the Malecontent, that gainst his fate
Repines and quarrells; alas! hee's Goodman Tell-clocke;
His sallow jaw-bones sinke with wasting mone;
Whilst others beds are downe, his pillowes stone.

Bil. Malevole!

Mal. Elder of Israell! thou honest defect of wicked nature and obstinate ignorance, when did thy wife let thee lie with her? [*To* Bilioso.

Bil. I am going ambassadour to Florence.

Mal. Ambassadour! Now, for thy countries honour, preethee do not put up mutton and porridge in thy cloke-bagge. Thy yong lady wife goes to Florence with thee too, dooes she not?

Bil. No, I leave her at the pallace.

Mal. At the pallace? Now discretion sheelde man! for Gods love lets ha no more cuckolds! Hymen beginnes to put off his saffron robe. Keepe thy wife i' the state of grace! Hart a truth! I would sooner leave my ladie singled in a bordello then in the Genoa pallace.

Sinne there appearing in her sluttish shape,
Would soone grow loathsome, even to blushes sence;
Surfet would cloke intemperate appetite,
Make the soul scent the rotten breath of lust.
When in an Italian lascivious pallace, a lady, gardianlesse,
Left to the push of all allurement,
The strongest incitements to immodestie,
To have her bound, incensed with wanton sweetes,
Her veines fild hie with heating delicates—

Soft rest, sweete musicke, amorous masquerers, lascivious banquets—sinne it selfe gilt o'er; strong phantasie tricking up strange delightes, presenting it dressed pleasingly to sence; sence leading it unto the soule, confirmed with potent example, impudent custome, inticed by that great bawde, Opportunitie. Thus being preparde, clap to her easie eare, youth in good clothes, well shapt, rich, faire-spoken, promising-noble, ardent blood-full, wittie, flat-

tering—Ulisses absent. O Ithacan! chastest Penelope, hold out!

Bil. Masse, Ile think on't; farewell. [*Exit* Bilioso.

Mal. Farewell—take thy wife with thee—farewell!
To Florence!—Um! it may proove good—it may—
And we may once unmaske our browes.

SCENA TERTIA.

Enter Count CELSO.

Cel. My honourde lord——

Mal. Celso, peace; how ist? Speake low—pale feares suspect that hedges, walles, and trees have eares! Speake, how runnes all?

Cel. I faith, my lord, that beast with many heads,
The staggering multitude, recoiles apace,
Though thorow great mens envie, most mens malice,
Their much intemperate heate hath banisht you;
Yet now they find envie and mallice neere
Produce fainte reformation.
The duke—the too soft duke lies as a blocke,
For which two tugging factions seeme to sawe,
But still the yron through the ribbes they draw.

Mal. I tell thee, Celso, I have ever found
Thy breast most farre from shifting cowardice
And fearfull basenesse; therefore Ile tell thee, Celso,
I finde the winde beginnes to come about;
Ile shift my suit of fortune. I know the Florentine, whose onely force,
By marrying his prowde daughter to this prince,
Both banisht me and made this weake lord duke,
Will now forsake them all—be sure hee will.

Ile lie in ambush for conveniencie,
Upon their severance to confirme my selfe.

Cel. Is Ferneze interred?

Mal. Of that at leisure. He lives!

Cel. But how standes Mendoza—how ist with him?

Mal. Faith, like a paire of snuffers—snibbes filth in other men, and retaines it in it selfe.

Cel. He doo's flie from publike notice, me thinkes, as a hare do's from houndes—the feete whereon he flies betraies him.

Mal. I can tracke him, Celso;
O my disguise fooles him most powerfully!
For that I seeme a desperate Malecontent,
He faine would claspe with me; he is the true slave
That will put on the most affected grace
For some wilde second cause.

Enter MENDOZA.

Cel. Hee 's heere.

Mal. Give place.
Illo, ho, ho, ho! arte there, olde true penny? [*Exit* Celso.
Where hast thou spent thy selfe this morning? I see flattery in thine eies, and damnation in thy soule. Ha, thou huge rascall!

Men. Thou art very merry.

Mal. As a scholle—*futuens gratis.* How dooth the divell goe with the now?

Men. Malevole, thou art an arrant knave.

Mal. Who, I? I have beene a sergeant man.

Men. Thou art very poore.

Mal. As Job, an alcumist, or a poet.

Men. The duke hates thee.

Mal. As Irishmen doe bum-crackes.

Men. Thou hast lost his amitie.

Mal. As pleasing as maids loose their virginitie.

Men. Would thou wert of a lusty spirit, wold thou wert noble!

Mal. Why, sure my bloud gives me I am noble, sure I am of noble kinde; for I finde my selfe possessed with all their qualities; love dogs, dice, and drabs, scorne witte in stuffe clothes; have beat my shoomaker, knockt my semsters, cuckold my potecary, and undone my tayler. Noble, why not? since the Stoicke saide, *Neminem seruum non ex regibus, neminem regem non ex seruis esse oriundum*, only busie fortune towses, and the provident chances blends them together. Ile give you a similie. Did you ere see a wel with two buckets? Whilst one comes up ful to be emptied, another goes downe empty to be filled. Such is the state of all humanitie. Why, looke you, I may be the son of some duke; for beleeve me, intemperate lascivious bastardy makes nobilitie doubtfull. I have a lusty daring heart, Mendoza.

Men. Let 's graspe. I doe like thee infinitely; wilt inact one thing for me?

Mal. Shall I get by it? [*Gives him his purse.*
Commaund me; I am thy slave, beyond death and hell.

Men. Murther the duke.

Mal. My hearts wish, my soules desire, my fantasies dreame,
My blouds longing, the onely height of my hopes! How, O God, how—O how my united spirites throng together! So strengthen my resolve.

Men. The duke is now a hunting.

Mal. Excellent, admirable, as the divell would have it!

Lend me, lend me, rapier, pistoll, crossebow; so, so, ile doe it.

Men. Then we agree?

Mal. As Lent and fishmongers. Come *a cape-a-pe*, how in form?

Men. Know that this weake-braind duke, who only stands on Florence stilts, hath out of wittlesse zeale made me his heire, and secretly confirmed the wreathe to mee after his lifes full poynt.

Mal. Upon what merite?

Men. Merite! by Heaven, I horne him, onely Fernezaes death gave me states life: but we are politique; hee must not live now.

Mal. No reason, mary: but how must he die now?

Men. My utmost project is to murder the duke, that I might have his state, because he makes me his heire; to banishe the duchesse, that I might be rid of a cunning Lacedemonian, because I know Florence will forsake her; and then to marry Maria, the banished Duke Altofronts wife, that her friends might strengthen me and my faction. This is all lawe.

Mal. Do you love Maria?

Men. Faith, no great affection, but as wise men do love great women—to innoble their bloud and augment their revenew. To accomplish this now, thus now. The duke is in the forest next the sea; single him, kill him, hurle him in the maine, and proclaime thou sawest woolves eate him!

Mal. Um, not so good: mee thinkes when he is slaine, to get some hipocrite, some daungerous wretch thats muffled, or with fained holines, to sweare he heard the duke on some stiepe cliffe lament his wife's dishonour, and, in an agony of his hearts torture, hurled his groaning

sides into the swolne sea. This circumstance wel made, sounds probable. And hereupon the dutches——

Men. May well be banished. O unpeerable invention—rare! Thou god of pollice, it honies me.

Mal. Then feare not for the wife of Altofront; ile close to her.

Men. Thou shalt, thou shalt; our excellencie is pleased! Why wert not thou an emperour? When we are duke, ile make thee some great man, sure.

Mal. Nay, make me some rich knave, and ile make my selfe some great man.

Men. In thee be all my spirit; retaine tenne soules; unite thy virtuall powers; resolve. Ha, remember greatnes! heart, farewell.

Enter CELSO.

"The fate of all my hopes in thee doth dwell."

Mal. Celzo, didst heare? O Heaven! didst heare?
Such divelish mischiefe, sufferest thou the world
Carowse damnation even with greedie swallow,
And still doost winke, still duz thy vengeance slumber!
"If now thy browes are cleare, when will they thunder?"

[*Exit.*

SCENA QUARTA.

Enter PIETRO, FERRARD, PREPASSO, *and three Pages.*

Fer. The dogges are at a fault. [*Cornets like hornes.*

Pie. Would God nothing but the dogges were at it! Let the deere pursue safely, the dogs follow the game, and doe you follow the dogges; as for me, tis unfit one beast should hunt another; I ha one chaseth me. And 't please you, I would be ridde of you a little.

Fer. Would your griefe would as soone leave you as we to quietnesse! [*Exeunt.*

Pie. I thanke you, boy; what doost thou dreame of now?

Page. Of a drie summer, my lord; for heere's a hote worlde towardes. But, my lord, I had a strange dreame last night.

Pie. What strange dreame?

Page. Why, me thought I pleased you with singing, and then I dreamt you gave me that short sword.

Pie. Prettily begd: hold thee, ile proove thy dreame true; tak't.

Page. My duetie. But still I dreamt on, my lord; and me thought, and't shall please your excellencie, you would needs, out of your royall bounty, give me that jewell in your hat.

Pie. O, thou didst but dreame, boy; do not beleeve it; dreames proove not alwayes true; they may hold in a short sword, but not in a jewell. But now, sir, you dreamt you had pleased mee with singing, make that true, as I have made the other.

Page. Faith, my lord, I did but dreame; and dreames you say proove not alwayes true: they may hold in a good sword, but not in a good song. The trueth is, I ha lost my voyce.

Pie. Lost thy voyce, how?

Page. With dreaming, faith! But heere's a couple of syrenicall rascals shall inchaunt yee: what shall they sing, my good lorde?

Pie. Sing of the nature of women, and then the song shall be surely full of varietie; olde crochets and most sweete closes; it shall be humorous, grave, fantastike,

amorous, melancoly, sprightly, one in all, and all in one.

Page. All in one?

Pie. Birlady, too many. Sing; my speech growes culpable of unthrifty idlenesse. Sing.

SCENA QUINTA.

SONG.

Enter MALEVOLE, *with crossebow and pistoll.*

A, so, so, sing; I am heavie, walke off! I shall talke in my sleep; walke off! [*Exeunt Pages.*

Mal. Briefe, briefe; who? the duke? good Heaven that fooles should stumble upon greatnesse! Do not sleepe, duke; give yee good morrow: you must be briefe, duke; I am fee'd to murther thee; start not. Mendoza, Mendoza hired mee; heere's his gold, his pistoll, crossebow, and sword; tis all as firme as earth. O foole, foole! choakt with the common maze of easie ideots—credulitie; make him thine heire! what, thy sworne murtherer!

Pie. O, can it be?

Mal. Can?

Pie. Discovered he not Ferneze?

Mal. Yes; but why? but why? for love to thee? Much, much to be revenged upon his rivall, who had thrust his jawes awrie; who being slaine, supposed by thine owne handes, defended by his sword, made thee most loathsome, him most gratious, with thy loose princesse; thou, closely yeelding egresse and regresse to her, madest him heire, whose hote unquiet lust strait towzde thy sheetes, and now would seize thy state. Politician,

wise man; death! to be led to the stake like a bull by the hornes, to make even kindnesse cutte a gentle throate! Life, why art thou nummed? thou foggie dulnesse, speake! Lives not more faith in a home-thrusting tongue, than in these fencing tip-tap courtiers?

Enter CELSO, *with a hermites gowne and beard.*

Cel. Lord, Malevole, if this be true?

Mal. If? Come, shade thee with this disguise. If? Thou shalt handle it; he shall thanke thee for killing thy selfe. Come, follow my directions, and thou shalt see strange sleights.

Pie. World, whither wilt thou?

Mal. Why, to the divell! Come, the morne growes late,
"A stedie quickenes is the soule of state." [*Exeunt.*

ACTUS QUARTUS.

SCENA PRIMA.

Enter MAQUARELLE, *knocking at the ladies doore.*

Maq. MEDAM, medam, are you stirring, medam? if you be stirring, medam—if I thought I should disturbe yee—

Page. My lady is up, forsooth.

Maq. A pretty boy, faith; how old art thou?

Page. I think fourteene.

Maq. Nay, and yee bee in the teenes: are yee a gentleman borne? Do you know me? my neme is Medam Maquerelle, I lie in the old cunny court. See, heere the ladies.

Enter BEANCHA *and* EMILIA.

Bea. A faire day to yee, Maquarelle.

Emil. Is the dutches up yet, centinell?

Maq. O, ladies, the most abhominable mischance! O deare, ladies, the most piteous disaster! Ferneze was taken last night in the dutches chamber. Alas! the duke catcht him and kild him.

Bea. Was he found in bed?

Maq. O no, but the villanous certaintie is, the doore was not bolted, the tongue-tied hatch held his peace: so the naked troth is, he was found in his shirt, whilst I, like

an arrand beast, lay in the outward chamber, heard nothing, and yet they came by mee in the dark, and yet I felt them not, like a sencelesse creature as I was! O, beauties! looke to your buske pointes, if not chastely, yet charily; be sure the doore bee bolted. Is your lord gone to Florence?

Bea. Yes, Maquarelle.

Maq. I hope youle finde the discretion to purchase a fresh gowne for his returne. Now, by my troth, beauties, I would ha ye once wise! He loves ye, pish! he is wittie, buble! faire proportioned, meaw! nobly borne, winde! Let this be still your fixt position: esteeme me, every man according to his good gifts, and so ye shall ever remaine most deare, and most worthie to bee most deare ladies.

Emi. Is the duke returnd from hunting yet?

Maq. They say not yet.

Bea. Tis now in midst of day.

Emi. How beares the dutches with this blemish now?

Maq. Faith! bold, strongly defies defame, as one that has a duke to her father. And theres a note to you: be sure of a stowt friend in a corner, that way alwaies awe your husband. Marke the havior of the dutches now: she dares defame, cries, Duke, do what thou canst, ile quite mine honour: nay, as one confirmed in her owne vertue against ten thousand mouthes that mutter her disgrace, shee 's presently for dances!

Enter FERRARD.

Bea. For dances!

Maq. Most true.

Emi. Most strange: see, heere 's my servant yong

Ferrard. How many servants thinkst thou I have, Maquerelle?

Maq. The more, the merrier: t'was well said, use your servants as you do your smockes; have many, use one, and change often; for thats most sweete and court-like.

Fer. Save ye, faire ladies! is the duke returned?

Bea. Sweete sir! no voice of him as yet in court.

Fer. Tis very strange.

Bea. And how like you my servant, Maquerelle?

Maq. I thinke he could hardely draw Ulisses bow. But, by my fidelitie! were his nose narrower, his eyes broader, his hands thinner, his lippes thicker, his legges bigger, his feete lesser, his haire blacker, and his teeth whiter, he were a tollerable sweete youth, yfaith! And he will come to my chamber I will reade him the fortune of his beard. [*Cornets sounds.*

Fer. Not yet returnd I feare; but
The dutches approcheth.

Enter MENDOZA *supporting the Duchesse,* GUERING. *The Ladies that are on the stage rise.* FERRARD *ushers in the Dutches, and then takes a Lady to treade a measure.*

SCENA SECUNDA.

Aur. We will dance, musicke, we will dance.

Gue. *Les quanto* (*ladie*) *penses bien, passa regis,* or *Beanchaes* brawle.

Aur. We have forgot the brawle.

Fer. So soone?—'tis wonder.

Gue. Why, 'tis but two singles on the left, two on the right, three doubles forward, a traverse of six round: do

this twice, three singles side, galliard tricke of twentie, curranto pace; a figure of eight, three singles broken downe, come up, meete two doubles, fall backe, and then honour.

Aur. O Dedalus! thy maze—I have quite forgot it.

Maq. Trust me, so have I, saving the falling backe, and then honour.

Enter PREPASSO.

Aur. Musicke, musicke!

Pre. Who saw the duke?—the duke?

Enter EQUATO.

Aur. Musicke!

Pre. The duke, is the duke returned?

Aur. Musicke!

Enter CELSO.

Cel. The duke is either invisible, or else is not.

Aur. Wee are not pleased with your intrusion uppon our private retirement: wee are not pleased: you have forgot your selves.

Enter a Page.

Cel. Boy, thy master—where 's the duke?

Pag. Alas! I left him burying the earth with his spread joylesse limbes: he tolde me he was heavie, would sleepe; bid mee walke off, for that the strength of fantasie oft made him talke in his dreames. I straight obeied, nor ever saw him since; but, where so e're he is, hee 's sad.

Aur. Musicke, sound high, as is our heart, sound high!

SCENA TERTIA.

Enter MALEVOLE, *and* PIETRO *disguised like an hermite.*

Mal. The duke, peace!—the duke is dead!

Aur. Musicke!

Mal. Is't musicke?

Men. Give proofe.

Fer. How?

Cel. Where?

Pre. When?

Mal. Rest in peace, as the duke duz, quietly sit; for my owne part, I beheld him but dead—thats all. Mary, heere's one can give you a more particular account of him.

Men. Speake, holy father; nor let any browe within this presence fright thee from the truth; speake confidently and freely.

Aur. We attend.

Pie. Now, had the mounting sunnes al-ripening wings
Swept the cold sweat of night from earths danke breast,
When I (whom men call Hermite of the Rocke)
Forsooke my cell, and clamberd up a cliffe
Against whose base the headie Neptune dasht
His high-curlde browes; there 'twas I easde my limbes,
When loe! my entrailes melted with the moane
Some one, who farre bove me was climbde, did make ——
I shall offend.

Men. Not.

Aur. On.

Pie. Me thinks I heare him yet. "O, female faith!
Go, sow the ingratefull sand, and love a woman.
And do I live to be the skoffe of men—

To be the wittall cuckold, even to hugge my poison!
Thou knowest, O, truth!
Sooner hard steele will melt with southerne winde,
A seamans whistle calme the ocean,
A towne on fire be extinct with teares,
Then women vow'd to blushlesse impudence,
With sweete behaviour and soft minioning,
Will turne from that where appetite is fixt.
O, powerfull blood! how thou doost slave their soule!
I washt an Ethiope, who, for recompence,
Sullyde my name. And must I then be forc'd
To walke, to live thus blacke? Must, must, fie!
He that can beare with must, he cannot die."
With that he sigh'd too passionately deepe,
That the dull ayre even groan'd; at last he cries,
"Sinke shame in seas, sinke deepe enough!" so dies.
For then I viewd his body fall and sowse
Into the fomie maine. O, then I saw
That which me thinks I see! It was the duke,
Whom straight the nicer stomackt sea
Belcht up. But then ——

Mal. Then came I in; but, las! all was too late,
For even straight he sunke.

Pie. Such was the dukes sad fate.

Cel. A better fortune to our Duke Mendoza.

Omnes. Mendoza! [*Cornets florish.*

Enter a Guard.

Men. A guard, a guard!—We full of heartie teares
For our good fathers losse—
For so we well may call him
Who did beseech your loves for our succession—

Cannot so lightly over-jumpe his death,
As leave his woes revengelesse. Woman of shame,
[*To Aurelia.*
We banish thee for ever to the place
From whence this good man comes,
Nor permit on death unto the body any ornament,
But base as was thy life, depart away!

Aur. Vngratefull——

Men. Away!

Aur. Villaine, heare me.

[Prepasso *and* Guerino *lead away the Dutches.*

Men. Be gone! My lords, addresse to publike counsell,
'Tis most fit,
"The traine of fortune is borne up by wit."
Away!—our presence shall be sudden; haste!

[*All depart saving* Mendoza, Malevole, *and* Pietro.

Mal. Now, you egregious divell! ha, ye murthering polititian! how doost—Duke? how doost looke now? Brave duke, yfaith.

Men. How did you kill him?

Mal. Slated his braines out, then sowst him in the brinie sea.

Men. Braind him, and drownd him too?

Mal. O 't was best—sure worke;
"For he that strikes a great man, let him strike home, or else ware, hee 'le prove no man: shoulder not a huge fellow, unlesse you may be sure to lay him in the kennell."

Men. A most sound braine-pan.
Ile make you both emperours.

Mal. Make us Christians, make us Christians!

Men. Ile hoist ye; ye shall mount.

Mal. To the gallowes, say ye? Come—*Præmium incertum petit certum scelus.* How standes the progresse?

Men. Heere, take my ring unto the citadell,
Have entrance to Maria, the grave Dutches
Of banisht Altofront. Tell her we love her.
Omit no circumstance to grace our person. Doo 't.

Mal. Ile make an excellent pander. Duke, farewell, due, adue, duke. [*Exit* Malevole.

Men. Take Maquarelle with thee; for 'tis found
None cuttes a diamon but a diamond.
Hermite, thou art a man for me—my confessor.
O, thou selected spirit, borne for my good,
Sure thou wouldest make an excellent elder in a deformed church!
Come, we must be inward, thou and I all one.

Pie. I am glad I was ordained for yee.

Men. Go to, then; thou must know that Malevole is a strange villaine—dangerous, very dangerous; you see how broad a speakes, a grosse-jawde rogue; I would have thee poison him: hee 's like a corne upon my great toe—I cannot go for him: he must be kored out; he must. Wilt doo 't, ha?

Pie. Any thing, any thing!

Men. Heart of my life, thus then to the citadell.
Thou shalt consort with this Malevole;
There, being at supper, poison him.
It shall be laid upon Maria, who yeelds love, or dies.
Skud quicke like lightning.

Pie. "Good deedes crawle, but mischiefe flies."

[*Exit* Pietro.

Enter MALEVOLE.

Mal. Your divelships ring haz no vertue. The buffe-captaine, the sallo-Westfalian gaman-faced zaza, cries, "Stand out; must have a stiffer warrant, or no passe into the Castle of Comfort."

Men. Command our suddaine letter. Not enter? Shat! what place is there in Genoa, but thou shalt—into my heart, into my very heart! Come, lets love; we must love, we two, soule and body.

Mal. How didst like the hermite?—a strange hermite, sirrah.

Men. A dangerous fellow, very perilous. He mus die.

Mal. I, he must die.

Men. Thoust kil him. We are wise—we must be wise.

Mal. And provident.

Men Yea, provident. Beware an hypocrite.
"A Church-man once corrupted, Oh avoide!"
[*Shootes under his belly.*
A fellow that makes religion his stawking-horse,
He breedes a plague. Thou shalt poison him.

Mal. Ho! 'tis wondrous necessary. How?

Men. You both go joyntly to the citadell;
There sup, there poison him; and Maria,
Because shee is our opposite, shall beare
The sad suspect, on which shee dies or loves us.

Mal. I runne. [*Exit* Malevole.

Men. "We that are great, our sole selfe good still moves us."
They shall die both, for their deserts craves more
Than we can recompence; their presence still

Imbraides our fortunes with beholdingnesse,
Which we abhorre like deede, not doer. Then conclude
They live not to cry out ingratitude.
"One sticke burnes tother steele cuts steele alone;
'Tis good trust few, but O, 'tis best trust none!"

[*Exit* Mendoza.

SCENA QUARTA.

Enter MALEVOLE *and* PIETRO, *still disguised, at severall doores.*

Mal. How do you?—how doost duke?

Pie. O let the last day fall—drop, drop on our cursed heads! Let heaven unclaspe it selfe, vomit forth flames!

Mal. O, do not rand, do not turne plaier; there's more of them than can well live one by another alreadie. What, art an infidell still?

Pie. I am amazd—strucke in a swowne with wonder. I am commanded to poison thee.

Mal. I am commanded to poison thee at supper.

Pie. At supper?

Mal. In the citadell.

Pie. In the citadell?

Mal. Crosse capers, trickes. Truth a heaven! hee would discharge us as boyes do elderne gunnes—one pellet to strike out another. Of what faith art now?

Pie. All is damnation, wickednes extreame; there is no faith in man!

Men. In none but usurers and brokers; they deceive no man; men take um for blood-suckers, and so they are. Now God deliver me from my friends!

Pie. Thy friends?

Mal. Yes, from my friends; for from mine enemie ile deliver my selfe. O, cutte-throate friendship is th ranckest vilanie! Marke this Mendoza; marke him fo a villaine! But Heaven will send a plague upon him fo a rogue.

Pie. O world!

Mal. World!—tis the only region of death, the greate shop of the divell, cruelst prison of men, out of the whic none passe without paying their dearest breath for a fee Theres nothing perfect in it but extreame, extream calamitie, such as comes yonder.

SCENA QUINTA.

Enter AURELIA, *two Holberts before and two after, sup ported by* CELSO *and* FERRARD; AURELIA *in bla mourning attire.*

Aur. To banishment—ledde on to banishment!

Pie. Lady, the blessednesse of repentance to you.

Aur. Why? why? I can desire nothing but death, no deserve any thing but hell!

If Heaven should give sufficiencie of grace
To cleere my soule, it would make Heaven gracelesse:
My sinnes would make the stocke of mercie poore:
O they would tire Heavens goodnes to reclaime them!
Judgement is just! yet from that vast villane!—
But sure he shall not misse sad punishment
Fore he shall rule. On to my cell of shame!

Pie. My cell tis, lady, where, insteede of maskes,
Musicke, tilts, tournies, and such courtlike shewes,
The hollow murmure of the checklesse windes
Shall groane againe, whilst the unquiet sea

Shakes the whole rocke with foamy battery;
There usherlesse the ayre comes in and out;
The rheumy valt will force your eyes to weepe,
Whilst you behold true desolation;—
A rocky barrennesse shall pierce your eyes,
Where all at once one reaches where he stands
With browes the roofe, both walles with both his handes!
Aur. It is too good. Blessed spirite of my lord,
O, in what or be so ere thy soule is throand,
Beholde me worthily most miserable!
O, let the anguish of my contrite spirite
Intreate some reconciliation!
If not, O joy, triumph in my just griefe,
"Death is the end of woes, and teares reliefe."
Pie. Belike your lord not lov'd you, was unkinde?
Aur. O Heaven!
As the soule lov'd the body, so lov'd he!
Twas death to him to part my presence,
Heaven to see me pleased.
Yet I, like to a wretch given or'e to hell,
Brake all the sacred rites of marriage,
To clippe a base, ungentle, faithlesse villaine—
O God, a very Pagan reprobate!
What should I say? Ungratefull, throwes me out,
For whom I lost soule, body, fame, and honor.
But tis most fit; why should a better fate
Attend on any who forsake chaste sheetes,
Fly the embrace of a devoted heart,
Joynd by a solemne vow fore God and man,
To taste the brackish bloud of beastly lust
In an adulterous touch? O, ravenous immodesty,
Insatiate impudence of appetite!

"Looke, heeres your end; for marke, what sap in dust,
What sinne in good, even so much love in lust!"
Joy to thy ghost, sweete lord, pardon to me.

Cel. Tis the dukes pleasure this night you rest in court.

Aur. Soule lurke in shades, run shame from brightsome skies,
"In night the blinde man misseth not his eyes." [*Exit.*

Mal. Doe not weepe, kinde cuckolde, take comfort, man, thy betters have been *beccoes*: Agamemnon, emperour of all the merry Greekes, that tickeled all the true Troyans, was a cornuto: Prince Arthur, that cut off twelve kings beardes, was a cornuto; Hercules, whose backe bore up heaven, and got forty wenches with childe in one night——

Pie. Nay, twas fifty.

Mal. Faith, fortie 's enow a conscience; yet was a cornuto. Patience, mischiefe growes prowde, be wise.

Pie. Thou pinchest too deepe—arte too keene upon me.

Mal. Tut, a pittifull surgeon makes a dangerous sore. Ile tent thee to the ground. Thinkest Ile sustaine my selfe by flattering thee, beeause thou art a prince? I had rather followe a drunkard, and live by licking up his vomite, than by servile flattery.

Pie. Yet great men ha doon't.

Mal. Great slaves feare better than love, borne naturally for a coale-basket; though the common usher of princes presence, Fortune, hath blindely given them better place, I am vowed to be thy affliction.

Pie. Prethee be, I love much misery, and be thou sonne to me.

Enter BILIOSO.

Mal. Because you are a usurping duke.
Your lordships well returnde from Florence. [*To* Bilioso.

Bil. Well returnde; I praise my horse.

Mal. What newes from the Florentines?

Bil. I will conceale the great dukes pleasure, onely this was his charge: his pleasure is, that his daughter must die; Duke Pietro be banished, for banishing his blouds dishonour; and that Duke Altofront be re-accepted: this is all. But I heare Duke Pietro is dead.

Mal. I, and Mendoza is duke. What will you do?

Bil. Is Mendoza strongest?

Mal. Yet he is.

Bil. Then yet Ile holde with him.

Mal. But if that Altofront should turne strait againe?

Bil. Why then I would turne strait againe.
Tis good runne still with him that has most might;
I had rather stand with wrong, than fall with right.

Mal. What religion wil you be of now?

Bil. Of the dukes religion, when I know what it is.

Mal. O Hercules!

Bil. Hercules? Hercules was the sonne of Jupiter and Alkmena.

Mal. Your lordship is a very wittall.

Bil. Wittall?

Mal. I, all-wit.

Bil. Amphitrio was a cuckolde.

Mal. Your lordship sweats; your yong lady will gette you a cloth for your olde worships browes. [*Exit* Bilioso. Heeres a fellow to be damned! This is his inviolable maxime: flatter the greatest, and oppress the least. A whorseson flesh-fly, that still gnawes upon the leane gawld backes.

Pie. Why doost then salute him?

Mal. Yfaith as bawdes goe to church—for fashion sak
Come, be not confounded, thou arte but in danger to loo
a dukedome. Thinke this: This earth is the only gra
and golgotha wherein all things that live must rot; t
but the draught wherein the heavenly bodies dischar
their corruption: the very muckhill on which the subl
narie orbes cast their excrement. Man is the slime
this dongue-pit, and princes are the governors of the
men: for, for our soules, they are as free as emperou
all of one peece; there goes but a paire of sheeres betwi
an emperor and the sonne of a bagge-piper; onely t
dying, dressing, pressing, glossing, makes the differen
Now, what arte thou like to loose?

"A jaylers office to keepe men in bonds,
Whilst toyle and treason all lifes good confounds."

Pie. I heere renounce for ever regencie.
O Altofront! I wrong thee to supplant thy right—
To trip thy heeles up with a divelish slight;
For which I now from throne am throwne, world tri
abjure:
"For vengeance, though 't comes slow, yet it comes sur
O, I am changde! for heerefore the dread power,
In true contrition I doe dedicate
My breath to solitarie holinesse,
My lippes to praier; and my breasts care shall be,
Restoring Altofront to regencie.

Mal. Thy vowes are heard, and we accept thy faith.
[*Undisguiseth himsel*

Enter FERNEZE *and* CELSO, ALTOFRONT, FERNEZE, CELSO, PIETRO.

Banish amazement; come, we foure must stand full shocke of fortune; be not so wonder-stricken.

Pie. Dooth Ferneze live?

Fer. For your pardon.

Pie. Pardon and love: give leave to recollect
My thoughts disperst in wilde astonishment.
My vowes stand fixt in heaven, and from hence
I crave all love and pardon.

Mal. Who doubts of providence
That sees this change? A heartie faith to all:
"He needes must rise, can no lower fall."
For still impetuous vicissitude
Towzeth the world; then let no maze intrude
Upon your spirits: wonder not I rise;
"For who can sincke that close can temporize?"
The time growes ripe for action; Ile detect
My privatst plot, lest ignorance feare suspect.
Lets close to counsell, leave the rest to fate,
"Mature discretion is the life of state." [*Exeunt.*

ACTUS QUINTUS.

SCENA PRIMA.

Enter BILIOSO *and* PASSARELLO.

Bil. FOOLE, how doost thou like my calfe in a long stocking?

Pas. An excellent calfe, my lord.

Bil. This calfe hath beene a reveller this twenty yeere; when Monsieur Gundi lay heere ambassadour, I could have carried a lady up and downe at armes end in a platter; and I can tell you there were those at that time who, to trie the strength of a mans backe and his arme, would be coisterd. I have measured calves with most of the pallace, and they come nothing neere mee; besides, I thinke there be not many armours in the arsinall will fitte me, especially for the head-peece. Ile tell thee ——

Pas. What, my lord?

Bil. I can eate stewd broath as it comes seething off the fire; or a custard, as it comes reeking out of the oven; and I thinke there are not many lordes can doe it. A good pomander, a little decayed in the scent, but six graines of muske grownd with rose-water, and temperd with a little civit, shall fetch her againe presently.

Pas. O, I, as a bawde with *aqua vitæ*.

Bil. And what—doost thou calle uppon the ladies as thou wert wont?

Pas. I were better roast a live cat, and might doe it with more safety. I am as secret to thieves as their painting. Theres Maquarelle, oldest bawde, and a perpetuall beggar. Did you never heare of her tricke to be knowne in the Cittie?

Bil. Never.

Pas. Why, she gets all the picter-makers to draw her picture; when they have done, she most courtly findes fault with them one after another, and never fetcheth them. They, in revenge of this, execute her in pictures as they doe in Germanie, and hang her in their shops; by this meanes is she better knowne to the stinkards then if shee had beene five times carted.

Bil. Fore God, an excellent policie!

Pas. Are there any revels to night, my lord?

Bil. Yes.

Pas. Good, my lord, give me leave to breake a fellows pate that hath abused me.

Bil. Whose pate?

Pas. Young Ferrard, my lord.

Bel. Take heed; hee's very valiant; I have knowne him fight eight quarrels in five dayes—beleeve it.

Pas. O, is he so great a quarreller? Why, then, hees an arrant coward.

Bal. How proove you that?

Pas. Why, thus. He that quarrels, seekes to fight; and he that seekes to fight, seekes to dye; and he that seekes to dye, seekes never to fight more; and he that will quarrell and seekes meanes never to answer a man more, I thinke hees a coward.

Bil. Thou canst proove any thing.

Pas. Any thing but a ritch knave; for I can flatter no man.

Bil. Well, be not drunke, good foole; I shall see you anon in the presence. [*Exit.*

Enter MALEVOLE *and* MAQUARELLE, *at several doores opposite, singing.*

Mal. The Dutchman for a drunkard.

Maq. The Dane for golden lockes.

Mal. The Irishman for usquebath.

Maq. The Frenchman for the (-)

Mal. O, thou art a blessed creature! Had I a modest woman to conceale, I would put her to thy custodie; for no reasonable creature would ever suspect her to be in thy company. Ha, thou art a melodious Maquerelle, thou picture of a woman, and substance of a beast!

Enter PASARELLO.

Maq. O foole! will ye be ready anon to go with me to the revels, the hal will be so pestred anone?

Pas. I, as the countrie is with atturnies.

Mal. What hast thou there, foole?

Pas. Wine; I have learnt to drink since I went with my Lord Embassador. Ile drinke to the health of Madam Maquerelle.

Mal. Why, thou wast wont to raile uppon her.

Pas. I, but since I borrow'd money of her.

Ile drinke to her health now, as gentlemen visit brokers,
Or as knights send venison to the Citty—
Eather to take up more money, or to procure longer forbearance.

Mal. Give me the boule; I drinke a health to Altofront, our deposed duke.

Pas. Ile take it so. Now ile begin a health to Madam Maquerelle.

Mal. Pew! I will not pledge her.

Pas. Why, I pledged your lord.

Mal. I care not.

Pas. Not pledge Madam Maquerelle! why, then will I spew up your lord againe with this fooles finger.

Mal. Hould! Ile take it.

Maq. Now thou hast drunke my health, foole, I am friends with thee.

Pas. Art?—art?

When Griffon saw the reconciled queane
Offeringe about his neck her armes to cast,
He threw of sword and hartes malignant streame,
And lovely her below the loynes imbrast.

Adew, Madam Maquerelle. [*Exit* Pasarello.

Mal. And how doost thou thinke a this transformation of state now?

Maq. Verily, very well; for we women alwayes note, the falling of the one is the rising of the other. Some must be fatt, some must be leane; some must be fooles, and some must be lordes; some must be knaves, and some must be officers; some must be beggars, some must be knights; some must be cuckoldes, and some must be cittizens: as for example, I have two court dogges, the most fawning curres, the one called Watch, th' other Catch: now I, like Lady Fortune, sometimes love this dogge, sometimes raise that dogge, sometimes favour Watch, most commonly fancie Catch. Now, that dogge which I favour I feede, and hee 's so ravenous,

that what I give he never chawes it—gulpes it downe whole, without any relish of what he haz, but with a greedy expectation of what he shall have. The other dogge, now——

Mal. No more dog, sweet Maquarelle, no more dog. And what hope hast thou of the Dutchesse Maria? Will shee stoope to the dukes lewre—will she cowe, thinkst?

Maq. Let me see, where 's the signe now? Ha ye ere a calender? Where 's the signe, trow you?

Mal. Signe! why, is there any moment in that?

Maq. O! beleeve me, a most secret power. Looke yee, a Chaldean or an Assyrian. I am sure 'twas a most sweete Jew tolde me, court any woman in the right signe, you shall not misse. But you must take her in the right vaine then: as when the signe is in Pisces, a fishmongers wife is very sociable; in Cancer, a precisians wife is very flexible; in Capricorne, a merchants wife hardly holdes out; in Libra, a lawyers wife is very tractable, especially if her husband bee at the term: onely in Scorpio 'tis very dangerous medling. Haz the duke sent any jewel—any rich stones?

Enter Captaine.

Mal. I, thinke those are the best signes to take a lady in. By your favour, signeor, I must discourse with the Lady Maria, Altofronts dutches: I must enter for the duke.

Cap. Shee heere shall give you enterview. I received the guardship of this citadell from the good Altofront, and for his use Ile keep 't till I am of no use.

Mal. Wilt thou? O Heavens! that a Christian should

be found in a buffe jerkin! Captaine Conscience, I love thee, captaine. [*Exit Captaine.*
We attend. And what hope hast thou of this dutches easinesse?

Maq. 'Twill goe hard; she was a cold creature ever; she hated monkies, fooles, jeasters, and gentlemen-ushers extreamly; shee had the vilde trick on 't, not onely to be truely modestly honourable in her owne conscience, but she would avoyde the least wanton carriage that might incurre suspect, as, God blesse me! she had almost brought bed-pressing out of fashion. I could scarse get a fine for the lease of a ladies favour once in a fortnight.

Mal. Now, in the name of immodesty, how many maidenheads hast thou brought to the block?

Maq. Let me see. Heaven forgive us our misdeeds! Heere 's the dutchesse.

SCENA SECUNDA.

Enter MARIA *and Captaine.*

Mal. God blesse thee, lady.

Mar. Out of thy company!

Mal. We have brought thee tender of a husband.

Mar. I hope I have one already.

Maq. Nay, by mine honour, madam, as good ha nere a husband as a banisht husband; hee 's in another world now. Ile tell yee, lady, I have heard of a sect that maintained, when the husband was asleepe, the wife might lawfully entertaine another man; for then her husband was as dead; much more when he is banished.

Mar. Unhonest creature!

Maq. Pish! honesty is but an art to seeme so: pray yee, whats honesty, whats constancy, but fables fained—odde old fooles chat, devisde by jealous fooles, to wrong our liberty!

Mal. Mully, he that loves thee is a duke—Mendoza; he will maintaine thee royally, love thee ardently, defend thee powerfully, marry thee sumptuously, and keep thee in despite of Rosciclere or Dozel de Phœbo. Thers jewels, if thou wilt; so, if not, so ——

Mar. Captaine, for Gods sake save poore wretchednes
From tyranny of lustfull insolence!
Inforce me in the deepest dungeon dwell
Rather then heere; heere round about is hell.
O, my dear'st Altofront, where ere thou breath,
Let my soul sincke into the shades beneath,
Before I staine thine honour: this thou hast;
And long as I can die, I will live chaste!

Mal. Gainst him that can inforce, how vaine is striefe!

Mar. She that can be enforc'd haz nere a knife?
"She that through force her limbes with lust enroules,
Wants Cleopatres aspes and Portiaes coales."
God amend you! [*Exit with Captaine.*

Mal. Now the feare of the divell for ever goe with thee! Maquerelle, I tell thee, I have found an honest woman. Faith, I perceive, when all is done, there is of women as of all other things, some good, most bad; some saints, some sinners; for, as now adaies no courtier but haz hiz mistris, no captaine but haz his cockatrice, no cuckold but haz his hornes, and no foole but haz his feather—even so, no woman but haz her weakenes and feather too; no sex but haz his. I can hunt the letter no farder. O God! how loathsome this toying is to me,

that a duke should be forc'd to foole it! Well, *Stultorum plena sunt omnia;* better play the foole lord then be the foole lord. Now, where 's your slights, Madam Maquarelle?

Maq. Why, are yee ignorant that tis sed, a squemish affected nicences is naturall to women, and that the excuse of their yeelding is onely (forsooth) the difficult obtaining? You must put her too 't: women are flaxe, and will fire in a moment.

Mal. Why, was the flax put into thy mouth, and yet thou—thou set fire? thou enflame her?

Maq. Marry, but Ile tell yee now, you were too hot.

Mal. The fitter to have enflamed the flaxwoman.

Maq. You were to boisterous, spleeny; for indeede ——

Mal. Go, go, thou art a weake pandresse, now I see.
"Sooner earths fire heaven it selfe shall waste,
Then all with heate can melt a minde that 's chaste."
Go thou, the dukes lime-twig. Ile make the duke turne thee out of thine office. What! not get one touch of hope, and had her at such advantage!

Maq. Now, a my conscience, now, I thinke in my discretion, we did not take her in the right signe; the bloud was not in the true veine, sure. [*Exit.*

Enter BILIOSO.

Bil. Make way there; the duke returns from the inthronement, Malevole.

Mal. Out, roage!

Bil. Malevole!

Mal. Hence, yee grosse-jawd pessantly—out—go!

Bil. Nay, sweete Malevole, since my returne I heare

you are become the thinge I alwayes prophesied would be —an advanced virtue, a worthely imployed faithfulnesse, a man a grace, deere friend! Come—what? *Si quoties peccant homines.* If, as often, as courtiers play the knaves, honest men should be angrie. Why, looke yee, we must collouge somtimes—forsweare somtimes.

Mal. Be damd somtimes!

Bil. Right. *Nemo omnibus horis sapit.* No man can be honest at all howers. Necessitie often depraves vertue.

Mal. I will commend thee to the duke.

Bil. Do let us be friends, man.

Mal. And knaves, man.

Bil. Right, let us prosper and purchase; our lordships shall live, and our knavery be forgotten.

Mal. He that by any wayes gets riches, his meanes never shames him.

Bil. True.

Mal. For impudencie and faithlesnes are the mayne stayes to greatnesse.

Bil. By the Lord, thou art a profound ladd!

Mal. By the Lord! thou art a perfect knave! Out, yee antient damnation!

Bil. Peace, peace! And thou wilt not be a freinde to me, as I am a knave, be not a knave to me, as I am thy friend, and disclose me. Peace, cornets!

[*Exeunt all saving* Malevole.

SCENA TERTIA.

Enter PREPASSO *and* FERRARD, *two Pages with lights,* CELSO *and* EQUATO, MENDOZO *in duke's roabs,* BILIOSO *and* GUERRINO.

Men. On, on! Leave us, leave us! Stay; where is the Hermit?

Mal. With Duke Pietro—with Duke Pietro.

Men. Is he dead?—is he poysoned?

Mal. Dead as the duke is.

Men. Good! excellent! He will not blabbe; securenes lives in secresie. Come hether, come hether.

Mal. Thou hast a certaine strong villanous sent about thee, my nature cannot endure,

Men. Sent, man? What returnes Maria? What answere to our sute?

Mal. Cold, frostie; she is obstinate.

Men. Then shees but dead. Tis resolute—she dies! "Blacke deede onely through blacke deede safely flies."

Mal. Pew! *per scelera semper celeribus tutum est iter.*

Men. What, art thou a scholier?—art a polititian? Sure thou art an arrand knave!

Mal. Who, I? I have bene twice an under sherife, man.

Enter MALEVOLE *and* MENDOZA.

Men. Hast bin with Maria?

Mal. As your scrivener to your usurer, I have delt about taking of this commoditie; but shees cold, frosty. Well, I will go raile upon some great man, that I may purchase

the bastinado, or else go marry some rich Genoan lady, and instantly go travaile?

Men. Travaile when thou art married?

Mal. I, tis your yong lords fashion to do so; though he was so lasy, being a batcheller, that he would never travaile so farr as the University, yet when he married her, tales of, and Catsoe for Ingland.

Men. And why for Ingland?

Mal. Because there is no brothel-houses there.

Men. Nor curtisans.

Mal. Neather; your whore went downe with the stewes, and punke came up with your puritan.

Men. Canst thou impoyson?—canst thou impoyson?

Mal. Excellently—no Jew, potecary, or politian better. Looke ye, her 's a box! Who wouldst thou impoison? Her 's a box, which opened, and the fume taken up in condites, thorow which the braine purges it self, doth instantly for 12 houres space, bind up all shew of life in a deep cesles sleep! Heres another, which being opened under the sleepers nose, choaks al the power of life, kils him sodainely.

Enter CELSO.

Men. Ile try experiments; tis good not to be deceived: so, so, Catzo. [*Seems to poyson* Malevole.

"Who would feare that may destroy, death hath no teeth
or tong;
And he thats great, to him are slaves,—
Shame, murder, fame, and wrong." Celzo!

Cel. My honored lord.

Men. The good Malevole; that plain-tongued man, alas! is dead on sodaine wondrous strangely; he held in our

esteeme good place. Celso, see him buried—see him buried.

Cel. I shall observe yee.

Men. And Celso, prethee let it be thy care to-night
To have have some prety shew, to solemnize
Our high instalement;—some musike, maskery.
Weele give faire entertaine unto Maria,
The duches to the banisht Altofront.
Thou shalt conduct her from the citadell
Unto the pallace. Thinke on some maskery.

Cel. Of what shape, sweete lord?

Men. Why, shape?—why, any quick fiction,
As some brave spirits of the Genoan dukes,
To come out of Elizium forsooth,
Led in by Mercury, to gratulate
Our happy fortune. Some such thing,—some far-set tricke, good for ladies; some stale toy or other, no matter so 't be of our devising.
Do thou prepar 't, tis but for a fashion sake;
Feare not, it shall be grac'd, man, it shall take.

Cel. All service.

Men. All thankes! our hand shall not be close to thee; farewell.
Now is my trechery secure, nor can we fall!
"Mischiefe that prospers men do vertue call;
Ile trust no man; he that by trickes get wreathes,
Keepes them with steele; no man securely breathes;
Out of deserved ranckes the crowde will mutter, foole;
Who cannot beare with spite, he cannot rule.
The chiefest secret for a man of state,
Is, to live sensles of a strenghles hate."

Mal. Death of the damn'd thief! Ile make one i' the

maske: thou shalt have some [*Starts up and speaks.*
Brave spirits of the antique dukes!

Cel. My lord, what strange delusion?

Mal. Most happy, deere Celso, poisond with an empty box? Ile give thee all anone. My lady comes to court; there is a whurle of fate comes tumbling on; the castles captaine stands for me, the people pray for me, and the great leader of the just stands for me: then courage, Celso.

"For no disastrous chance can ever move him,
That leaveth nothing but a God above him."

Enter PREPASSO *and* BILIOSO, *two Pages before them,* MAQUAR., BEANCHA, *and* EMILIA.

Bil. Make roome there—roome for the ladies. Why, gentlemen, will not ye suffer the ladies to be entred in the great chamber? and why gallants, and you, sir, to droppe your torch where the beauties must sit too.

Pre. And there's a great fellow playes the knave. Why dost not strike him?

Bil. Let him play the knave a Gods name: thinkst thou I have no more wit then to strike a great fellow? The musicke, more lights, reveling, scaffoldes! do you heare? Let there bee othes enow readie at the doore; sweare out the divell himself. Lets leave the ladies, and go see if the lords bee readie for them.

[*All, save the Ladies, depart.*

Maq. And by my troth, beauties, why do you not put you into the fashion? This is a stale cut; you must come in fashion. Looke yee, you must be all felt—fealt and feather—a fealt upon your bare haire. Looke ye, these tiring thinges are justly out of request now: and do ye heare? you must weare falling bands; you must come

into the falling fashion. There is such a deal a pinning these ruffles, when a fine cleane fall is worth all; and agen, if you should chance to take a nap in the afternoone, your falling band requires no poting sticke to recover his forme. Believe me, no fashion to the falling, I say.

Bea. And is not Sinnior S. Andrew a gallant fellow, now?

Maq. By my maiden-head, la—honour; and he agrees as well together as a satten sute and wollen stockings.

Emi. But is not Marshall Make-rome my servant in reversion, a proper gentleman?

Maq. Yes, in reversion, as he had his office, as in truth he hath all things in reversion: hee haz his mistris in reversion, his cloathes in reversion, his wit in reversion; and indeede is a suter to me, for my dogge, in reversion. But in good verity, la, he is as proper a gentleman in reversion as—and indeede, as fine a man as may be—having a red bearde and a pair of wrapt legges.

Bea. But I faith, I am most monstrously in love with Count Quidlibet, in Quodlibet: is he not a pretty dapper unydle gallant?

Maq. He is even one of the most busy fingered lordes; he will put the beauties to the squeake most hiddeously.

Bil. Roome—make a lane there. The duke is entring, Stand handsomely for beauties sake: take up the ladies there. So cornets, cornets!

Enter PREPASSO *joynes to* BILIOSO, *two Pages and lights;* FERRARD, MENDOZA, *at the other doore two Pages with lights, and the Captaine leading in* MARIA; *the Duke meetes* MARIA, *and closeth with her; the rest fall backe.*

Men. Madam, with gentle care receive my sute;

A kindomes safety should o're paize slight rites;
Marriage is meerely natures policy.
Then, since, unlesse our royall beds be joyned,
Danger and civill tumult frights the state,
Be wise as you are faire, give way to fate!

Mar. What wouldst thou—thou affliction to our house?
Thou ever divell, twas thou that banishedst my truly noble lord!

Men. I?

Mar. I, by thy plottes, by thy blacke stratagems.
Twelve moones have suffred change since I beheld
The loved presence of my deerest lord.
O, thou far worse than death! he parts but soule
From a weake body: but thou, soule from soule
Disseverest—that which Gods owne hand did knit—
Thou scant of honour, full of divelish wit!

Men. Weele checke your too intemperate lavishnesse.
I can and will!

Mar. What canst?

Men. Go to: in banishment thy husband dies!

Mar. "He ever is at home that 's ever wise."

Men. Youst never meete more; reason should love controule.

Mar. Not meete?
"Shee that deere loves, her love 's still in her soule."

Men. You are but a woman, lady; you must yeeld.

Mar. O save me, thou innated bashfulnes,
Thou onely ornament of womans modesty!

Men. Modesty! death, ile torment thee!

Mar. Do, urge all torments, all afflictions trie,
Ile die, my lords, as long as I can die!

Men. Thou obstinate, thou shalt die! Captaine, that

ladies life is forfeited to justice: we have examined her,
And we do finde she hath impoysoned
The reverend hermit: therefore we commaund
Severest custodie; nay, if youle dooes no good,
Youst dooes no harme: a tirants peace is bloud!

Mar. O thou art mercifull, O gratious divell!
Rather, by much, let me condemned be
For seeming murder than be damn'd for thee.
Ile mourne no more; come, girt my browes with floures,
Revell and daunce; soule! now thy wish thou hast,
Die like a bride; poore heart, thou shalt die chast!

Enter AURELIA *in mourning habit.*

Aur. "Life is a frost of coulde felicitie,
And death the thaw of all our vanity."
Wast not an honest priest that wrote so?

Men. Who let her in?

Bil. Forbeare.

Pre. Forbeare.

Aur. "Alas! calamity is every where!"
Sad miserie, dispight your double doores,
Will enter even in court.

Bil. Peace!

Aur. I ha done—one word, take heede, I ha done!

Enter MERCURIE *with lowde musicke.*

Mer. Cillenian Mercurie, the god of ghosts,
From gloomie shades, that spread the lower coasts,
Calls foure high-famed Genoan dukes to come
And make this presence their Elizium;
To passe away this high triumphall night
With song and daunces, courts more soft delight.

Aur. Are you god of ghosts? I have a sute depending

in hell betwixt me and my conscience; I would faine have thee helpe me to an advocate.

Bil. Mercurie shall be your lawyer, lady.

Aur. Nay, faith, Mercurie haz too good a face to be a right lawyer.

Pre. Peace—forbeare! [Mercurie *presents the maske.*

Cornets. The Song to the Cornets, which playing, the Maske enters; MALEVOLE, PIETRO, *and* CELSO *in white robes, with Dukes crownes upon lawrell-wreathes, pistolets and short swords under their robes.*

Men. Celso, Celso, count Maria for our love. Lady, be gratious, yet grace.

Mar. With me, sir? [Malevole *takes his wife to daunce.*

Mal. Yes, more loved then my breath:
With you ile dance.

Mar. Why, then you dance with death.
But come, sir, I was nere more apt to mirth:
"Death gives eternity a glorious breath;
O to die honourd who would feare to die!"

Mal. "They die in feare who live in villany."

Men. Yes, beleeve him, lady, and be rulde by him.

Pie. Madam, with me?

[Pietro *taks his wife,* Aurelia, *to dance.*

Aur. Wouldst then be miserable?

Pie. I neede not wish.

Aur. O yet forbeare my hand! away, fly, fly!
O seeke not her that onely seekes to die!

Pie. Poore loved soule!

Aur. What, wouldst court misery?

Pie. Yes.

Aur. Sheele come too soone, O my griev'd heart!

Pie. Lady, ha done, ha done!
Come, lets dance, be once from sorrow free.

Aur. Art a sad man?

Pie. Yes, sweet.

Aur. Then weele agree.

[Ferneze *takes* Maquerelle, *and* Celso Beancha; *then the Cornets sound the measure, one change, and rest.*

Fer. Beleeve it, lady—shall I sweare?—let me injoy you in private, and Ile marry you, by my soule!

[*To* Beancha.

Bea. I had rather you would sweare by your body; I thinke that would prove the more regarded othe with you.

Fer. Ile sweare by them both to please you.

Bea. O, dam them not both to please me, for Gods sake!

Fer. Faith, sweet creature, let me injoy you to-night, and Ile mary you to-morow fortnight, by my troth, la!

Maq. On his troth, la! beleeve him not. That kinde of cunnicatching is as stale as Sir Oliver Anchoves perfumde jerken. Promise of matrimony by a yong gallant, to bring a virgin lady into a fooles paradise! Make her a great woman, and then cast her off!—tis as common as naturall to a courtier, as jelosie to a citizen, gluttony to a puritan, wisdome to an alderman, pride to a tayler, or an empty handbasket to one of these sixpeny damnations! Of his troth, la, beleeve him not!—traps to catch polecats!

Mal. Keepe your face constant—let no suddaine passion speake in your eyes. [*To* Maria.

Mar. O, my Altofront!

Pie. A tyrants jelosies
Are very nimble—you receive it all.
Aur. My heart, though not my knees, doth umbly fall,
Lowe as the earth to thee. [Aurelia *to* Pietro.
Pie. Peace! next change—no words.
Mar. Speach to such—ay! O what will affordes!
[*Cornets sound the measure over againe, which danced, they unmaske.*
Men. Malevole!
[*They environ* Mendozo, *bending their pistolles on him.*
Mal. No!
Men. Altofront, Duke Pietro, Ferneze! Hah?
All. Duke Altofront! Duke Altofront!
[*Cornets a florish.*
Men. Are we surprizde? What strange delusions mocke
Our sences! Do I dreame, or have I dreamt
[*They seize upon* Mendozo.
This two dayes space? Where am I?
Mal. Where an arch vilaine is,
Men. O lend me breath till I am fit to die!
For peace with Heaven, for your owne soules sake,
Vouchsafe me life!
Pie. Ignoble villaine, whome neither heaven nor hell,
Goodnesse of God or man, could once make good!
Mal. Base, treacherous wretch! what grace canst thou expect
That hast growne impudent in gracelessnesse?
Men. O life!
Mal. Slave, take thy life!
Wert thou defenced through blood and woundes,
The sternest horror of a civell fight

Would I atcheeve thee; but, prostrat at my feete,
I scorne to hurt thee. Tis the heart of slaves
That daines to triumph over peasants graves;
For such thou art, since birth doth neere inrole
A man mong monarkes but a glorious soule.
O, I have seen strange accidents of state!—
The flatterer like the ivy clip the oke,
And wast it to the hart; lust so confirm'd
That the black act of sinne it selfe not shamd
To be termde courtship.
O they that are as great as be their sinnes,
Let them remember that th' inconstant people
Love many princes meerely for their faces
And outward shewes; and they do covet more
To have a sight of these men then of their vertues.
Yet thus much let the great ones still conceale,
When they observe not Heavens imposd conditions,
They are no kings, but forfeit their commissions.

Maq. O, good my lord, I have lived in the court this twenty yeare. They that have beene old courtiers and come to live in the cittie, they are spighted at, and thrust to the wals like apricokes, good my lord.

Bil. My lord, I did know your lordship in this disguise. You heard ever me say, if Altofront did returne, I would stand for him. Besides, twas your lordships pleasure to call me wittoll and cuckold. You must not thinke but that I knew you, I would have put it up so patiently.

Mal. You ore-joy'd spirits wipe your long wet eyes;
[*To* Pietro *and* Aurelia.
Hence with this man: an eagle takes not flies!
[*Kicks out* Mendoza.

You to your vowes [*to* Pietro *and* Aurelia]; and thou
unto the suburbs. [*To* Maquerelle.
You to my worst frend I would hardly give: [*To* Bilioso.
Thou art a perfect olde knave, all pleased live.
You two unto my breast [*to* Celso *and the Captain*];
thou to my hart. [*To* Maria.
The rest of idle actors idly part.
And as for me, I here assume my right,
To which I hope all 's pleasd. To all, good night.
[*Cornets a florish. Exeunt omnes.*

An imperfect Ode, being but one staffe, spoken by the Prologue.

TO wreast each hurtlesse thought to private sence,
Is the foule use of ill-bred Impudence:
Immodest censure now growes wilde,
all over-running.
Let Innocence be nere so chast,
Yet at the last
She is defild.
With too nice-brained cunning.
O you of fairer soule,
controule,
With an Herculean arme,
this harme:
And once teach all olde freedome of a pen,
Which still must write of fooles, whilst writes of men.

EPILOGUS.

YOUR modest scilence, full of heedy stillnesse,
Makes me thus speake: A voluntary illnesse
Is meerely sensles; but unwilling error,
Such as proceedes from too rash youthfull fervour,
May well be cald a fault, but not a sinne:
Rivers take names from fountes where they begin.
Then let not too severe an eye peruse
The slighter brakes of our reformed muse,
Who could her selfe, hir selfe of faultes detect,
But that she knowes tis easie to correct,
Though some mens labour: troth to erre is fit,
As long as wisdom 's not professd, but wit.
Then till an others happier muse appeares,
Till his Thalia feast your learned eares,
To whose desertfull lampes pleasd fates impart,
Art above Nature, Judgment above Art,
Receive this peece, which hope nor feare yet daunteth;
He that knows most, knows most how much he wanteth.

NOTES TO THE SECOND VOLUME.

Page 10, line 2. *Hercules, disguised Faunus, Duke of Ferrara.*—Ercole, Duke of Ferrara, is thus noticed in Thomas's Historye of Italye, ed. 1561, fol. 212:—"He is a goodly man of personage, hyghe of stature, stronge and well proporcyonate in all his members, bald on the crowne of the head, and amiable enough of countenance. He hath a good witte, and is somewhat learned, and indifferent in the administracyon of justice. And one thyng special I remember of him, worthy to be recited. The emperour, at his being in Italy, borowed money of all handes, and demaundyng amongst the rest a hundred thousand crownes in lone of this duke, he brought him a bagge of fifty thousand crownes, excusyng himself that to lend a hundred thousand crownes he was not hable, but to geve his majestee those fifty thousand he could be contented with all his hert; and, by this shift, kept the other fifty thousand crownes in hys purse. Finally of the religion he is no more earnest than most prynces are, and in his life he foloweth the court of love, to lose no time of pleasure. He is frendly to faire women, and cherisheth change. By his fathers daies, he maried Madame Renea, daughter unto Lewys the xij, Frenche kinge." The names of his two sons, here given, are Alfonso and Luigi.

Page 13, line 2. *We are well.*—*Are* is omitted in ed. 1633.

Page 16, line 23. *We must beare braine.*—So the old editions, the phrase being usually bear *a* brain. The meaning is, we must pay great attention. "The poore man drinks stifly to drive care away, and hath nothing to lose; and the rich man drinks moderately, because he must *beare a braine* to look to what hee hath," Workes of Taylor the Water-Poet, fol. Lond. 1630, ii, 28. See also the present volume, pp. 155, 158.

Page 17, line 17. *Counterfeit.*—That is, portrait.

Page 17, line 31.—*Farre-fam'd.*—Some of the old copies read *far-found*, and Mr. Dilke's conjectural emendation is proved to be correct, by the present reading being found in the exemplar used

in our reprint. The allusion is to the well-known story of Friar Bacon and the brazen head.

Page 18, line 3. *Aurora yet keepes, &c.*—Marston had, perhaps, in his recollection these lines of Spenser :—

> As faire Aurora, rising hastily,
> Doth by her blushing tell that she did lye
> All night in old Pithonus' frozen bed.

Page 19, line 6. *Scilence.*—Query, *science?* The common reading, *silence*, may, however, be what is intended.

Page 19, line 31. *Neads.*—A misprint for, *heads.*

Page 20, line 2. *Oppresse.*—The ed. 1633 reads, *expresse.*

Page 21, line 28. *Apricocks.*—The old English form of *apricots*, still to be occasionally heard in the provinces. "The fruit is named in English abrecock, and of some aprecock and aprecox," Gerard's Herbal, ed. 1597, p. 1261.

Page 24, line 3. *And bids a fico for 't.*—The reader will recollect Pistol's indignant repudiation of the term *steal* in the Merry Wives of Windsor :—"convey the wise it call : steal! foh, a fico for the phrase!" The expression is common, and is well illustrated by the Shaksperian commentators :—"Behold next I see Contempt, giving me the fico with his thombe in his mouth," Lodge's Wits Miserie, 1596.

Page 28, line 6. *A sanguine complexion.*—"A sanguine man is large, loving, glad of cheer, laughing, and ruddy of colour, stedfast, fleshly, right hardy, mannerly, gentle, and well nourished," Book of Knowledge, ed. 1649, p. 35.

Page 30, line 3. *A rous.*—A rouse, a deep potation.

Page 31, line 1. *Eringoes.*—So Falstaff, in Windsor Park, says :—"Let the sky rain potatoes, hail kissing-comfits, and snow eringoes ; let there come a tempest of provocation."

Page 35, line 9. *A forker.*—An allusion to the horn, implying that it was a very slight matter to be a cuckold.

Page 42, line 32. *Estro.*—"The œstrum or gadfly," observes Mr. Dilke, "is here meant, which extremely torments cattle in the summer. It is metaphorically used for inspired fury of any kind."

Page 44, line 28. *Death a sence.*—"Earth a sense," ed. 1633. Mr. Dilke suggests :—"for me, why earth 's as sensible." The original is not necessarily corrupt. It may mean,—why, you

might as well think Death was a sense, one of the senses. See a like phrase at p. 77.

Page 46, line 10. *Iuconstant.*—An error for, *inconstant.*

Page 53, line 11. *A jest.*—I rest, ed. 1633.

Page 59, line 18. *I prote ignorance.*—I protest ignorant, ed. 1633.

Page 65, line 20. *Costlie.*—So in the original. Mr. Dilke is probably correct in altering this to, *softly.*

Page 74, line 25. *The Irish man.*—"I will rather trust a Fleming with my butter, Parson Hugh the Welchman with my cheese, an Irishman with my aqua-vitæ bottle," Merry Wives of Windsor, act ii. See another passage also at p. 92.

Page 87, line 4. *Ha ! wee.*—Properly, *ha' wee*, have we.

Page 95, line 18. *Emperour of sighes.*—Marston was here probably thinking of a similar passage in Love's Labour Lost.

Page 107, line 1. *The Dutch Courtezan.*—This comedy was presented before the Prince on December 12th, 1613, as appears from the following entry in the Revels Accounts, ed. Cunningham, Introd, p. 44:—"To him (Joseph Taylor) more upon a lyke warraunt of a lyke date, for presenting before the Princes Highnes a Comedy called the Dutch Curtezan on the 12th of December last paste, vj.*li.* xiij.*s.* iiij.*d.*" The date of the warrant alluded to was June 21st, 1614. "This Comedy," observes Mr. Collier, "was alluded to in the year following its publication in a tract entitled The Black Yeare, 1606 :—'Others have good wits, but so critical that they arraign other men's works at the tribunal seat of every censorious Aristarch's understanding, when their own are sacrificed in Paul's Church-yard for bringing in the Dutch Curtezan, to corrupt English conditions, and sent away Westward for carping both at Court, City, and Country.'"

Page 111, line 13. *A neast of goblets.*—According to Mr. Dyce, a nest of goblets is a large goblet containing several smaller ones of gradually diminishing sizes, which fit into each other, and fill it up.

Page 116, line 27. *The sight of vice augments the hate of sinne.*—Possibly the original of the oft-quoted lines of the modern poet,—"Vice is a monster," &c.

Page 118, line 26. *A deathes head.*—Alluding to the singular

custom, formerly prevalent, of persons of this class wearing rings with death's heads engraved upon them.

Page 119, line 29. *Aderliver.*—This is the speaker's error for *alder-liever*, the best beloved by all.

Page 125, line 23. *Yourself to me enough were populous.*—It is impossible to resist the idea that Marston was here thinking of Shakespeare:—"Nor doth this wood lack worlds of company, For you, in my respect, are all the world."

Page 147, line 31. *One of the gyants stilts.*—The giant walking upon stilts, which must have raised many a smile on the faces of the spectators, is alluded to as forming part of the Lord Mayor's Show in a satirical poem, entitled "The Cities New Poets Mock Show." The City Giants are mentioned as early as 1553 in Machyn's Diary:—"the xvij day of Marche cam through London, from Algatt, master Maynard, the shreyff of London, wyth a standard and dromes, and after gyants boyth great and smalle." Corineus and Gogmagog, two huge giants, are alluded to as forming part of the Lord Mayor's Show for 1605 in Munday's Triumphes of re-united Britania. Wither, in 1661, wrote an answer to a scurrilous pamphlet, entitled—"A dialogue between Brandamore and Colbrant, the two Giants in Guildhall." Of these giants, speaking of those which took the place of their predecessors destroyed in the Great Fire, Jordan has left the following curious account:—I must not omit to tell you that, marching in the van of these five pageants, are two exceeding rarities to be taken notice of; that is, there are two extreme great giants, each of them at least fifteen foot high, that do sit and are drawn by horses in two several chariots, moving, talking, and taking tobacco, as they ride along, to the great admiration and delight of all the spectators: at the conclusion of the show, they are to be set up in Guildhall, where they may be daily seen all the year, and I hope never to be demolished by such dismal violence as happened to their predecessors; which are raised at the peculiar and proper cost of the city."—Fairholt's History of Lord Mayors' Pageants, p. 76.

Page 148, line 16. *Ninivie.*—The puppet-show of Nineveh was exceedingly popular, and is frequently mentioned by contemporary dramatists. The "motions" of new London, Rome, and Nineveh, are alluded to in Ben Jonson's Every Man out of his Humour; and again, in the same play,—"they say, there 's a new motion of the city of Nineveh, with Jonas and the whale, to be seen at Fleet-bridge."

Page 151, line 21. *My deare Lindabridis.*—"Well, sir, I 'll enter again; her title shall be, My dear Lindabrides," Cynthia's Revels. This fair creature, who should have been married to the Donzel del Phebo, is often mentioned by our old writers. So Rowley: "*Lindabrides!* slid, I have read of her in the Mirror of Knighthood," &c. Match at Midnight. From her celebrity, she became, with them, a common name for a mistress.—*Gifford.*

Page 155, line 25. *As simple as I stand heere.*—This is a vernacular expletive phrase, also occurring in Shakespeare, and in several other writers.

Page 158, line 23. *Good.*—So in the original, but we should evidently read *God.* This misprint was very common, and another instance of it occurs in the early editions of Hamlet.

Page 159, line 7. *Mere.*—This should probably be, *merie.*

Page 163, line 18. *Stabd armes.*—"I will fight with him that dares say you are not fair; stab him that will not pledge your health, and with a dagger pierce a vein, to drink a full health to you," Greene's Tu Quoque. "How many gallants have drank healths to me, out of their dagger'd arms," Honest Whore.

Page 182, line 4. *Grief to.*—That is, compared to.

Page 193, line 1. *The Malcontent.*—The first edition was published the same year, under the following title:—"The Malcontent. By Iohn Marston, 1604. At London—Printed by V.S. for William Aspley, and are to be sold at his shop in Paules Church-yard," 4to. The Induction, and several parts of this drama, are not here to be found, but as it seems evident, from the terms of the title-page of the second edition, that Marston wrote part of the additions, it would clearly have been insufficient to have merely reprinted the first impression. For critical notes on the text of this play, the reader is referred to the Rev. A. Dyce's excellent edition in Webster's Works, vol. iv. The following epigram, addressed "to ingenious Mr. John Marston," occurs in the Scourge of Folly of John Davies, epig. 217:—

> Thy Male-content, or Male-contentednesse,
> Hath made thee change thy muse, as some do gesse;
> If Time mispent made her a Male-content,
> Thou needst not then her timely change repent.
> The end will show it: meane-while do but please
> With vertuous paines, as erst thou didst with ease:
> Thou shalt be prais'd, and kept from want and wo;
> So blest are crosses that do blesse us so.

Page 119, line 18. *Harry Cundale, D. Burbidge, and W. Sly.*—Cundale, or Condell, acted at least as early as 1598 in Every

Man in his Humour. Burbadge and Sly are better known names, and interesting accounts of all the three actors here mentioned will be found in Collier's Memoirs of the Actors in the Plays of Shakespeare, 1846. The part of Burbage in the present drama is thus mentioned in an elegy on that actor :—

> Vindex is gone, and what a loss was he!
> Frankford, Brachiano, and Malevole.

Page 203, line 30. *Lets take some tobacco.*—The filthy practice of smoking in the theatre is frequently alluded to by our early dramatists, and the custom is still retained on some parts of the Continent, as, for instance, at Amsterdam, where, in at least one theatre, the audience smoke and drink during the performance at pleasure. "Now, sir, I am one of your gentle auditors, that am come in ;—I have my three sorts of *tobacco* in my pocket; *my light by me ;*—and thus I begin."—*Induction to Cynthia's Revels*, by Ben Jonson, 1601. So, in Bartholomew Fair, 1614: "He looks like a fellow that I have seen accommodate gentlemen with *tobacco* at our theatres." Again, in Decker's Guls Hornebook :—"By sitting on the stage, you may with small cost purchase the deare acquaintance of the boyes ; have a good stool for sixpence ;—*get your match lighted*," &c.

Page 208, line 26. *A lady Guinever.*—The name and annals of this sovereign were so familiar, the title of Queen Guinever became a general one applicable to any lady of easy manners. "*Guinedra*, a word of mockerie for the Tartares queene or empresse, *as we say, queene Guiniver*," Florio's New World of Words, ed. 1611, p. 224.

Page 217, line 11. *In body how delicate.*—This part of Mendoza's speech seems intended as a parody on that of Hamlet, act 2, sc. 2 :—"What a piece of work is man! How noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form, and moving, how express and admirable! in action, how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a God! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals!"—*Reed.*

Page 224, line 23. *As that growing in the womans forehead.*—The woman with the horn in her forehead was probably Margaret Griffith. A portrait of her is in existence, prefixed to a scarce pamphlet, the full title of which is annexed from a sale catalogue. "Margaret Griffith, wife of David Owen, of Llan Gaduain, in Montgomery, woodcut, before a very rare and curious Tract, entituled, A miraculous and monstrous, but yet most true and certayne Discourse of a Woman, now to be seene in London, of the age of threescore yeares or thereabouts, in the midst of whose

forehead there groweth out a crooked Horne of four ynches long. Imprinted at London, by Thomas Orwin, and are to be sold by Edward White, dwelling at the little north dore of Paules Church, at the signe of the Gun. 1588."—*Gilchrist.*

As Marston speaks of this as "twelve years since," it may reasonably be conjectured that the additions to the comedy were written about the year 1600.

Page 225, line 1. *With something of his guilt.*—The text here given is also that of the copy in the British Museum; but Mr. Dyce's copy reads:—"with jingling of his gilt spurs, advancing his bush-coloured beard, and taking tobacco." The speech is not in the first edition of the play.

Page 242, line 32. *Like your Scotch barnacle.*—It was formerly thought that the barnacle shell-fish, which is found on timber exposed to the action of the sea, became, when broken off, a kind of goose. Sometimes it is related that the barnacles grew on trees, and thence dropping into the sea, became geese. Sir John Maundevile says that, in his country, "weren trees that beren a fruyt that becomen briddes fleeynge; and tho that fellen into the water, lyven; and thei that fallen on the erthe, dyen anon; and thei ben right gode to mannes mete." Giraldus Cambrensis, in his Topographia Hiberniæ, completed in the year 1187, gives a very interesting account of the barnacle, in the course of which he says:—"I have many times with my own eyes seen several thousands of minute little bodies of these birds attached to pieces of wood immersed in the sea, encased in their shells, and already formed."

Page 244, line 1. *Or your Scotch boote.*—A horrible species of torture. Burnet mentions a preacher named Maccael, who had this punishment inflicted on him in the year 1666:—"he was put to the torture, which, in Scotland, they call the boots; for they put a pair of iron boots close on the leg, and drive wedges between these and the leg. The common torture was only to drive these in the calf of the leg; but I have been told they were sometimes driven upon the shin bone." The "boot" was also, at an earlier period, inflicted on Dr. Fian, the supposed wizard. See the account of this horrible event, narrated in Douce's Illustrations of Shakespeare, p. 21.

Page 264, line 20. *His stawking-horse.*—"The stalking-horse is an old jade trained up for that use, which being stript naked, and having nothing but a string about the neather chap of two or three yards long, will gently, and as you have occasion to urge him, walke up and downe in the water which way you will have

him, flodding, and eating upon the grasse or other stuffe that growes therein; and then, being hardy and stout without taking any affright at the report of the piece, you shall shelter yourselfe and your piece behind his fore-shoulder, bending your body downe low by his side, and keeping his body still full betweene you and the fowle," Markham's Art of Fowling, 1655. The same author afterwards proceeds, speaking of the artificial stalking-horse:—"he may take any pieces of old canvasse, and having made it in the shape or proportion of a horse, with the head bending downewarth, as if hee grased, and stopping it with dry strawe, mosse, flockes, or any other light matter, let it be painted as neere the colour of a horse, as you can devise, of which the browne is the best, and in the midst let it be fixt to a staffe with a picke of iron in it to stick downe in the ground at your pleasure, and stand fast whilest you chuse your marke, as also to turne and winde any way you please, either for your advantage of the winde, or for the better taking of your levell."

Page 270, line 11. *There goes but a paire of sheeres.*—There goes but a pair of sheers between them, that is, there is very little difference betwixt the two. The expression is not of unusual occurrence. "He consists of shreds and remnants, yet oftentimes there goes but a paire of sheeres betwixt him and a gentleman; for many gentlemen consist of outside, in which the taylor's man takes part," Stephens' Essayes, 1615. "There went but a paire of sheeres betweene him and the pursivant of hell, for they both delight in sinne, grow richer by it, and are by justice appointed to punish it," Overbury Characters, 1626.

> And some report that both these fowles have seene
> Their like, that 's but a payre of sheeres betweene.
> *The Workes of John Taylor, the Water-Poet,* 1630.

Page 271, line 13.—That is, who can.

Page 272, line 21. *A good pomander.*—The following receipt, "to make pomanders," occurs in Markham's English Housewife, ed. 1675, p. 109:—"Take two penny-worth of labdanum, two penny-worth of storax liquid, one penny-worth of calamus aromaticus, as much balm, half a quarter of a pound of fine wax, of cloves and mace two penny-worth, of liquid aloes three penny-worth, of nutmegs eight penny-worth, and of musk four grains; beat all these exceedingly together till they come to a perfect substance, then mould it in any fashion you please, and dry it."

The notes to the present volume may be concluded with the following curious notice of Marston, under his assumed name of Kinsayder, which occurs in the Return from Parnassus, 1606.

It is somewhat abusive, and it is difficult to say whether there be anything in it of a personal application, or whether it merely relates to the character of his writings:—

> Methinks, he is a ruffian in his style,
> Withouten bands, or garters' ornament:
> He quaffs a cup of Frenchman's helicon;
> Then roister doister, in his oily terms,
> Cuts, thrusts, and foins, at whomsoe'er he meets,
> And strows about Ram-Alley meditations.
> Tut, what cares he for modest, close-couched terms,
> Cleanly to gird our looser libertines?
> Give him plain-naked words, stripp'd from their shirts,
> That might beseem plain-dealing Aretine:
> Ay, there is one, that backs a paper steed,
> And manageth a pen-knife gallantly,
> Strikes his poinado at a button's breadth,
> Brings the great battering ram of terms to towns;
> And at first volley of his cannon shot,
> Batters the walls of the old fusty world.

END OF VOLUME II.

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